

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XCIV



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1904

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The Riverside Press, Cambridge Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company

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THE
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JULY, 1904

WASHINGTON IN WARTIME

FROM THE JOURNAL OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

MR. EMERSON was invited by the Smithsonian Institution to deliver a lecture in Washington, on the last day of January, 1862. This was the occasion of the visit, the record of which is here presented. It is the only case in which he wrote in his journals so detailed a story of his experiences when away from home, except when in Europe. But this was during a great crisis in the nation's life, and the persons whom he met were those upon whom the great responsibilities of the day rested.

In a lecture called "American Civilization" he urged emancipation of the slaves as the duty of the hour. It has been stated that President Lincoln and his Cabinet heard the lecture, but Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, who showed attentions to Mr. Emerson during his visit, told me that neither he nor either of the President's secretaries has any recollection that such was the case, and the Washington newspapers made no mention of their presence. The lecture was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1862. Later it was separated into the essay on the general theme "Civilization" printed in *Society and Solitude*, and the appeal for the political exigency of the moment, included in the *Miscellanies*, entitled "American Civilization."—EDWARD W. EMERSON.

AT WASHINGTON, 31 January, 1862.

31 January, 1 Feb., 2, and 3, saw Sumner, who on the 2nd carried me to Mr. Chase, Mr. Bates, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Welles, Mr. Seward, Lord Lyons, and

President Lincoln. The President impressed me more favorably than I had hoped. A frank, sincere, well-meaning man, with a lawyer's habit of mind, good, clear statement of his fact, correct enough, not vulgar, as described; but with a sort of boyish cheerfulness, or that kind of sincerity and jolly good meaning that our class meetings on Commencement Days show, in telling our old stories over. When he has made his remark, he looks up at you with great satisfaction, and shows all his white teeth, and laughs. He argued to Sumner the whole case of Gordon, the slave-trader, point by point, and added that he was not quite satisfied yet, and meant to refresh his memory by looking again at the evidence. All this showed a fidelity and conscientiousness very honorable to him. When I was introduced to him, he said, "Oh, Mr. Emerson, I once heard you say in a lecture, that a Kentuckian seems to say by his air and manners, 'Here am I; if you don't like me, the worse for you.'"¹

In the Treasury Building I saw in an upper room a number of people, say twenty to thirty, seated at long tables, all at work upon Treasury Notes, some cutting and some filling up, &c., but the quantity under their multitudinous operation looked like paper-hangings, and when I saw Mr. Chase, I told him I

¹ Mr. Lincoln quoted from a lecture called "Manners and Customs of New England," one of a course given by Mr. Emerson in New York in February, 1843. The lectures were reported in the *Weekly Tribune* at the time.

thought the public credit required the closing of that door on the promenaders of the gallery. Mr. Hooper told me that in the manufacture of a million notes (I think) \$66. disappeared.

Mr. Stanton, who resembles Charles R. Train, though a heavier and better head and eye, made a good impression, as of an able, determined man, very impatient of his instruments, and, though he named nobody, I thought he had McClellan in mind. When somewhat was said of England, he said "England is to be met in Virginia. — 'Mud'! O yes, but there has been mud before. Ah, the difficulty is n't outside, — 't is inside." He had heard that Governor Andrew had come to the city to see him about the Butler-Andrew difficulty. "Well, why does n't he come here? If I could meet Governor Andrew under an umbrella at the corner of the street, we could settle that matter in five minutes, if he is the man I take him for. But I hear he is sitting on his dignity, and waiting for me to send for him, and, at that rate, for I learn there are seventy letters, I don't know that anything can be done." Both Sumner and I assured him that Governor Andrew was precisely the man to meet him cordially and sensibly, without parade and off hand.

Mr. Seward received us in his dingy State Department. We spoke as we entered the ante-room, or rather in the corridor, with Governor Andrew and Mr. Forbes,¹ who were waiting. Sumner led me along, and upstairs and into the Secretary's presence. He began, "Yes, I know Mr. Emerson. The President said yesterday, when I was going to tell him a story." . . .

Well, with this extraordinary exordium, he proceeded to talk a little more, when

Sumner said, "I met Governor Andrew waiting outside. Shan't I call him in?" "O yes," said Seward. Sumner went out and brought in him and Mr. Forbes. Mr. Seward took from the shelf a large half-smoked cigar, lighted and pulled at it. Sumner went into a corner, with Andrew; and Mr. Forbes seized the moment to say to the Secretary, that he saw there was an effort making to get Gordon, the slave-trader, pardoned. He hoped the Government would show to foreign nations that there was a change, and a new spirit in it, which would not deal with this crime as heretofore.² Seward looked very cross and ugly at this; twisted his cigar about, and, I thought, twisted his nose also, and said coarsely, "Well, perhaps you would be willing to stand in his place," or something like that, and rather surprised and disconcerted Mr. Forbes, but, Mr. Forbes seeing that, though we had risen to go, Sumner still talked with Andrew, went up to him, put his hands about him, and said, "don't you see you are obstructing the public business?" or somewhat to that effect; and so, we made our adieus. Mr. Seward came up to me, and said, "Will you come and go to Church with me tomorrow, at a quarter past ten? and we will go home afterwards, and get some lunch or dinner." I accepted. And Sumner then carried me into some of the chambers of the Department, into the office of Mr. Hunter, who has been chief clerk, I believe he said, for fourteen or fifteen years; into the Library, where Mr. Derby presided, and where I found Gurowski at his desk, growling; into the Chamber where the Treaties with foreign nations, some of them most sumptuously engrossed and bound, and inclosed, were shown us, as the Belgian treaty, — and a treaty with the French Republic signed by

¹ The patriotic and useful citizen, John Murray Forbes.

² The case of N. P. Gordon, captain of the slaveship *Erie*. About this time, Mr. Forbes, in a letter in the *New York Evening Post*, wrote, "Cannot we at least hang one of the pirates who have sacrificed such hecatombs of

Africans? and thus hint to the civilized world that there has been a change of administration since slavers were protected, England bullied, and Cuba plotted against in the interest of slaveholders!" Gordon was executed in New York, February 2, 1862.

Buonaparte, countersigned by Talleyrand;—and, far richer than all, the Siamese Treaty, and presents,—Siamese, I think, not Japanese treaty, tied up with rich red silken ropes and tassels, and the sublime of tea-caddy style, written as on moonlight. Then, in another chamber, the Washington Papers, bought of Judge Washington by Congress for \$20,000, were shown us. We opened several volumes to see the perfect method and clerical thoroughness with which Washington did all his work. I turned to the page on which the opinion of Marquis De Lafayette was given in answer to a requisition of the General; before the battle of Yorktown, vols. of original letters, &c., of Washington. All these inestimable books preserved in plain wooden cabinets here on the ground floor, not defended from fire; and any eager autograph-hunter might scale the windows, and carry them off.

We then went to Lord Lyons, and had a pleasant interview. He told us that the Queen had sent him the order of the Bath, &c., on which Sumner congratulated him.

Sumner insisted on carrying me to Baron Gerolt, the dean of the Diplomatic Corps, as the oldest resident, saying that nothing could be more charming than he and his family, his daughters looking like pastel pictures, and he told me very pleasing anecdotes of his intercourse with the Baron. President Lincoln had said to Sumner, "If I could see Lord Lyons, I could show him in five minutes that I am heartily for peace." Sumner had thought nothing could be more desirable, but it would not do to come between Seward and the President, nor to tell Seward, who would embroil them, nor to tell Lord Lyons, whom it would embarrass; so he had gone to Baron Gerolt, to state to him the President's remark, and ask his counsel. The Baron was enchanted with the expression of the President, but afraid, with Sumner, it was impossible to put them (President and Lord Lyons) face to face, without grave impropriety and mischief. And Seward and Lyons, it seems,

are strangers, and do not understand each other; whilst Lyons and Sumner are on the most confidential footing. Well, now that the prisoners are surrendered, Sumner went to Lyons, and told him what had passed, and he too was very much gratified with it, and thanked Sumner for not telling him before, as it would only have distressed him. Meantime, I did not see the Baron, who was ill in bed, nor the pastel daughters. We called on the Russian Minister, but he was not at home.

As Judge Chase had invited us to dine with him at 5 o'clock, we went thither, and saw his pretty daughter Kate, who alone with her father did the honors of the house. Mr. Chase said, "Slavery is not to be destroyed by a stroke, but in detail. I have twelve thousand boys (slaves) at Port Royal, whom I am organizing, and paying wages for their work, and teaching them to read, and to maintain themselves. I have no objection to put muskets in their hands by and by. I have two men, Mr. Reynolds and Edward L. Pierce, who are taking the care. And I want Congress to give me a little box of government, about as big as that *escritoire* (two or three officers, a superintendent, &c.), and I think we shall get on very well." He and Sumner appeared to agree entirely in their counsels. They both held, that, as soon as a state seceded, it gave up its state organization, but did not thereby touch the national Government. The moment Arkansas or Mississippi seceded, they would have said, "Certainly, if you do not like your state Government, surrender it, and you lapse instantly into U. S. territory again;" and they would have sent immediately a territorial governor to the first foot of that land which they could reach, and have established U. S. power in the old form.

From Mr. Chase we went to General Fremont, but unhappily he had stepped out, and Mrs. Fremont detained us, "because he would surely step in again, in a few minutes." She was excellent company, a musical indignation, a piece of good sense and good humor, but incessant

santly accusing the government of the vast wrong that had been done to the General. Mr. Senator Wade had read all their documents (Wade, the Chairman of the Joint Committee of Inquiry of the two Houses), and had expressed himself, in terms more terse than elegant, to her on the outrage done to Fremont, and she sat wondering when the Report of the Committee was to burst like a shell on the government. She introduced me to Major Zagyon, the captain of Fremont's Body Guard, the hero of Springfield, Mo., a soldierly figure, who said, that "he was as well as his inactive life permitted."

She showed me two letters of her son, who had once been designed for our Concord school, but when she came to find how much his reading, spelling, and writing had been neglected in his camp education, — for he could ride, and perform the sword exercise, but was a shocking bad writer, — she was afraid to send him among cultivated boys, and had sent him into Connecticut, where he had made already great progress. She showed me two of his letters in proof, one written at his first coming to school, very rude, and one later, showing great improvement.

The next morning, at quarter past ten, I visited Mr. Seward, in his library, who was writing, surrounded by his secretary and some stock brokers. After they were gone, I said, "you never came to Massachusetts." "No," he said, "I have neither had the power nor the inclination." His father died early, and left him the care not only of his own family, but of his cousin's property, three fiduciary trusts, and he had much on his hands. Then he early saw, that whatever money he earned was slipping away from him, and he must put it in brick and stone, if he would keep it, and he had, later, obtained a tract of land in Chatauqua County, which, by care and attention, had become valuable, and all this had occupied him, until he came into public life, and for the last fifteen (?) years, he had been confined in Washington. Besides, Massachusetts was under a cotton aristocracy,

and Mr. Webster worked for them; he did not like them, and had as much as he could do to fight the cotton aristocracy in his own state: so he had never gone thither.

On general politics, he said: "I am a peacemaker. I never work in another method. Men are so constituted that the possession of force makes the demonstration of force quite unnecessary. If I am six feet high and well proportioned, and my adversary is four feet high and well proportioned I need not strike him, — he will do as I say. On the day when the political power passed over to the free states, the fate of slavery was sealed. I saw it was only a question of time, and I have remained in that belief. I was not wise enough to foresee all that has happened since. But it is not important, all was then settled, and is turning out as I expected. All the incidents must follow, both at home and abroad. England and France are only incidents. There is no resisting this. The Supreme Court follows too. Grier and Wayne at this moment are just as loyal as any judges."

But he spoke as if all was done by him, by the executive, and with little or no help from Congress. "They do nothing. Why, there are twelve points which I gave them, at the beginning of the session, on which I wished the action of the government legitimated, and they have not yet touched one of them. And I am liable for every one of all these parties whom I have touched in acting for the government. And the moment I go out of office, I shall put my property into the hands of my heirs, or it might all be taken from me by these people."

He said, "A soldier in the Wisconsin regiment mutinied; his time was out, and he would go home. I ordered him to be arrested. I was presently summoned to appear before Judge — of the Supreme Court, by the habeas corpus. I said, 'Go instantly to Judge —, and ask him whether he will give a decision for the Government; if he will, he may have the soldier; if he will not, the summons must

be disobeyed.' Judge — answered, he would decide for the Government; and so I suffered the soldier to be sent to him. Well, this was against all law, but it was necessary. If we had done otherwise, all the regiments would have disbanded, and Washington been left without protection."

We went to Church. I told him "I hoped he would not demoralize me; I was not much accustomed to churches, but trusted he would carry me to a safe place." He said, he attended Rev. Dr. Pyne's Church. On the way, we met Governor Fish, who was also to go with him. Miss Seward, to whom I had been presented, accompanied us. I was a little awkward in finding my place in the Common Prayer-Book, and Mr. Seward was obliging in guiding me from time to time. But I had the old wonder come over me at the Egyptian stationariness of the English Church. The hopeless blind antiquity of life and thought — indicated alike by prayers and creed and sermon — was wonderful to see, and amid worshippers and in times like these. There was something exceptional, too, in the Doctor's sermon. His church was all made up of Secessionists; he had remained loyal, they had all left him, and abused him in the papers: and in the sermon he represented his grief, and preached Jacobitish passive obedience to powers that be, as his defence.

In going out, Mr. Seward praised the sermon. I said that the Doctor did not seem to have read the Gospel according to San Francisco, or the Epistle to the Californians; he had not got quite down into these noisy times.

Mr. Seward said, "will you go and call on the President? I usually call on him at this hour." Of course, I was glad to go.

We found in the President's Chamber his two little sons, — boys of seven and eight years perhaps, — whom the barber was dressing and "whiskeying their hair," as he said, not much to the apparent contentment of the boys, when the cologne got into their eyes. The eldest boy immediately told Mr. Seward, "he could

not guess what they had got." Mr. Seward "bet a quarter of a dollar that he could. — Was it a rabbit? was it a bird? was it a pig?" He guessed always wrong, and paid his quarter to the youngest, before the eldest declared it was a rabbit. But he sent away the mulatto to find the President, and the boys disappeared. The President came, and Mr. Seward said, "you have not been to Church to-day." "No," he said, "and, if he must make a frank confession, he had been reading for the first time Mr. Sumner's speech (on the Trent affair)." Something was said of newspapers, and of the story that appeared in the journals, of some one who selected all the articles which Marcy should read, &c., &c. The President incidentally remarked, that for the *N. Y. Herald*, he certainly ought to be much obliged to it for the part it had taken for the Government in the Mason and Slidell business. Then Seward said somewhat to explain the apparent steady malignity of the *London Times*. It was all an affair of the great interests of markets. The great capitalists had got this or that stock: as soon as anything happens that affects their value, this value must be made real, and the *Times* must say just what is required to sell those values, &c., &c. The Government had little or no voice in the matter. "But what news to-day?" "Mr. Fox has sent none. Send for Mr. Fox." The servant could not find Mr. Fox.

The President said, he had the most satisfactory communication from Lord Lyons; also had been notified by him, that he had received the order of the Bath. He, the President, had received two communications from the French Minister. France, on the moment of hearing of the surrender of the prisoners, had ordered a message of gratification to be sent, without waiting to read the grounds; then, when the despatches had been read, had hastened to send a fresh message of thanks and gratulation. Spain also had sent a message of the same kind. He was glad of this that Spain had done. For he

knew, that, though Cuba sympathized with Secession, Spain's interest lay the other way. Spain knew that the Secessionists wished to conquer Cuba.

Mr. Seward told the President somewhat of Dr. Pyne's sermon, and the President said, he intended to show his respect for him some time by going to hear him.

We left the President, and returned to Mr. Seward's house. At dinner his two sons, Frederic, his private secretary, and William (I think), with Miss Seward, were present. Mr. Seward told the whole story of the conversation with the Duke of Newcastle. On seeing the absurd story in the English papers, he wrote to Thurlow Weed, to go to the Duke, and ask an explanation. Mr. Weed called on the Duke, who said, that he was exceedingly grieved that he had given publicity to the circumstance, but that the facts were substantially as they had been stated in the *Times*. "Now," said Seward, "I will tell you the whole affair as it happened. When those people¹ came here, I gave them a precise programme for their whole journey, which they exactly kept. If they went to the prairie, it was because I had so set it down; if they went to New York or to Boston, I had so directed; if they were received at the White House, instead of being sent to a hotel in Washington, I had so directed. I did not go to meet them at Philadelphia, or New York, or Boston, but kept away. But, at last, when they were ready to leave the country, I went to Albany, to dine with them at Governor Morgan's. There were twenty-four or twenty-five at table, and there never were people more happy than they were. They were entirely gratified and thankful for all that had been done for them, and all the course of the tour. The conversation lapsed at table, as it will, into tête-à-tête, and I occasionally spoke across the table to the Duke, and said to him, that I had not joined them at Boston, or at New York: indeed, that, as

¹ The reference is to the then recent visit of the Prince of Wales to this country.

there was always a certain jealousy of England, in the dominant democratic party, and I wished to serve them, and keep up the most friendly feeling in the country toward them, I had avoided going too much to them. Well, they all understood it, and we parted; both the Prince and the Duke expressed their gratitude and good feeling to me in language which I cannot repeat, it was so complimentary."

Mr. Seward said, that his most intimate friend had been, for very many years, Mr. Thurlow Weed, of Albany. He was in the habit of fullest correspondence with him on all subjects, "and every year, on the first of January, Mr. Weed's daughter has my last year's letters bound up into a volume. And there they all lie, twelve volumes of my letters, on her centre table, open to all to read them who will." In all this talk, Mr. Seward's manner and face were so intelligent and amiable, that I who had thought him so ugly, the day before, now thought him positively handsome. Mr. — told me, at Buffalo, that there was a time when he thought Mr. Seward was in danger of being only a moral demagogue, and (I think) was only saved from it by Mr. Weed's influence.

At 6 o'clock, I obeyed Mrs. Hooper's invitation, and went to dine (for the second time that day). I found Mr. Hooper and his son and daughters, Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and Mrs. Schuyler. Governor Andrew had much to say of Mr. Seward. He thought he surpassed all men in the bold attempt at gas-ing other people, and pulling wool over their eyes. He thought it very offensive. He might be a donkey, — a good many men are, — but he did n't like to have a man by this practice show that he thought him one." I told him that I had much better impressions of Mr. Seward, but I did not relate to him any conversations. Mrs. Schuyler, I found, had very friendly feelings towards Mr. Seward, and I found he had told her the same story about the Prince and Newcastle. She told me how much

attached Talleyrand, when in this country, had been to her grandfather, General Hamilton; that, after his death, he had borrowed a miniature portrait of him of Mrs. Hamilton; that Mrs. Hamilton had begged him to bring it back to her, but he had refused, and had carried it with him to France; that when Colonel Burr was in Paris, he had written a note to Talleyrand, expressing his wish to call on him, and asking him to appoint an hour. Talleyrand did not wish to see him, but did not know how to decline it. So he wrote him a note, saying, that he was ready to see him when he should call, but he thought it proper to say, that the picture of Colonel Hamilton always hung in his cabinet. Burr never called.

I ought not to omit, that, when Sumner introduced me to Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and asked him if there were anything new? Mr. Welles said, "No, nothing of importance," and then remarked, that he observed the journals censured him for sending vessels drawing too much water, in the Burnside expedition. Now, he said, this was not the fault of his department. "We (the Navy) only sent seventeen (I think) vessels in all the hundred sail; the War Department sent all the rest; he had nothing to do with them, and the over-drawing vessels were all storeships and transports, &c., of the War Department's sending."

I breakfasted at Mr. Robbins's with Mr. Sherman of the Senate, and Colfax of the House. In talking with the last, he said, that Congress had not yet come up to the point of confiscating slaves of rebel masters, no, but only such as were engaged in military service. I said, "How is it possible Congress can be so slow?" He replied, "It is owing to the great social power here in Washington, of the Border States. They step into the place of the Southerners here, and wield the same power."

When I told Sumner what Seward had said to me about England and the Duke of Newcastle, he replied, "He has not been frank with you. I have heard him

utter the most hostile sentiments to England." . . .

Sumner showed me several English letters of much interest which he had just received from Bright, from the Duke of Argyll, from the Duchess of A., all relating to our politics, and pressing emancipation. Bright writes that thus far the English have not suffered from the war, but rather been benefited by stopping manufacturing and clearing out their old stocks, and bringing their trade into a more healthy state. But, after a few months, they will be importunate for cotton. The Duchess of A. sent Seward some fine lines of Tennyson written at the request of Lord Dufferin for the tomb of his Mother.

The Architect of the Capitol is Mr. Walter of Boston.

I spent Sunday evening at the house of Charles Eames, late Minister to Venezuela, whom I knew many years since at the Carlton House, New York. At his house I found many new and some old acquaintances. Governor Fish, Governor Andrew, N. P. Willis, Gurowski, Mr. Nicolay, the President's private secretary, and another young gentleman who shares, I believe, the same office and is also I was told a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, but whose name I have forgotten.¹ Young Robert Lincoln, the President's son, was also there, and Leutze, the painter, who invited me to see his picture which he is painting for a panel in the Capitol, "The Emigration to the West." No military people, I think, were present. And when I went home at a late hour I was vexed to have forgotten that Mr. Secretary Stanton had invited me to call on him at his house this evening.

I was delighted with the senate-chamber in the Capitol, and its approaches. I did not remember in France or in England that their legislative bodies were nobly housed. The staircases and surrounding chambers are sumptuous and beautiful. The structure is so large, that

¹ Later, Mr. Emerson wrote, "Hay, probably," above this clause.

I needed a guide, and could not find my way out, after I left Spofford. It is the fault of the building that the new wings are built in a larger style, so that the columns of the centre look small. And the Capitol fronts the wrong way, its back being towards the present city of Washington. It was designed that the City should occupy the other slope, and face the Capitol. But the owners of the land held prices so high, that people bought the other side of the Capitol, and now the city is grown there.

In the Congressional Library I found Spofford assistant librarian. He told me, that, for the last twelve (?) years, it had

been under Southern domination, and as under dead men. Thus the medical department was very large, and the Theological very large, whilst that of modern literature was very imperfect. There was no copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*, or of the *Knickerbocker*, none of the *Tribune*, or *Times*, or any N. Y. journal. There was no copy of the *London Saturday Review* taken, or any other live journal; but the *London Court Journal*, in a hundred volumes, duly bound. Nor was it possible now to mend matters, because no money could they get from Congress, though an appropriation had been voted.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

III

1860-1867

THE year 1860, in which the fifth and last volume of *Modern Painters* was published, was the exact middle year of Ruskin's life. The great work of his youth which had been his main occupation for nearly twenty years was completed, but its completion brought no sense of relief at the ending of a long task, and was not succeeded by a period of repose. He had begun in the autumn of 1838 to question the correctness of convictions concerning the fine arts which he had hitherto held firmly and maintained with ardor; the religious teachings which he had received, and on which his faith had rested as on absolute truth, were proving false in the light of widening experience and deeper thought; his sense of the evil in the world was growing daily more intense and bitter, and, in view of the selfishness and wastefulness of the

rich and the misery of the poor, he was rejecting with scorn the popular and accepted theories of social duties and political economy.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his excellent and sympathetic *Life of Ruskin*, in the English Men of Letters Series, cites with great felicity, as appropriate to this moment of Ruskin's life, the opening words of the *Divine Comedy*,—"Midway upon the journey of our life I found myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost." But, unlike Dante, Ruskin found no guide to lead him from the wood; henceforth he was to wander through it alone with unremitting endeavor to recover the true path, and to show it to those who, like himself, were astray in the forest of this world.

Other trials also were making life hard for him. In 1858, he had had for a pet and pupil in drawing a girl of ten years old, who became, as time went on, the mistress of his heart, and ruled it till her death in 1875. Her scrupulous con-

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science, quickened by various sad influences into morbid susceptibility, wrought unhappiness for them both. She loved him, but refused to be his wife, because, holding a strict evangelical creed, she could not make up her mind to marry a skeptic. Thus, through many years, beginning from this period, there were alternate hopes and despairs, and a continual restlessness and trouble of spirit.

A trial of another sort was due to the gradual divergence from his father and mother, which resulted from the change in Ruskin's opinions, and from his writings on the questions which were now chiefly engaging his attention. He spent a great part of 1860-61 abroad, without the companionship of his parents. His father, who had fully sympathized with his work on the fine arts, and had taken great pride in it, was at first vexed at his son's excursions into a field with which he felt himself to be the better acquainted. He disliked the heretical doctrines, and he was deeply grieved that his son should expose himself by the manner, as well as by the substance, of his new essays to extremely hostile and bitter criticism which was plainly in part well-founded.

"In the summer of 1860," wrote Ruskin eleven years later, "perceiving fully what distress was about to come on the populace of Europe through the errors of their teachers, I began to do the best I might to combat them, in the series of papers for the *Cornhill Magazine*, since published under the title of *Unto this Last*." The outcry against them was such that the series was brought to an end with the fourth number, in November. It was an outcry of similar character to that with which the heresies of the first volume of *Modern Painters* had been greeted, and like that it has died away in the course of the years, while some, at least, of the heresies of 1860 have become the orthodox doctrine of 1900.

The following letters show the overwrought condition of Ruskin's mind and its feverish activity. The lighter mood in which he had occasionally written in ear-

lier years seldom recurs. The distress occasioned by the conflict between his traditional convictions and the truths to which he had of late attained affected the whole temper of his life. The evil results of his solitariness, self-confidence, and lack of self-restraint become more apparent, while the essential sweetness of his nature and his affectionate and generous disposition are as manifest as ever.

[DENMARK HILL, May 15, 1860.]

DEAR NORTON, — My hand is so tired that I cannot write straight but on this ugly paper. I have had much trouble in concluding my own work, owing to various perceptions of sorrowful things connected with the arts; and occurrences of all kinds of insuperable questions, as you will see in due time. I have still to put in a sentence or two in the last two chapters; else I had hoped to be able to tell you to-day it was done. But it is so to all intents and purposes, and I hope (the last sheet revised) to leave for Switzerland on the 22nd inst.

I pressed Rossetti hard about the portrait, till I got so pale and haggard-looking over my book that I was ashamed to be drawn so. I think your chief object in getting it done would not have been answered. I hope to get into a natural state of colour (red-nosed somewhat, by the way) among the Alps, and to send you the portrait for a New Year's gift, and to behave better in all ways than I've done.

I will tell you by letter from abroad all about myself and my life which can interest you, or be useful to any one. . . .

Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[P.S.] I'm going to have the portrait done: to-morrow R. begins.

NEUCHÂTEL, 12th July, '60.

DEAR NORTON, — I fear you have not received my last letter, sent, I think, just before I left England. Now, I have yours and Lowell's, which I need not say give me more pleasure than any letters I have

received or could receive on this subject. They are the more comforting to me because the changes in feeling which you both accept as wise, or conclusive, in me, are, to me, very painful pieces of new light, and the sunshine burns my head so that I long for the old shades with their dew again. That depreciation of the purist and elevation of the material school is connected with much loss of happiness to me, and (as it seems to me) of innocence; nor less of hope. I don't say that this connection is essential, but at present it very distinctly exists. It may be much *nobler* to hope for the advance of the human race only, than for one's own and their immortality; much less selfish to look upon one's self merely as a leaf on a tree than as an independent spirit, but it is much less pleasant. I don't say I have come to this — but all my work bears in that direction.

I have had great pleasure, and great advantage also, in Stillman's¹ society this last two months. We are, indeed, neither of us in a particularly cheerful humor, and very often I think succeed in making each other reciprocally miserable to an amazing extent — but we do each other more good than harm — at least he does me; for he knows much good of the part of the world of which I know nothing. He is a very noble fellow — if only he could see a crow without wanting to shoot it to pieces.

We made a great mistake in staying half our time at Chamouni, which is not a place for sulky people by any means. I hope you have got a letter which Stillman wrote to you from St. Martin's, where we thought much of you — and I looked very wistfully often at the door of the room in which you introduced me to

your Mother and Sisters, and at the ravine where we had our morning walk. . . .

[DENMARK HILL] 25 February, 1861.

MY DEAR NORTON, — . . . Touching my plans, they are all simplified into one quiet and long: — to draw as well as I can without complaining or shrinking because that is ill, for ten years at least, if I live so long: in hopes of doing, or directing some few serviceable engraved copies from Turner and Titian. I am getting now into some little power of work again. My eyes serve me well, and as I have no joy in what I do (the utmost I can do being to keep myself from despair about it and do it as I would break stones), I am not tempted to overwork myself. I hope to finish my essay on Political Economy some day soon, then to write no more. I felt so strongly the need of clear physical health in order to do this, and that my present life so destroyed my health, that I was in terrible doubt as to what to do for a long time this last summer and winter. It seemed to me that to keep any clear-headedness, free from intellectual trouble and other pains, no life would do for me but one as like Veronese's as might be, and I was seriously, and despairingly, thinking of going to Paris or Venice and breaking away from all modern society and opinion, and doing I don't know what. Intense scorn of all I had hitherto done or thought, still intenser scorn of other people's doings and thinkings, especially in religion; — the perception of colossal power more and more in Titian and of weakness in purism, and almost unendurable solitude in my own home, only made more painful to me by parental love which did not and never could help me,

from questions of art, he always remains to me one of the largest and noblest of all the men I have known, liberal and generous beyond limit, with a fineness of sympathy in certain directions and delicacy of organization quite womanly. Nothing could shake my admiration for his moral character, or abate my reverence for him as a humanist."

¹ The late W. J. Stillman, who, in chapter xvii of his extraordinarily interesting *Autobiography of a Journalist* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1891), gives an account of this summer with Ruskin in Switzerland. "More princely hospitality than his," he wrote, "no man ever received, or more kindly companionship; but as might have been expected, we agreed neither in temperament nor in method. . . . Apart

and which was cruelly hurtful without knowing it; and terrible discoveries in the course of such investigation as I made into grounds of old faith — were all concerned in this: and it would have been, but for the pain which I could not resolve to give my parents. . . .

You have also done me no little good . . . and I don't think there's any chance now of my going all to pieces. . . .

So there's a letter — about myself and nothing else. I wonder I have the face to send it, but you know you asked me once to write you a sort of account of the things that made me, as you were pleased to say, "what I am," which is at present an entirely puzzled, helpless and disgusted old gentleman.

As for things that have influenced me, I believe hard work, love of justice and of beauty, good nature and great vanity, have done all of me that was worth doing. I've had my heart broken, ages ago, when I was a boy — then mended, cracked, beaten in, kicked about old corridors, and finally, I think, flattened fairly out. I've picked up what education I've got in an irregular way — and it's very little. I suppose that on the whole as little has been got into me and out of me as under any circumstances was probable; it is true, had my father made me his clerk I might have been in a fair way of becoming a respectable Political Economist in the manner of Ricardo or Mill — but granting liberty and power of travelling, and working as I chose, I suppose everything I've chosen to have been about as wrong as wrong could be. I ought not to have written a word; but should have merely waited on Turner as much as he would have let me, putting in writing every word that fell from him, and drawing hard. By this time, I ought to have been an accomplished draughtsman, a fair musician, and a thoroughly good scholar in art, literature, and in

good health besides. As it is, I've written a few second rate books, which nobody minds; I can't draw, I can't play nor sing, I can't ride, I walk worse and worse, I can't digest, and I can't help it — there. Good-by, love to your Mother and Sisters,

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

HOLYHEAD, 26 August, 1861.

DEAR NORTON, — Glad, and glad, and glad again have I been of your letters — though I do not answer them, because if I did, it would make you sorry. This last, however, I must — though but to say it is impossible for me to come to America. The one thing I need seems to be, for the present, rest; and the power of slowly following some branch of natural history or other peaceful knowledge; not that natural history is in one sense peaceful, but terrific: its abysses of life and pain; of diabolic ingenuity, merciless condemnation, irrevocable change, infinite scorn, endless advance, immeasurable scale of beings incomprehensible to each other, every one important in its own sight and a grain of dust in its Creator's — it makes me giddy and desolate beyond all speaking: but it is better than the effort and misery of work for anything human. It is of no use for me to talk or hear talking as yet. What can be said for good, I have for the most part well heard and thought of — no one much comforts me but Socrates. Is not this a glorious bit of antimaterialism, summing nearly all that can be said: —

Εἰδὼς ὅτι γῆς τε μικρὸν μέρος ἐν τῷ σώματι, πολλῆς οὐσης, ἔχεις, καὶ ὑγροῦ βραχὺ, πολλοῦ ὄντος, . . . νοῦν δὲ μόνον ἄρα οὐδαμοῦ ὄντα σε εὐτυχῶς πῶς δοκεῖς συναρπάσαι; καὶ τὰδε ὑπερμεγέθη καὶ πλῆθος ἄπειρα δι' ἀφροσύνην τινὰ οὕτως οἶαι εὐτάκτως ἔχειν; ¹ — (*Memorabilia*, i, 4.)

¹ "Knowing that you have in your body but a small bit of the earth which is vast, and a little of the water which is vast . . . do you think that you alone have by some good

fortune seized for yourself intelligence which exists nowhere else? and that this immense and countless assemblage of things is maintained in order by something devoid of reason?"

This is all well, but it is to me so fearful a discovery to find how God has allowed all who have variously sought him in the most earnest way, to be blinded — how Puritan — monk — Brahmin — churchman — Turk — are all merely names for different madnesses and ignorances; how nothing prevails finally but a steady, worldly-wise labour — comfortable — resolute — fearless — full of animal life — affectionate — compassionate. — I think I see how one ought to live, now, but my own life is lost — gone by. I looked for another world, and find there is only this, and that is past for me: what message I have given is all wrong: has to be all re-said, in another way, and is, so said, almost too terrible to be serviceable. For the present I am dead-silent. Our preachers drive me mad with contempt if I ever read or listen to a word; our politicians, mad with indignation. I cannot speak to the first any more than I could to pantaloons in a bad pantomime, or to the last more than to lizards in a marsh. I am working at geology, at Greek — weakly — patiently — caring for neither; trying to learn to write, and hold my pen properly — reading comparative anatomy, and gathering molluscs, with disgust.

I have been staying at Boulogne nearly two months. I went out mackerel fishing, and saw the fish glitter and choke, and the sea foam by night. I learned to sail a French lugger, and a good pilot at last left me alone on deck at the helm in mid channel, with all sail set, and steady breeze. It felt rather grand; but in fact would have been a good deal grander if it had been nearer shore — but I am getting on, if I don't get too weak to hold a helm, for I can't digest anything I think. I tried Wales after that, but the moorland hills made me melancholy — utterly. I've come on here to get some rougher sailing if I can — then I'm going over to Ireland for a day or two. . . . Then I'm going straight to Switzerland, for the fall of the leaf; and what next I don't know. There's enough of myself

for you. . . . I'm so glad you think hopefully about the war. It interests me no more than a squabble between black and red ants. It does not matter whether people are free or not, as far as I can see, till when free they know how to choose a master. Write to me, please, *poste restante*, Interlachen, Switzerland. I'm hoping to find out something of the making of the Jungfrau, if the snows don't come too soon, and my poor 42-year-old feet still serve me a little. . . .

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, 6 January, '62.

DEAR NORTON, — At home again at last, after six months' rest. I have two letters of yours unanswered. But after six months of doing nothing — I feel wholly incapable of ever doing anything any more, so I can't answer them. Only, so many thanks, for being nice and writing them. Thanks for *Atlantic*. Lowell is delicious in the bits. "The coppers ain't all tails,"¹ and such like; but I can't make out how it bears on the business — that's laziness too, I suppose. Also, for said business itself, I am too lazy to care anything about it, unless I hear there's some chance of you or Lowell or Emerson's being shot, in which case I should remonstrate. For the rest, if people want to fight, my opinion is that fighting will be good for them, and I suppose when they're tired, they'll stop. They've no Titians nor anything worth thinking about, to spoil — and the rest is all one to me.

I've been in Switzerland from the 20th September to day after Christmas. Got home on last day of year. It's quite absurd to go to Switzerland in the summer. Mid-November is the time. I've seen a good deal — but nothing ever to come near it. The long, low light, — the float-

¹ "But groutin' ain't no kin' o' use; an' ef the fust throw fails,
Why, up an' try agin, thet 's all, — the coppers
ain't all tails."

Birdofredum Savin, Esq., to Mr. Hosea Biglow.

ing frost cloud — the divine calm and melancholy — and the mountains all opal below and pearl above. There's no talking about it — nor giving you any idea of it. The day before Christmas was a clear frost in dead-calm sunlight. All the pines of Pilate covered with hoar-frost — level golden sunbeams — purple shadows — and a mountain of virgins silver.

I've been drawing — painting — a little; with some self-approval. I've tired of benevolence and eloquence and everything that's proper — and I'm going to cultivate myself and nobody else, and see what will come of that. I'm beginning to learn a little Latin and Greek for the first time in my life, and find that Horace and I are quite of a mind about things in general. I never hurry nor worry, I don't speak to anybody about anything; if anybody talks to me, I go into the next room. I sometimes find the days very long — and the nights longer; then I try to think it is at the worst better than being dead; and so long as I can keep clear of toothache, I think I shall do pretty well.

Now this is quite an abnormally long and studied epistle, for me, so mind you make the most of it — and give my love to your Mother and Sisters, and believe me

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, 28th April, 1862.

DEAR NORTON, — . . . Where one's friends are, one's home ought to be, I know — whenever they want us; but every day finds me, nevertheless, sickening more and more for perfect rest — less and less able for change of scene or thought, least of all for any collision with the energies of such a country and race as yours. Nay, you will say, it would

not be collision, but communion — you could give me some of your life. I know you would if you could. But what could you do with a creature who actually does not mean to enter the doors of this Exhibition of all nations, within five miles of his own door?

14th May.

I have kept this hoping to be able to tell you some cheerful thing about myself, but few such occur to me. Tomorrow I leave England for Switzerland; and whether I stay in Switzerland or elsewhere, to England I shall seldom return. I must find a home — or at least the Shadow of a Roof of my own, somewhere; certainly not here.

May all good be with you and yours.

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

Look in *Fraser's Magazine* for next month¹ — June — please.

MORNEX, HAUTE SAVOIE,
28th August, 1862.

DEAR NORTON, — During the summer I was at Milan, trying to copy some frescoes of Luini's. I suppose it will be the last drawing work I shall ever try, for all my strength and heart is failing. All my work has been done hurriedly and with emotion, and now the reaction has come. I found myself utterly prostrated by the effort made at Milan — so gave in on my way hence, and have rented a house for a month on the slope of the Salève. I saunter about the rocks, and gather a bit of thistle-down or chickweed — break a crystal — read a line or two of Horace or Xenophon — and try to feel that life is worth having — unsuccessfully enough for that. I have no power of resting — and I can't work without bringing on giddiness, pains in the teeth, and at last, loss of all power of thought. The

¹ It was to look for the first of the four essays, afterward collected in a volume under the title of *Munera Pulveris*, essays intended as a preface to an exhaustive treatise on Political Economy, which "I resolved," wrote Ruskin,

"to make the central work of my life." They were written in the autumn of 1861, partly at Milan, partly at the pretty village of Mornex on the southeastern slope of the Mont Salève, not far from Geneva.

doctors all sing "rest, rest." I sometimes wish I could see Medusa.

And you can't help me. Ever so much love can't help me — only time can, and patience. You say "does it give you no pleasure to have done people good?" No — for all seems just as little to me as if I were dying (it is by no means certain I'm not) — and the vastness of the horror of this world's blindness and misery opens upon me — as unto dying eyes the glimmering square (and I don't hear the birds).

As for your American war, I still say as I said at first, if they want to fight, they deserve to fight, and to suffer. It is entirely horrible and abominable, but nothing else would do. Do you remember Mrs. Browning's *Curse of America*? I said at the time "she had no business to curse any country but her own." But she, as it appeared afterwards, was dying — and knew better than I against whom her words were to be recorded. We have come in for a proper share of suffering — but the strange thing is how many innocent suffer, while the guiltiest — Derby and d'Israeli, and such like — are shooting grouse. . . .

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

MORNEX, HAUTE SAVOIE, FRANCE,
Shortest day, 1862.

DEAR NORTON, — It is of no use writing till I'm better; though till I am, I can't write a pleasant word, even to you. I've had a weary time of it since last I wrote, and have been quite finally worried and hurt, and the upshot of it is that I've come away here to live among the hills, and get what sober remnant of life I can, in peace, where there are no machines, yet, nor people, nor talk, nor trouble, but of the winds.

I've become a Pagan, too; and am trying hard to get some substantial hope of seeing Diana in the pure glades; or Mercury in the clouds (Hermes, I mean, not that rascally Jew-God of the Latins). Only I can't understand

what they want one to sacrifice to them for. I can't kill one of my beasts for any God of them all — unless they'll come and dine with me, and I've such a bad cook that I'm afraid there's no chance of that.

I'm bitterly sorry to leave my father and mother, but my health was failing altogether and I had no choice.

I'm only in lodgings yet — seven miles north of Geneva, nearer the Alps; but I'm going to build myself a nest, high on the hills, where they are green. Meantime, I've a little garden with a spring in it, and a gray rough granite wall, and a vine or two, and then a dingle about 300 feet deep, and a sweet chestnut and pine wood opposite; and then Mont du Reposoir, and Mont Blanc, and the aiguilles of Chamouni, which I can see from my pillow, against the dawn. And behind me, the slope of the Salève, up 2000 feet. I can get to the top and be among the gentians any day after my morning reading and before four o'clock dinner. Then I've quiet sunset on the aiguilles, and a little dreaming by the fire, and so to sleep. Your horrid war troubles me sometimes — the roar of it seeming to clang in the blue sky. You poor mad things — what will become of you?

Send me a line just to say if you get this. After saying nothing so long, I want this to go quickly.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

MORNEX, 10th February, 1863.

MY DEAR NORTON, — Glad was I of your letter, for I had been anxious about you, fearing illness, or disturbance of your happiness by this war. It is a shame that you are so comfortable — but I'm glad of it.

It is no use talking about your war. There is a religious phrensy on such of you as are good for anything, just as wild, foolish, and fearful as St. Dominic's and as obstinate as de Montfort's. Mahomet's was mild, Christian-like and

rational, in comparison. I have not, however, seen a single word, spoken or written, by any American since the war began, which would justify me in assuming that there was any such noble phrensy in the matter; but as Lowell and you are in it, I am obliged to own the nobility, and only wish I could put you both in straight waistcoats. The miserablest idiocy of the whole has been your mixing up a fight for dominion (the most insolent and tyrannical, and the worst conducted, in all history) with a *soi-disant* fight for liberty. If you want the slaves to be free, let their masters go free first, in God's name. If they don't like to be governed by you, let them govern themselves. Then, treating them as a stranger state, if you like to say, "You shall let that black fellow go, or "—etc., as a brave boy would fight another for a fag at Eton—do so; but you know perfectly well no fight could be got up on those terms; and that this fight is partly for money, partly for vanity, partly (as those wretched Irish whom you have inveigled into it show) for wild anarchy and the Devil's cause and crown, everywhere. As for your precious proclamation—

"A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the assembled powers of earth and
heaven"—

if I had it here—there's a fine north wind blowing, and I would give it to the first boy I met to fly it at his kite's tail. Not but that it may do mischief enough, as idle words have done and will do, to end of time. . . .

I am resting, and mean to rest, drawing, chiefly, and sauntering and scrambling. The only thing I shall keep doing—a sentence of, sometimes—only when I can't help it—is political economy. Look at the next *Fraser's Magazine* (for March); there are, or I hope will be, some nice little bits about slavery in it. . . .

Affectionate regards to your mother and sisters.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

As soon as I've got a house, I'll ask you to send me something American—a slave, perhaps. I've a great notion of a black boy in a green jacket and purple cap—in Paul Veronese's manner. As for concentrated wisdom, if I have n't enough to make me hold my tongue, I have n't enough to put on the end of it.

MORNEX, 10th March, 1863.

MY DEAR-EST NORTON,—I shall give you the dissyllable—henceforward. . . .

Well, I will do as you say, and write a little word daily—or other daily—for you. I shall like it—for the loneliness is very great, if the peace in which I am at present—and the peace is as if I had buried myself in a tuft of grass on a battlefield wet with blood—for the cry of the earth about me is in my ears continually if I do not lay my head to the very ground—the folly and horror of humanity enlarge to my eyes daily. But I will not write you melancholy letters. I will tell you of what I do and think, that may give you pleasure. I should do myself no good and you, sometimes, perhaps harm, if I wrote what was in my heart—or out of it. The surface thought and work I will tell you.

I wrote you a letter the other day—you either have it by this time and are very angry with me for once, or have it not, and are forgiving me for supposed neglect of your kind last letter. . . .

Do letters come pretty regularly in these pleasant times of yours? . . .

Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I'll get that book of Jean Paul's.

I know well that happiness is in little things—if anywhere—but it is essentially within one, and being within, *seems* to fasten on little things. When I have been unhappy, I have heard an opera from end to end, and it seemed the shrieking of winds, when I am happy, a sparrow's chirp is delicious to me. But it is not the chirp that makes me happy, but I that make *it* sweet.

I received one or two letters from Ruskin in the summer and autumn of 1863, but there followed a long interval without a word. His feeling in regard to our war, and his want of sympathy with those whose hearts were engaged in it, checked for the time the desire for the interchange of letters. It was a period in which a great change took place in his own life, to which, indeed, he made no reference when, after a ten months' silence, he sent to me the brief and bitter letter which follows.

[DENMARK HILL] 6th August, 1864.

MY DEAR NORTON, — The truth is I am quite too lazy, with a deathful sort of laziness, to write — I hate the feeling of having to drive pen up and down lines, quite unconquerably, and I have really nothing to say. I am busy with Greek and Egyptian mythology, and all sorts of problems in life and death — and your American business is so entirely horrible to me that, somehow, it cuts you off from all possibility of my telling you any of my thoughts. It is just as if I saw you washing your hands in blood, and whistling — and sentimentalizing to me. I know you don't know what you are about and are just as good and dear as ever you were — but I simply can't write to you while you are living peaceably in Bedlam. I am getting my house in order, and perhaps shall die as soon as I've done it — but I'm a little better. When I'm quite settled, I will write to you with some general facts.

Ever, with faithful regards to your Mother and Sisters,

Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

On the 3d of March, 1864, his father had died, an old man in his seventy-ninth year, but with his faculties clear and strong to the end. "By his father's death," says Mr. Harrison in his *Life of Ruskin*, "Ruskin inherited a fortune of £157,000,¹ in addition to a considerable

¹ His father left to Ruskin outright £120,000, and to his mother £37,000.

property in houses and land, the whole of which estate the elder had accumulated by industry and sagacity in legitimate business. He was not only an entirely honest merchant, but a man of great generosity, of shrewd judgment, and of persevering culture in poetry and art. His erratic genius of a son, on whom he had lavished his wealth and his anxieties, had long parted from him in ideas of religion as well as economics. But the affection between them remained unimpaired."

The loss of his father was a graver calamity to Ruskin than a similar loss is to most men of forty-five years old. Although of late he had lived much apart from his parents, and had followed his own ways of conduct and of thought, yet his father's good judgment and restraining counsel still had weight with him, and exercised an influence which, though limited, was wholesome.

Ruskin's education and pursuits had not fitted him for the charge of a large property. But his now independent wealth gave him full opportunity for the satisfaction of his lavish impulses and the gratification of his tastes. The immediate duties which fell upon him in connection with the winding up of his father's affairs, and in the attendance upon his mother, now more than eighty years old, kept him in England during 1864 and 1865, and the winter of 1866.

He was not idle, his mind was incessantly active; he wrote much on a great variety of subjects. In 1865 he published, under the enigmatic title of *Sesame and Lilies*, two lectures, one on the worth and use of books, the other on the ideals and duties of women; in 1866 came a series of lectures on "Work," "Traffic," "War," and "The Future of England," gathered into a volume called the *Crown of Wild Olive*; in the same year appeared the *Ethics of the Dust*, lectures given to a girls' school in the country, professedly on the elements of Crystallization, but with "the purpose of awaking in the minds of

young girls a vital interest in the subject of their study." Nor were these by any means all his writings.

A year passed from the date of the last letter before I received another from him.

DENMARK HILL, 15th August, 1865.

MY DEAR NORTON, — I have just received your book on the portraits, which is very right and satisfactory, and pleasant to have done.¹ There won't be many old walls left, frescoed or whitewashed either — in Florence now. I should have liked to have seen it once again — before they build iron bridges over Arno — but it is no matter.

Now you've done fighting, I can talk to you a little again — but I've nothing to say. I keep the house pretty fairly in order, and keep my garden weeded — and the gardeners never disturb the birds; but the cats eat them. I am taking up mineralogy again as a pacific and unexciting study; only I can't do the confounding mathematics of their new books. I am at work on some botany of weeds, too, and such like, and am better on the whole than I was two years ago. My mother is pretty well, too — sometimes I get her out to take a drive, and she enjoys it, but always has to be teased into going. Carlyle has got through the first calamity of rest, after Frederick, among his Scotch Hills — and I hope will give us something worthier of him before he dies. Rossetti and the rest I never see now — they go their way and I mine; so you see I've no news — but I'm always

Affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, 11th September, 1865.

MY DEAR NORTON, — . . . I should have written to you some news of myself, though the war has put a gulph between all Americans and me in that I do not care to hear what they think, or tell them what I think, on any matter; and Low-

¹ *The Original Portraits of Dante*, a privately printed volume on occasion of the celebration VOL. XCIV — NO. DLXI

ell's work and Longfellow's is all now quite useless to me. But I shall send you an edition of my last lectures, however, with a new bit of preface in it, and anything else I may get done in the course of the winter, and I am always glad to hear of you. I am somewhat better in health, and busy in several quiet ways, of which, if anything prosper in them, you will hear in their issue — and nobody need hear until then. Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, 27 March, 1866.

MY DEAR NORTON, — . . . First, please be assured, as I think you must have been without my telling you, that when I would not write to you during the American war, it was not because I loved you less, but because I could no otherwise than by silence express the intensity of my adverse feeling to the things you were countenancing — and causing; for of course the good men in America were the real cause and strength of the war. Now, it is past, I have put in my protest, and we are the same full friends as always, except only that I can't read American sentiment any more — in its popular form — and so can't sympathize with you in all things as before. . . .

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

The portrait has been a little checked, but is going on well. In about three weeks I am going to try to get as far as Venice, for change of thought. I want to see a Titian once more before I die — and I'm not quite sure when that may not be (as if anybody was), yet, on the whole, my health is better. I've some work in hand which you will like, I think, also. Affectionate regards to your mother and sisters.

DENMARK HILL, 23rd January, 1867.

DEAR NORTON, — I have just got your New Year's letter (for which a thousand

in Florence of the sixth centenary of Dante's birth.

thanks and thoughts). . . I am painting birds, and shells, and the like, to amuse myself and keep from sulking, but I sulk much.

Yes, it is indeed time we should meet — but it will be to exchange glances and hearts — not thoughts, for I have no thoughts — I am so puzzled about everything that I've given up thinking altogether. It seems to me likely that I shall draw into a very stern, lonely life, if life at all, doing perhaps some small work of hand with what gift I have, peacefully, and in the next world — if there is any — I hope to begin a little better and get on farther. I want to send this by "return of post" and must close.

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

My mother's love. She is well — but her sight is failing fast now. She may revive a little in spring: — perhaps may only last long enough to let her see my father's tomb. I have made it quite simple, with a granite slab on the top — so¹ — supported by a pure and delicate moulding from my favorite tomb of Ilaria di Caretto, at Lucca (a slender green serpentine shaft at each corner) and on the granite slab, — this,

Here rests
From Day's well-sustained burden,

JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.

Born in Edinburgh, May 10th, 1791
He died in his home in London March 3rd,
1864.

He was an entirely honest Merchant
And his memory
Is, to all who keep it,
Dear, and helpful.

His son,
Whom he loved to the uttermost.
And taught to speak truth,
Says this of him.

AMBLESIDE, 8 August, 1867.

MY DEAR NORTON, — I was very glad of your letter. . . I want to say a word

¹ Here was a slight drawing.

about the 'Turners,'² which I am very thankful for all your kind thoughts about — but indeed the only "kindness" of mine is in putting you, as it were ten years back, on fair terms of purchase — I wish I *had* the pleasure of giving — all my art treasures are now useless to *me*, except for reference; the whole subject of art is so painful to me, and the history of Turner and all my own lost opportunities of saving his work, are a perpetual torment to me, if I begin thinking of them.

But this was what I wanted to say — Your American friends, even those who know not of art — may be much disappointed with the *Liber Studiorum*, for the nobleness of those designs is not so much in what *is* done, as in what is *not* done in them. Any tyro — looking at them first — would say, Why, *I* can do trees better than that — figures better — rocks better — everything better. "Yes — and the daguerreotype — similarly — better than *you*," is the answer, first; but the final answer — the showing how every touch in these plates is related to every other, and has no permission of withdrawn, monastic virtue, but is only good in its connection with the rest, and in that connection *infinitely* and inimitably good — and the showing how each of the designs is connected by all manner of strange intellectual chords and nerves with the pathos and history of this old English country of ours; and on the other side, with the history of European mind from earliest mythology down to modern rationalism and *ir*-rationalism — all *this* showing — which was what I meant to try for in my closing work — I felt, long before the closing, to be impossible; and the mystery of it all — the God's making of the great mind, and the martyrdom of it, and the uselessness of it all forever, as far as human eyes can see or thoughts travel — All these things it is of no use talking about.

I am here among the lakes resting, and trying to recover some tone of body. I

² Some plates from the *Liber Studiorum*, and some pencil drawings.

entirely deny having lost tone of mind (in spite of all pain) — yet. And yesterday I walked up Helvellyn, and the day before up Skiddaw (and walked twelve miles besides the hill work yesterday) — both of them 3000 feet of lift — so I think there may be some life in the old dog yet. . . .

All you say of religion is true and right — but the deadly question with me is — What next? or if anything is next? so that I've no help, but rather increase of wonder and horror from that.

One word more about Turner. You see every great man's work (*his* pre-eminently) is a *digestion* of nature, which makes glorious HUMAN FLESH of it. All my first work in *Modern Painters* was to show that one must have *nature* to *digest* — not chalk and water for milk. . . .

Ever lovingly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

20th November, 1867.

DEAR NORTON. — . . . I am putting my old work together, that had been wasted, and drawing a little — not ill, and variously getting myself together, what is left of me.

In the meantime your letters have given to me continual pleasure. . . . Also, your various presents. Longfellow's excellent *Dante*; and your own *Vita*

Nuova, with all their good help to me, came to hand, one by one — they are all in my special own shelf of bookcase, and will take me back again to long ceased *Dante* studies — though in returning to him, the terrible "What *do* you mean, or believe of all this?" fronts me with appalling strangeness. Longfellow's translation is excellent and most helpful. The *Vita Nuova* falls in much with my own mind — but when death or life depends on such things — suppose it should be *morte nuova* day by day? I am also working at Greek myths and art, and the like, and hope to give you some account of myself one day, and of my time.

Of the Turners I can tell you nothing, except that I wholly concur in your judgment of their relative merits, and that the subjects you enquire about are, I think, all on the Rhine, but none of them absolutely known to me. I shall try and find one or two more for you, and give you some better account of them.

I am thankful that you believe such things can be of service in America. My own impression is that they are useless, everywhere — but better times may come.

I wish you would come here once again — I *need* you now. I only enjoyed you before.

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

(*To be continued.*)

SAINT-GAUDENS' STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THIS is the soldier brave enough to tell
The glory-dazzled world that War is hell:
Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife,
And rides through hell to save his country's life.

THE COMMON LOT

BY ROBERT HERRICK

XXV

. . . He had been lying there long hours close to the warm earth that was preparing for a new life. The thin branches of the trees rose bare and severe between him and the blue sky, mementos of the silent winter. The ground about their trunks was matted with dead leaves, through which nothing green had yet pushed its way. Nevertheless, the earth seemed yeasty with promise. The intense, unwonted heat of the April days had broken the crust of soil, and set the sap of life in motion once more. The air was heavy with earthy odors, — a fragrant forecast of Nature's regeneration. Deep down in the little ravines, and among the pools of the meadowland beyond, frogs were croaking harshly, filling the solitude of the still slumbering woods with the clamor of awakening life. And through the brown tree trunks, above the tracery of the topmost branches, over the flat fields, there swam the haze of earliest spring, — a vague atmosphere of renascence, the warm breath of mother earth.

The man lay there, empty of thought, feeling merely the mighty movement of things around him, — an inert mass in a vital world. The odors of the earth stirred in him old sensations of vivid springtimes in his youth. He saw again the morning mist swimming above the little Wisconsin lakes where he used to hunt, and felt the throb of joy for the incoming spring. And he remembered how this outer world had spoken to him one day while he was sitting over his work in Paris. Something imperceptible had crept into the room over the endless roofs, and called to him in a low, persistent voice. Then he had listened, joyously putting aside his task, and obeyed

the invitation, wandering idly forth into the germinating fields, which in some mysterious way had purified his soul. In his youth that experience had come to him again and again, an impulse from beyond his world, which had led him forth from himself, from the soil of living, to fresh vigor and purity of soul. Latterly, there had come to him no call like this; he had known no abandonment of self in the enveloping force of Nature, no purification of spirit. The trees and the grass, the earth and the sky, all the multitudinous voices of unconscious life, had not spoken to him. Shut within himself, driven by the bitter furies of his own little heart, he had worked from season to season, forgetting the face of Nature. True, he had lived the outdoor life of the world, passed through the beautiful fields each season, just as he had gone to the theatre or the opera. But the earth had not spoken to him, alone, personally, out of her abundant wisdom, garnered through the limitless years. For all the period of his maturity he had forgotten the great mother of life!

Now, wrecked and bruised, he lay there on her breast, as a sick man might lie in the silent room of a hospital and listen to the large commotion of life without. He was content to rest there on the warm earth, listening and waiting for the voice which should come from beyond; content to forget himself, — a creature that had been industriously shaped for eight busy years, a creature of the city and of men, with a self that was his in part only, and was mixed with all those others whom he had touched. That figure of deformity, made in the strife of the city, he no longer recognized to be his. . . . The sun sank into the deepening blue haze of the heavens; the thin shadows of the trees faded

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from the brown earth; the south wind from the prairies began to rise, blowing strongly, scented by the breeding land over which it had come. As the day drew to its close, the murmuring voices of re-created life ascended from all parts of the earth with a strengthened note. The tree-toads were chorusing in the damp hollows, and the spice of roots and mould sucked out by the hot sun was descending once more in damp fragrance to the earth. The moist, crumbling soil beneath the man's body was opening itself, — stirring, awakening, preparing for the gigantic tasks of renewal, of re-creation, of conception, and birth. An immense, powerful, impersonal life, the *greatest Life of all*, was going forward all about him. In the midst of this mystery he was but an atom, — an accident which counted for nothing.

That terrible vision of dying men and women no longer haunted the man's mind. The catastrophe which had shaken him to the roots of his being sank into its place behind the long procession of his acts, which had made him what he was. Now, at last, he began to think coherently, to see himself in the whole, step by step, as he had come to be. He saw the old man's funeral; he remembered his one restless preoccupation about the money which was soon to be his; he recalled his resentment over the will, and his growing lust for that money which had slipped from his grasp. Then he saw the thread of that devious course which he had followed in his efforts to make money. From the first day, in the struggle for success, there rose before his eyes the man Graves. The contractor's fat, bearded face was the image of his sin, familiar in its cupidinous look. It was the image of that greed to which he had submitted himself, with which he had consented to do evil. From the very hour when he had caught the contractor's eye in the Canostota, and the two had committed fraud over the weight of steel in an I-beam, there had set forth a long, long train of petty dishonesties, which had created in him the vitiating habit of

insincerity. One by one he remembered the fraudulent buildings in which he had had a part, — the school from which he had tried to steal some of the money his uncle had denied him, and finally this hotel which had crumbled at the touch of fire. That was the strange, dramatic climax of the story, fated so to be from the first petty lust for money, from the first fraud!

Greed, greed! The spirit of greed had eaten him through and through, the lust for money, the desire for the fat things of the world, the ambition to ride high among his fellows. In the world it had a dignified name; it was called enterprise and ambition. But now he saw it for what it was, *greed and lust, nothing more*. It was in the air of the city which he had breathed for eight years. And he had justified knavery by Success. He had judged himself mean and small merely because he had failed to cheat and steal and trick "in a large way." Only the little and the weak need be honest; to the strong all things were right, — he had said glibly. Now, for the first day since his manhood, he saw acts, not blurred by his own passions, not shifting with the opinions of the day; but he saw them fixed and hard, — acts, living, human acts, each one in its own integrity, with its own irrevocable fate. Acts expressed in lowered eyelids of consent, in shrugs, in meaningful broken phrases, apparently innocent, but tortuously deep; acts unprofessional, sharp, dishonest, criminal!

He lay in the gathering twilight, listened, and saw. And at last the soul of the man, which had been long in hiding, came back, and flowed into him once more. A deep, new longing filled his heart, a desire to be once again as he had been before, to rise from his debasement and become clean, to slough off this parasitic self into which he had grown all these years of his strife in the city, to be born anew like the springtime earth. For such longings come to men sickened with the surfeit of their passions.

. . . He knew now why his wife had left him. She had felt the leper taint,

which had been growing all the years of their marriage, and had repudiated it. She had cried out against the mere getting and spending of money, to which point those lofty ambitions of his youth had descended. She had loved him as the creator, the builder; and he had given her no visions, but only the sensualities of modern wealth. "Let us begin again and live the common life," she had cried out to him. "Let us live for work and not for money!" And he had put her aside with contempt. Now he knew that she had done well to leave him to his own day of judgment. And the first impulse in the man's new soul was to go to her, humbly, and say to her: "You were right! I have sinned against myself, against you, against life, all along the way. Will you accept my repentance, and love me again from the beginning, knowing now the truth?" He desired wistfully to hear her answer; his heart left him in doubt as to what that answer might be. For he understood at last that he had never known this woman, who had been his wife for eight years.

Nevertheless, despite this hunger of his heart for the woman he loved, there rose in him slowly a purging sense of relief from crime and sin committed. It had passed away, was put off from himself. He was to come once more into peace! The upspringing life of the reincarnated earth chanted all about him but one song: "Here I leave my uncleanness. Life is strong and good. There is forgiveness and peace. Here I bury the filth of my deeds, and renew my hope." Thus man rises again and again from the depths of his abasement; thus springs in him a new hope, a vital, imperishable element, the soul of his being, and he is prepared afresh for the struggle. Yet more, — blindly convinced of the power to rise, to renew himself!

Thus, after the tempest of debauch, little men wake from their carnal desires, and, leaving behind them the uncleanness of their flesh, go forth into the pure morning, subdued and ashamed, yet irresistibly sure that life is good and holds

forgiveness and hope for them, too. With the new day they will become like their dreams, clean and pure. Thus, also, those larger men, not eaten by bodily lusts, those greater sinners who are caught on the whirling spikes of bolder passions, who are torn and twisted, — these return at certain hours to the soul within them, and renew there the pure fire of their natures, so that they may enter again the endless contest having hope and health. Thus, above all, the great heart of things, the abundant mother of life, the earth, renews herself eternally according to the laws of her being, and comes forth afresh and undiminished for the business of living.

So, the mere lump of man lying there inert upon the ground felt the great process of renewal all about him, and sucked in fresh life and health. In like manner, years before, in his youth, he had gone down to the ocean, and there had learned something of this mysterious sensation of renewal. When his body was plunged in the cool, black sea-water he had drawn through the pores of his flesh the elemental currents of life. He longed now to escape again from men, to go down to the sea and touch the waters washing in from their remote tidal courses up and down the earth. By such means Nature cleanses and teaches man! Heedless of man, unconcerned with his follies and vices, impersonal, irresistible, majestic, she receives his head upon her breast, and renews within him his spirit, the power to battle, the power to live.

The fruitful earth holds in her bosom death and life, both together, and out of her comes health. In like manner there lie in the heart of man diverse instincts, — seeds of good and evil, ready to germinate. For long seasons seeds of one kind burst forth in the soil of a man's nature and thrive. Accident, the intricate web of fate, gives them their fit soil, their heat, their germinating impulse. And the world, seeing the fruit of these seeds alone, calls the man good or bad, and thus makes its rude anal-

ysis of character, as something set and fixed, stamped upon the soul forever. But in their own time other seeds, perchance ripening late and slowly, come to their day of germination, seeds of unlike nature, with diverse fruit. Such sprout and send their life forth into the man, creating a new nature which the world will not recognize as his. Thus it was happening with this man: commingled in his heart and brain there had lain diverse seeds of many kinds, — seeds of decay and seeds of life. Impulses of creative purpose, of unselfish work, — these had been long dormant; impulses of lust and greed and deceit, — these had grown rankly in the feverish life of the city until they had flowered in crime. Now had come to him the time of fate: the first harvest of his acts was garnered, and the new seeds of his life were ready to wake from their inhibition in the depths of his being, and put forth their energies, their demands. Some great shock — the agony of dying men and women — had quickened this new growth. So happens the miracle of rebirth, hidden far away from all human observation, revealing itself first in a consciousness of renewed health and purification.

The song of the springtime earth rose ever upward, calming and healing the man, who at last had caught its message. It said to him, — “Another sun, a new day, an earth ever fresh from the hand of God! Eternal hope — the burial of the corrupt body with its misdeeds; health, and not decay; life, and not death. For life is good! There is forgiveness and renewal for all those who heed.” . . . Through the misty heavens above the trees, the stars glimmered faintly. Over the prairie fields and woodland the night wind passed, — soft, odorous, charged with the breath of the earth in the conceiving time of life. . . .

Under the starlight of the spring night there might be seen the figure of a man walking steadily southwards toward the black horizon of the great city. He walked neither fast nor slow, but steadily, evenly,

as if urged by one powerful purpose, some magnetic end that set his nerves and his muscles to the rhythm of action.

XXVI

The architect had a long time to wait in Wheeler's office that morning. The lawyer rarely came in before ten, so the stenographer said, looking suspiciously into the man's white, unshaven face. She knew Hart quite well, and she was wondering what was the matter with him, — whether he had been on a spree. He sat in one of the armchairs of the outer office provided for waiting clients, and, looking neither to the right nor to the left, stared at the square of green carpet beneath his feet. When the lawyer entered, with a glance at the seated figure, he said blankly, —

“Come in here!”

Wheeler opened the door to his little office, where he had confessed many a man, and without a word pointed to a chair beside his littered desk. Then he sat down and waited, examining the architect's face with his dispassionate eyes.

“Everett, I wanted to see you about” — Hart began. Then he stopped, as though surprised by his own voice, which sounded far away, unfamiliar, and unused. The lawyer waited a moment for him to continue, and then he asked in his indifferent manner, —

“So you wanted to see me?”

“Yes, I want to tell you something,” Jackson began again.

The lawyer wheeled toward his desk, and picked up a little silver letter-opener, which he fingered.

“About that fire?” he asked.

“Yes, — that and other things.”

Wheeler went to the door, closed it, and returning to his chair, wheeled his face away from his cousin.

“Well, what about it?”

“You know — you saw it in the papers — how the Glenmore burned? You know it was one of Graves's buildings. I

did the plans for him. Well, the newspapers were right: there was crooked work. The plans were all altered after they had been through the Building Department. Graves is in with the whole gang over there. He has all the inspectors in his pocket!"

Hart waited again. He was not saying what he came there to tell. His mind seemed strangely unreliable and confused. While he stumbled, the frown on his cousin's face deepened into an ugly crease between the eyes. It said as plainly as words, "What in hell do you come here for, blabbing this to me?" Jackson, reading his look, caught himself and continued more steadily:—

"But I did n't come here to talk of the fire. It's about the school. Pemberton was right about that. It was crooked, too! I want to tell you what I know about that."

Wheeler put down the letter-opener, and rested his chin on the tips of his fingers. The architect told his story slowly, without excitement, trying to give all the details, and the exact figures, busying himself with being precise. The matter was complicated, and it led him to speak again of the hotel and of other affairs, of his entire connection with the contractor,—to tell the complete story of his business career in the city. The lawyer did not try to stop him, although his face betrayed no interest or comment.

"Well, the upshot of the matter is," Hart ended, "that I am through with the whole business, Everett. I am going to get out of it, somehow. And first, I wanted you to know the truth about the school, and to take this for the trustees."

He laid on the desk a large, fat envelope, which he had filled that morning from his safety deposit box.

"There's about thirty thousand there, in stocks and bonds and some land. I thought I would n't wait to put it into cash," he explained. "It's pretty nearly all I have got, Everett. Part of that stock in the Glenmore Graves gave me was for legitimate commission, but I have put

that in, too. You can force Graves to make good the rest. I can figure out for you what he owes. And I'll do what I can to help you make him square the account. If you can't get hold of Graves, why, I'm ready to give you my personal note for the rest and pay it as soon as I can."

Wheeler poked the envelope on the desk without taking it up.

"Conscience money?" he remarked slowly. "I don't want your wad. I wish you had chucked it in the river, done anything with it but brought it here! I fixed that matter up once."

The architect was able to realize the contempt, the ironical humor with which Wheeler's tone was charged, and his lips tightened. But he made no reply. After the experiences of the last two days he cared little for what his cousin might say or think. In some manner he had passed completely outside of the world where such matters counted. He was dulled to all but a few considerations.

"Say!" the lawyer iterated, "I thought we'd closed that little matter for good. But I can tell you there's one person who'll be tickled," he laughed disgustedly. "And that's old Pemberton. He thought you were a scamp from the word go. Now he'll be well set up when the judge tells him this. He'll take an irreligious pleasure in it!"

Hart said nothing, and the two men faced each other somberly. Finally, the lawyer exclaimed,—

"So you lost your nerve!"

That was not what Hart thought of it, and he winced perceptibly, as he replied:—

"Well, you can call it that! And I guess that if you had seen those people dropping into that burning building, and known what I knew — Well, what's the use of talking! I am done with the whole thing,—done with it for good."

The lawyer eyed him sharply, unsympathetically, curious, in a cold manner, of the psychology of the man before him. Hart's sturdy body, which was a trifle inclined to fleshiness, seemed to have

shrunken and to be loose in his clothes. The bones of his jaw came out heavily in his unshaven face, and below his eyes the flesh was black, shading into gray. His tweed office suit was rumpled out of shape, and there were signs of the muddy roads on his trousers and boots. Usually so careful and tidy in dress, he now seemed to have lost all consciousness of his appearance.

Wheeler had never felt much respect for his cousin as a young man. Then the lawyer considered him to be somewhat "light-weight," given to feminine interests in art and literature, feeling himself to be above his homely American environment. But since their uncle's death, the architect had won his approval by the practical ability he had shown in pushing his way in the Chicago world, in getting together a flourishing business, and making a success of his profession. Now that there was revealed to him the uncertain means by which this outward success had been obtained, he reverted easily to his earlier judgment. The man was really a light-weight, a weakling. The lawyer despised weaklings: they made the real troubles in this life. He could not see to its depth the tragedy before him, even as the stern Pemberton might have seen it. He merely saw another nasty mess, a scandal that would probably get about the city, even if his cousin and the contractor escaped the Grand Jury for this Glenmore affair. He had little use for men who went wrong and "lost their nerve"!

"Well," he said at last, "you need n't bother about that note just yet. You'll have troubles enough for one while, I expect. I suppose I shall have to take this, though,"—he tapped the fat envelope,— "and lay the matter before the trustees. I'll let you know what they decide to do."

"All right," Hart answered. As he did not rise immediately from his chair, the lawyer turned to his desk with an air of dismissal. When the architect at last got wearily to his feet, Wheeler asked, without looking up, —

"Have you seen that man Graves this morning?"

"No, I came here the first thing."

"He was in here to see me late yesterday. He seemed afraid that you might split on him in this Glenmore business."

Hart listened, his eyes looking over his cousin's head far out through the office window, his mind concerned with other matters.

"Had n't you better get out of here for a few weeks?" the lawyer suggested casually. "Take a vacation. You seem to need a rest, bad. The papers'll quiet down after a while,— they always do," he added explanatorily.

As a matter of fact, he had promised the contractor that he would do what he could to keep Hart from making any trouble. It was obviously best for the architect to be out of sight for the present, in some safe place where he could not be got at for awkward explanations.

"I've been thinking of going away for a few days," Jackson replied slowly, a flush spreading over his pallid face. "I'm going on to the Falls to see Helen. But I'm not going to run away. They can find me when they want me. And I shall be back before long, anyway."

Wheeler did not tell him that the coroner had already summoned his jury, and that the first inquiry was to begin the next day. If he were going to Vermont, it was just as well that he should get away before he was summoned by the coroner.

"Well," he said, taking another look at his cousin, "whatever you do, get your nerve together. Men like you should n't play with fire. They'd better stick to the straight game!"

The architect knew what that meant! If he had been some cunning promoter who had had wit enough to swindle the public out of any sum of money that ran into the millions, or if he had been some banker who had known how to ruin the credit of an enterprise which he wished to buy cheaply, Wheeler would have extended to him a cynical tolerance, and if his honesty were questioned, would have

admitted merely that "there were stories about, of course,—there always were stories when a man was smart enough to make some money quick!" But, unfortunately, he belonged to the category of unsuccessful, petty criminals, and he "had lost his nerve!"

He realized all this, and yet in the wreck which he had made of his life, he was indifferent to the world's injustice. What men thought or said about him had marvelously little importance just now. This crisis had wonderfully simplified life for him: he saw a few things which must be done, and to these he was setting himself with a slow will. His face held new, grave lines, which gave it a sort of manliness that it had not possessed before.

"You'd better see Graves before you leave, and get together on this thing," Wheeler remarked.

"I can't see any use in that," Jackson protested slowly. "I saw him yesterday and told him my views. He made me the treasurer of his company, and if they get me up and ask me questions,—why, I shall tell what I know about it. That's all there is to that!"

"Are you going to tell Helen the whole story, too?" the lawyer asked bluntly.

"Yes! That's why I'm going down there." Jackson felt his face burn with humiliation for the first time since he had begun his story.

"I suppose she'll have to know," Wheeler admitted softly. "It will cut her pretty deep."

He was wondering whether she could forgive this weak fellow, crawling back to her now, his courage gone, broken for life, as he judged. He suspected that she might pardon him, even though she had left him inexplicably. She would forgive her husband when he was at the end of his rope; she was made that way. For the moment, the softness of character in such women irritated him. There were other women whom he liked and admired less than her,—Mrs. Phillips was one,—who would not tolerate a flabby sinner like this man. But to Helen, disgrace would make

little difference. And he was sorry for it all, because he loved the woman, and he could feel *her* tragedy, though he was impervious to the man's.

"Women have bum luck sometimes," he reflected aloud. "They have to take all the man's troubles as well as their own." Then he added not unkindly, "You had better think well what it means to her and to the children before you do anything to make matters worse. I'll keep an eye on what goes on here, and let you know if you're needed,—if you can do any good."

Neither offered to shake hands, and Hart went out of the office without replying to the last remark. At the street entrance he hesitated a moment, as if to get his bearings, and then slowly walked down the crowded street in the direction of his office. The city sights were strangely foreign to him, as if he had come back to them after a long period of absence. The jostle of human beings on the pavement, the roar in the streets, were like the meaningless gyrations of a machine. With a repugnance that weighted his steps he turned in at the door of his building, and crowded into one of the cages that were swallowing and disgorging their human burdens in the mid-forenoon. In his office there had settled an air of listless idleness, now that Cook, the main-spring of the place, was no longer at his post. Without looking at the accumulated mail on his desk Hart called the stenographer, and dictated to her some instructions for his partner, Stewart, who had just landed in New York on his way home from a vacation in Europe. The girl received his dictation with an offish, impertinent glance in her eyes that said, "Something's wrong with this place, I guess!" When Hart had finished, she said,—

"Say, Graves was in here twice this morning, and wanted me to let him know as soon as you came in. He wanted to know where you were. What shall I say to him?"

Hart thought a moment before reply-

ing. He did not wish to see the contractor, that was very clear, and yet he was unwilling to seem to run away, to escape the man. Moreover, he realized vaguely a certain claim in complicity. There was trouble ahead for them both, surely, and Graves had his right to be considered.

"If Mr. Graves calls, bring him in here," he said to the stenographer, and turned to his mail.

He had some final matters to attend to, and then he should take the train. If the contractor came back before he got off, he would see him. Half an hour later, while he was still tearing open his letters and jotting notes for the answers, his door opened and Graves walked in. He had less assurance than on the afternoon before. The strain was beginning to tell even on his coarse fibre.

"So you've come to!" he exclaimed with an attempt to be at his ease, taking a chair beside the desk.

"What do you want?" the architect demanded sharply.

"Say, did you see the papers this morning?" Graves asked, ignoring the question.

Hart shook his head; he had no curiosity to know what the newspapers were saying.

"They're making an awful kick! It's mostly politics, of course. They've got the mayor on the run. He's suspended the head of the department. Bloom was a good friend of mine. That'll scare the rest considerable. And then there's talk of bringing civil suits against the hotel company, and the officers individually."

He paused to see what impression this news might make on the architect.

"They can't get much out of me!" Hart answered quietly. "I turned over to Wheeler pretty nearly every dollar I have got. That's on account of the school business," he added, thinking the contractor would not comprehend rightly his meaning.

Graves stared at him in disgust. He had some idea of getting the architect to pay part of the expense of "keeping the City

Hall quiet." Now the man had outwitted him and put his money beyond his reach.

"So you've seen Mr. Wheeler?"

"Just come from there."

"He told you he'd help us out of this hole?"

"We did n't discuss it."

"I've seen to Van Meyer myself. He's where he can't do no harm. And I guess it's all right over there," — he pointed with his thumb in the direction of the city hall, — "though it'll cost a sight of money if those fellers lose their jobs! Now, if we keep quiet, they can't do nothing but bring their suits for damages. I ain't afraid of that!"

"I suppose not," Hart replied dryly. "It does n't touch *you*. They're all straw names but mine, are n't they?"

"Just now, there's this damned corner," Graves went on, ignoring the last remark. "The inquest begins to-morrow. He'll try to fix the blame, of course, and hold some one to the Grand Jury. He's got to, to quiet the papers."

"I suppose so," Hart assented wearily.

"But they've got nothing to go on, if you only hold your tongue," Graves ripped out incautiously. "And you've got to hold your jaw!"

The man's dictatorial manner angered the architect. He rose hastily from his desk, gathering some papers and putting them into his bag.

"I told you yesterday, Graves, that I would have nothing more to do with you in this Glenmore business. I don't see what you came in here for. Let them go ahead and do what they can. I'll stand for my share of the trouble."

"You" — Graves burst out. "You" —

"I've got an engagement, Mr. Graves, and there's no use in our talking this matter over any more."

He reached for his coat and hat.

"But I tell you, Hart, that you can't be a quitter in this business. Did n't your cousin tell you that, too?"

"It makes no difference what he might say," Hart retorted doggedly, holding open the door into the hall.

"I'll smash you, sure thing, if you do me up this dirty way!"

The contractor crossed the room to where Hart stood, as if he meant to strike then and there. Hart looked at him indifferently. The man disgusted and irritated him: he wondered how he could ever have submitted himself to him. He held the door open, and the contractor passed out into the hall, which was empty.

"I'll smash you!" he repeated, less loudly.

"All right!" the architect muttered. "I guess that won't matter much now."

Graves kept by his side in the elevator, and followed him out into the street.

"Say! Step over to Burke's place with me," he urged in a more conciliatory tone.

"See here!" the architect answered, stopping on the sidewalk. "It's no use talking. I've done with you and your methods. Can't you see that? I don't intend to get you into trouble if I can help it. But I don't mean to sneak out of this or tell any lies to save your hide. I'm on my way out of the city now, to see my family, and shall be away for a few days. Wheeler knows where I shall be, and he'll let me know when I am wanted. They won't get around to me for some little time yet, probably. If they summon me, why, I suppose I shall come back!"

The contractor, hearing that Hart was about to leave the city, felt relieved. It would be easier to deal with his cousin, the lawyer, who might be able to keep the architect from making a fool of himself. So he walked on with Hart toward the station in a calmer frame of mind. As if he realized the mistake he had made in trying to bully his accomplice, he began to put forward his personal difficulties apologetically.

"This fire has hit me hard. Of course the Glenmore will be a dead loss, and the banks have begun to call my loans. Then it'll take a lot of ready money to keep those fellers over there quiet. I was just getting where I could n't be touched when this fire came, and now I shall have to begin over pretty nearly. You don't know,

Hart, what hard sledding it's been to build up my business with nothing back of me to start on!"

The architect realized that Graves was making an appeal to his sympathies, and although this confession of weakness roused his contempt, he began to see more dispassionately the contractor's point of view. The man was fighting for his life, and there could be nothing reasonable to him in a determination to make a bad matter worse. No speaking out now could save those hapless victims of greed, who had lost their lives in the wretched building.

"I don't want to ruin my family no more than you do, Mr. Hart," the contractor persisted. "And you can't make me so much trouble as you will yourself. You can see that!" he added meaningly.

Hart turned on the man angrily.

"I have heard about enough, Graves! It's no use your going on. I tell you I mean to come back, and stand my share of the trouble, — yes, — if it breaks me! Do you hear? If it breaks me! Now good-day."

The contractor turned away, scowling, like a dog that had been kicked into the street. Hart hurried into the station and bought his ticket. He had not looked up his eastern connections, remembering merely that Helen had left Chicago by this road, and he took the first train east in his overwhelming desire to get to her, to tell her all, to submit. . . . As the heavy train moved slowly out of the station, he felt strangely relieved from the perplexities of the morning. The unconscious physical influence of mere motion, of going somewhere, soothed his irritated nerves.

He had been goaded into his final declaration to the contractor, for he had felt the ground slipping from his resolution under the persistent appeals of the man. But as the train shot out into the prairie he turned the thing over in his mind with all its varying aspects. Could he come back, as he had said, and bring on himself and his family the shame and disgrace of public exposure? He comforted himself

with the thought that he had the courage, that in leaving the city he was not merely running away to escape the consequences of his connivance with fraud. Yes, he could go back, — if it were necessary! While the train moved across the states, his heart grew calmer, stronger: whatever might be the outcome, he knew that his instinct had been right, — that he had done well to go first to his wife.

XXVII

The old Jackson homestead at Vernon Falls was a high, narrow, colonial house with three gables. Upon the broad terrace facing the south side there was a row of graceful, "wineglass" elms. Below the terrace reached a broad, level meadow, which was marked irregularly by a dark line where a little brook wandered, and beyond the meadow passed the white road to Verulam, the nearest station. From this highway a lane led through copses of alder and birch along the east side of the meadow to the old house, which was withdrawn nearly an eighth of a mile from the public road.

It was an austere, silent, lonely place. Powers Jackson during the last years of his life had built a great barn and sheds behind the house with the purpose of making a stock farm, but since his death these had been shut up. He had also built a broad veranda on the terrace along the south side, which contrasted strangely with the weather-beaten, hand-made clapboards of the old building. The gaunt, lofty house seemed to be drawing away from the frivolous addition at its base.

Hart had often spent his long vacations at the farm with his mother when he was at college. Yet that April afternoon, when he came upon it from the bend in the Verulam road, it seemed to him strange and unreal. His memories of the house and the meadow in front of it had grown and flowered, until in his imagination it was a spot of tender, aristocratic grace, a harmony of swaying elm branches and turf

lawn, lichened stone walls and marvelous gray clapboards. To-day it rose bare and severe across the brown meadow, unrelieved by the leafless branches of the elms that crisscrossed the south front. The slanting sun struck the little panes of the upper windows, and made them blaze with a mysterious, intensely yellow fire. Involuntarily his pace slackened as he turned from the highroad into the lane. The place appeared silent, deserted. Was Helen there in the old house? Could she understand? Could she forgive him? . . .

The northern spring had barely begun. It was cold, grudging, tentative, scarcely touching the brown meadow with faint green. Hiding its charm, like the delicate first beauty of Puritan women, it gave an uncertain promise of future performance, — of a hidden, reticent beauty!

The architect lingered in the lane, watching the sun fade from the windows of the house, until the air suddenly became chill and the scene was blank. Then, as he stepped on toward the house, he caught sight of a woman's figure stooping in the thicket beside the road. His heart began suddenly to beat, telling him, almost before his eyes had recognized the bent figure, that this was his wife. She looked up at last, and seeing him coming toward her, rose and stood there, her hands filled with tendrils of some plant that she had been plucking up by its roots, her face troubled and disturbed.

"Nell!" he called as he came nearer, "Nell!" And then he stopped, baffled. For long hours on the train he had thought what he should say when he met her, but now his premeditated words seemed to him futile. He saw the gulf that might lie between them forever. He looked into her troubled face. She was wonderfully, newly beautiful! Her hair was parted in the middle, and rippled loosely over the temples to the ears, in the way she had worn it as a girl, a fashion which he had laughed her out of. She had grown larger, ampler, and in her linen dress, with its flat collar revealing the white neck, without ornament of any sort, her features

came out strong and distinct. That curve of the upper lip, which had always made the face appealing, no longer trembled at the touch of emotion. There was a repression and mature self-command about her, as if, having been driven back upon her own heart, she had recovered possession of herself once more, and no longer belonged to a man. She was beautiful, wholly woman, and yet to the husband waiting there she was his no longer!

"Nell," he began once more, still waiting at a little distance from her, "I have come here to you, as you said."

Her arms hung limply at her sides, with the trailing plant drooping across her skirt, as though, thus taken by surprise, she were waiting for him to declare himself. He stepped nearer quickly, moved by a terrible fear that, after all, it was too late, that she had passed beyond his reach.

"You know what I mean! I have come to tell you that you were right when you went away. You were right all along, and I have been wrong!"

But as he spoke she reached out her arms to him, beseeching him, drawing him to her, in commiseration for him. She put her arms on his shoulders, clasping them behind his neck, thus drawing him and holding him from her at the same time. Her lips trembled, and her breath fluttered as she looked into his eyes. . . .

"Francis! Francis!" she murmured, holding him as he tried to take her in his arms. . . .

And by the murmur of his name he knew that she could forgive him; but he felt strangely humble and little beside her. He saw himself in her eyes as he had never seen himself before. Slowly she drew him to her and kissed his lips, tenderly, unpassionately.

"The boys are over there by the brook," she pointed across the meadow.

They sat down on the crumbling stone wall to wait for them, and presently, seeing their father, they came tumbling over the wall with cries of, "Dad, it's dad, —

he's come!" and together they went on to the house.

Mrs. Spellman received her son-in-law in her equable, unknowing manner, as if she had expected him to arrive on that day. After supper husband and wife sat in the west parlor, which the architect remembered just as it was this day, with the same faded drab carpet, the brass fireirons, and worn furniture. The high-backed walnut writing-table stood in the same corner beside the window. Outside, a drooping elm branch swept softly across the glass pane. Nothing here was altered, nothing added, save the new lives of the modern generation. When Mrs. Spellman had taken the boys away to bed, Jackson turned to his wife: —

"Now I must tell you the whole story, Nell!"

"Yes," she answered.

And he began slowly to tell her the story as he had lived through it that night when he lay exhausted on the earth beneath the stars, — the story of his work in the city, of the acts which for eight years he had hidden from all, even himself. He explained as well as he could the tangled web of his dealings with the contractor from the day when he had met him in the Canostota until the time of the arrangement over the school and the hotel. When he came to the end, to the horrible fire which had licked up the fraudulent Glenmore before his own eyes, tears fell upon his hands, which his wife held tightly in hers, and he could feel her body tremble against his.

"And that was the end! It made me know — what it all meant! Of course, those men and women might have been caught anyway, no matter how well the building was put up, — there's no telling, — and Graves would have done the same job whether I had been in with him or not. Still, that does n't count. When I saw them there, trapped, fighting helplessly for their lives, I felt as if I had stood by and let them be murdered, — and made money by it, too!"

The horror of those minutes revived as

he went over the story, and he paused wearily.

"Somehow," he resumed, "it was all of a piece, — dirty work. Everything I had touched, pretty nearly, since I had started, seemed rotten. It made me sick all over. . . . Well, that was the end! I went to Everett and tried to square the school matter as well as I could. I gave him all I had made out of it and more, — about every dollar I had. It leaves us where we started. But, Nell, I knew you would want me to do that first before I came here!"

He was glad that he could give her this proof of his sincerity. She said nothing, but she raised her eyes, still filled with tears, to his face with a calm, answering look.

"It's a bad story, as bad as it could well be," he resumed. "I see it clearly enough now. I wanted uncle's money, wanted the easy time, and the good things, and all that. Then, when I didn't get it, I went in to make a big success and get the stuff anyhow. I saw a lot of men, no more able than I, who were making a lot of money, and nothing seemed to count so long as somehow you made good. I wanted to make good. It was a pretty cheap ambition!"

"Yes!" she exclaimed fervently, "cheap. Oh, so cheap!"

Yet, in these eight months that she had lived by herself she had come to see more justly the causes of things, — she had grown wiser. She held him now less rigidly, less remorselessly to her own ideal of life. For she had begun to understand that the poison which had eaten him was in the air he had breathed; it was the spirit of the city where he worked, of the country, of the day, — the spirit of greed. It presented itself to men in the struggle for existence at every turn of the road, insidiously and honorably disguised as ambition and courage. She saw the man's temptation to strive with his competitors, as they strove, for the things which they held to be desirable. And she had come to know that to stand firmly against this

current of the day demanded a heat of nature, a character, that the man she had married and worshiped had never possessed. He was of his time, neither better nor worse than his fellows, with their appetite for pleasure, their pride, — that ancient childish pride of man in the consideration and envy of his kind. . . .

"So you have it all, and it's bad enough, God knows! Nell, can you ever really forgive it, forget it, and love me again?"

For answer she kissed him understandingly. Now that her heart knew him utterly, with all his cowardice and common failings, she might still love him, even foreseeing the faltering and unideal way of his steps, giving him, like many women, her second love, the love that protects in place of the love that adores. And with that kiss there began a new marriage with the man she had seen large in her dreams the man who had been her hero. . . .

The elms swayed softly in the night wind, brushing across the window by their side. The old house was very still with the subdued calm of age, and man and wife sat there together, without words, looking far beyond them toward the future that was to be theirs.

XXVIII

The next day and the next went by in the peace of the old house. Now that the event which had so wholly occupied Hart's mind since the night when the Glenmore burned had come about; now that he was here in the old place, and had his wife and children once more, he began to consider the wreck of his affairs which had been left behind in Chicago. And he began to ask himself whether, after all, it was necessary for him to return to the city and make public his shame at the hearing before the coroner. He was not clear what service to justice or to the dead who had been sacrificed, as much through the corruption of civic government as by his own wrong-doing, his testimony

would accomplish. That it would surely ruin him professionally was beyond the shadow of a doubt. He could well picture to himself the ferocious glee with which the *Thunderer* would receive his evidence! Was it necessary to give his wife and his children into the *Thunderer's* merciless hands?

The evening mail of the second day brought a letter from Wheeler. The coroner's inquest, the lawyer wrote, was likely to drag on for a week or more. The coroner was a Republican, and "had it in for the city administration." He was trying to make all the personal and political capital that he could out of the affair. At present, as Jackson could see from the newspapers, they were engaged in examining minor witnesses, — the servants and employees of the Glenmore, the police and the firemen, — trying to account for the origin of the fire. So the architect could be of no use now, at any rate, and had better stay quietly where he was until the matter took more definite shape. In the meantime it was understood that he was ill at his summer home. Graves, so Wheeler added, had been in to see him again. It was foolish to irritate the contractor, and make the matter worse than it was already, etc.

Then Hart opened the bundle of newspapers, and glanced through their padded pages. His eye was caught by an editorial caption:—

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
GLENMORE TRAGEDY?

The article was a sarcastic summary of the results thus far of the inquest, done in the *Thunderer's* best manner. So far, the editorial writer pointed out, the inquiry had been confined to examining chamber-maids, bell-boys, and the police, and to quarreling about the exact location of the fire when it started. The *Thunderer* hoped that before closing the inquest the coroner would have the courage to go higher, and to probe the Building Department, and to ascertain what Mr. Bloom's connection with the matter

was, and whether his inspectors had ever made a report on the Glenmore. Further, the coroner might to advantage summon the officers of the hotel company, who had erected this fire-trap, and the architect whose plans for a fire-proof structure had been so lamentably inadequate. The *Thunderer* understood that the Glenmore Hotel Corporation was one of those paper corporations, officered by clerks, behind which unscrupulous capitalists shielded themselves. Of the officers whose names appeared in the papers of incorporation, three were clerks in the employ of a contractor named Graves, and a fourth was a prominent young architect who had prepared the plans for the building. The people of Chicago wanted to hear what these men had to say about the Glenmore hotel, especially *Bloom*, *Graves*, and *Hart*. "Look higher, Mr. Coroner!" the *Thunderer* concluded solemnly.

When Helen came into the room a little later, she found her husband plunged in thought, the sheets of the newspaper scattered about him.

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

He picked up the paper and handed it to her. She read the article in the *Thunderer*, her brow wrinkling in puzzle as she went on. When she had finished it, she let it fall from her hands, and looked at her husband inquiringly.

"They want you to go out there and tell about the building of the hotel?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered dully. "I knew it would come. You see Graves made me the treasurer of the corporation. I was only a dummy like the others," he explained. "The corporation was just Graves! But I told Everett that I should go back and tell what I knew. Only he does n't think it necessary, now!"

"What would happen? What does it all mean?"

He explained to her what the legal results might be in case the coroner's jury held him and others to the Grand Jury, as criminally liable for the disaster.

Then, if the Grand Jury found a true bill against him, whenever he returned to Chicago he could be tried for manslaughter. But even if in his absence he should be held to the Grand Jury, there were many steps in the complex machinery of legal justice, and he could probably escape without trial. Evidently Wheeler, who knew the involutions of the district attorney's office, was counting on the probability that no one would be brought to trial in this hotel case, — that the disaster would be buried in that gulf of abortive justice where crimes against the people at large are smothered.

"And in that case," Hart concluded, "there would be no use in letting them tear me to pieces in the papers!"

"But you must go back!" she exclaimed, brushing aside his reasoning. "You must tell all!"

"Everett does n't think so," he protested, "and I can't see the good of it. They won't do anything. It's just politics, the whole investigation. But the newspapers would hound me to a finish. It would be impossible for me to get work in Chicago for a long time, if ever. And it would cover you and the boys with disgrace. I have paid enough!"

"It must be done," she repeated in a low voice.

She was not clear what good might come of his testimony: she was ignorant of the legal conditions. But she had a fundamental sense of justice: men must pay for the evil they do, — pay fully and pay publicly. A private repentance and a private penance were to her incomplete and trivial.

"I've got to earn our living," he urged. "You must think of that! If I am shut out of Chicago, we must begin somewhere else at the bottom."

She was not ready to consider that question.

"You must n't think of us," she answered. "Francis, you can't really pay for all the wrong that has been done. But perhaps the truth will do some good. And unless you are ready to face the open dis-

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grace, — why, you have done nothing! The money you gave back to the trustees is nothing. This is the only way!"

It was the only way for him, at least. With his buoyant, pliant nature, as she understood it, some final act, definite, done in the eyes of the world that knew him, was needed to strengthen the fibre of his being, to record in his own soul its best resolve.

He had been ready enough in the stress of his first feeling after the catastrophe to stand before the world and confess his share in the wrong that had been done. Then he was eager to free his mind of its intolerable burden. But now that his excitement had faded, leaving him to face the difficulties of his future, he saw in all its fatal detail what public disgrace would mean, and he drew back. It was folly to invite ruin!

Yet in the end the woman held him to her ideal. Late that night he consented to telegraph Wheeler of his immediate return, and to take the first train for the west, there to await the coroner's summons.

"I shall go on with you, of course," she said. "We will all go, — the boys, too. Mamma will stay and close the house. Perhaps you can't get away very soon after it is over. I want to be there with you," she answered to all his objections.

"You know what it will mean!" he exclaimed warningly, as the last log burst into ashes on the hearth. "Nell, it's worst for you and the boys. It means ruin, nothing less!"

"Never!" she protested. "Ruin is in ourselves. It means that we shall have to do without friends, and society, and things, especially things. And I have come to hate things. They make one small and mean. I never thought we should have them. And I don't want them for the boys, either. There is work! the best thing in life, — work for itself, without pay in things, without bribes! We'll have that and bread, Francis!"

"But the public disgrace," he still objected.

"Better even than that than the disgrace between us," she whispered. "No, no! There is no other way."

At least there was no other way to her love, and that love he could not live without, cost him what it might.

"You are strong!" he confessed his admiration.

"And you, too!" she whispered back, her face illumined with the courage of her nature.

Little Powers, the younger boy, had not been well, and the next morning, when he was no better, Jackson urged that it would be unwise to take him, that he had best go back alone. But Helen would not consent, knowing that he made the most of the child's illness to spare her the trial which was to come.

"It is nothing," she said. "Mother thinks it will do no harm to take him. And if he is going to be sick, it would be better for us to be there in the city than here."

So they drove over to Verulam and took the train. After the boys had been put to bed for the night, Helen came back to the section where the architect was sitting, looking dully into the black fields.

"What do you think of this?" she exclaimed, putting a letter into his hands. "I got it just as we were leaving. It's from Venetia,—read it!"

He took the thick envelope from her hands, remembering suddenly the girl as he had last seen her, when she had summed him up in one bitter, opprobrious word. The sting of that word had gone, effaced by the experience which he had suffered since, and he opened the letter listlessly.

MY DEAR MOTHER SUPERIOR,—Do you recognize the Forest Park postmark? I am not going abroad after all. At least not just yet. Mother's gone, sails this week. Now listen, and I'll make your hair stand on end.

First mother! She's had a grievous

disappointment lately. Colonel Raymond,—you know him of course,—the little gray-whiskered railroad man, mother's pet indulgence for I can't say how long,—has at last been freed from the legal attachment of one wife and is about to take another at once. Whom do you think? The youngest Stewart girl!!! The wedding is for the 3d of June. We are not going, naturally. It was a crushing blow to poor mamma,—she put her sailing forward a whole week to escape from her friends. She was positively getting old under it.

I know you don't like this, so I cut it very short. Now prepare! I am going to embrace the serious life, at last,—I mean matrimony. Really and truly, this time. You know the man, but you'd never think: he's *our* doctor, Dr. Coburn. Yes! Yes! Yes!!!

Mother threw a fit when I told her, and then, of course, I knew I was right. We are to be married any time, when he finishes up some work he has on hand, so that he can give me some attention. We might look in on you in your convent retirement, if sufficiently urged. Then I'll tell you all about it, and make him show you all the little tricks I have taught him. Mamma still calls him "that fellow," but he's by way of being a very distinguished man on account of some bug he's discovered. The medical journals are taking off their hats to him. I read the notices,—don't you believe I am fast enough in love?

Well, I have had to send mamma abroad to recover her nerves, and I am out here fixing the place, which is to be rented to some awful people, whom you never heard of. By the way, the doctor is n't going to let me use my money,—mother ought to thank him for that!—and he won't promise to earn much money, either. He has no idea of keeping me in the state to which the Lord called me. He says if I want that, I can marry Stephen Lane or any other man. He means to earn enough for a sensible woman to live on, and if I am not con-

tent I can go out and learn how to earn some more for myself. Did you ever hear of a man who had the nerve to talk that way to the woman he wants to marry? . . .

We are going to have a laboratory on the West Side,—that gave Mrs. P. another fit,—and over it we'll have our rooms. Then when he's made enough rabbits dotty with his bug, and has written his papers, maybe we'll go abroad. . . .

There are lots of other things, *your* things, I want to talk over, but my pen is too blunt for them. Only, I hope, oh, so much, dear, that you are to be happy again. Mr. Wheeler told me that Jack

was with you now. My love to the Prodigal Man. Good-by, dear. . . .

"Is n't it good!" Helen exclaimed, with the readiness good women have to welcome a newcomer to that state which has brought them such doubtful happiness.

"I should n't think he would have been the man to satisfy her," Jackson answered. "I always thought she was ambitious, could n't find any one out there to give her everything she was after."

"Perhaps Venetia has seen enough of that kind of thing!"

(To be continued.)

THE VOICE OF THE SEQUOIA

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

I THOUGHT it spoke to me,
The lingering spirit of the giant tree

Fallen on the western shore,—
The redwood Saul with fourteen centuries hoar:

"In this huge husk I yet
Abide — Who may the old home soon forget? —

"Abide long as I may,
Dreaming my dreams until they fade away.

"The morning I did push
My twigs the little height of yonder bush,

"Ruddy Justinian saw,
Busied betwixt the bishops and his Law;

"Mahomet knew those skies,
Lithe-limbed, the fire of prophets in his eyes.

"I can recall the day
The Frank set forth upon his warrior's way —

- “He that could Cæsar be
And Alfred too, the flower of empery;—
- “The day great Saladin
Threw open Judah’s gate, and entered in,
- “When Christian lance and sword
Dealt all that death, nor broke the alien horde.
- “But there were happier things
And lovelier mingled in my murmurings:
- “The woodland wail divine
Of Dante’s grief—Dante, the human pine;
- “Spring’s earliest, sweetest note
She tossed in air from English Chaucer’s throat;
- “News of the fateful fleet
Sailing to lead all peoples to my feet;
- “Tales of the Titan lone,
Writing his poems in the Roman stone;
- “Of him the wonder-child,
On whom Beauty and all the Muses smiled
- “Whom Nature loved so well
She must her dearest secret to him tell,
- “And wish she had yet more
To give (she did not know her heart before;
- “Man knew not his; for when
Her Shakespeare sang the world grew young again);
- “Of him whose symphony,
Rhythmic with swingings of the star and sea,
- “Embroidered in blank mid-air
Heaven’s host and Hell’s, nor did too greatly dare;
- “Of Pisa’s son who read
The Open Book, undaunted whither led,
- “Charting the haughty way
Newton would follow in the broader day.
- “Again and yet again
The burdened wind. There dawned a morning when

"It said thy sires cried out
To the free hills; I heard the answering shout —

"Well freed thy land; the sea
Rolls all her waves 'twixt it and tyranny —

"I caught a kindred cry
From France the beautiful; she hung the sky

"With horrors while she thrust
Oppression through and trod him in the dust.

"Now 't was, the Furies ran
And loosed, hawk-beaked and clawed, the Corsican

"Soon drooped that phantom wing;
But hark! proud Life hears yet her Goethe sing,

"Hears Wordsworth; still does ease
Her heart with those high, wordless melodies

"Beyond the poet's reach, —
Beethoven's measures, music's golden speech.

"Again and yet again
The burdened wind. One of the new-time men,

"Goodly and tall and fair
He stood, trusting the hand that planted there;

"He took the upper wind
I knew — Lincoln, the cedar of his kind.

"Those sad new days ye know.
They fade from me; and it is better so."

The voice fell fainter now,
As when on summer eves it failed the bough;

No further did it say,
But, sighing, drifted with the dreams away.

THE LITERARY TREATMENT OF NATURE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

THE literary treatment of natural history themes is, of course, quite different from the scientific treatment, and should be so. The former, compared with the latter, is like free-hand drawing compared with mechanical drawing. Literature aims to give us the truth in a way to touch our emotions, and in some degree to satisfy the enjoyment we have in the living reality. The literary artist is just as much in love with the fact as is his scientific brother, only he makes a different use of the fact, and his interest in it is often of a non-scientific character. His method is synthetic rather than analytic. He deals in general, and not in technical truths, — truths that he arrives at in the fields and woods, and not in the laboratory.

The essay-naturalist observes and admires; the scientific naturalist *collects*. One brings home a bouquet from the woods; the other, specimens for his herbarium. The former would enlist your sympathies and arouse your enthusiasm; the latter would add to your store of exact knowledge. The one is just as shy of overcoloring or falsifying his facts as the other, only he gives more than facts, — he gives impressions and analogies and, as far as possible, shows you the live bird on the bough.

The literary and the scientific treatment of the dog, for instance, will differ widely, not to say radically, but they will not differ in one being true and the other false. Each will be true in its own way. One will be suggestive and the other exact; one will be strictly objective, but literature is always more or less subjective. Literature aims to invest its subject with a human interest, and to this end stirs our sympathies and emotions. Pure science aims to convince the reason and the understanding alone. Note Maeterlinck's treatment of the dog in a late magazine

article, — probably the best thing on our four-footed comrade that English literature has to show. It gives one pleasure, not because it is all true as science is true, but because it is so tender, human, and sympathetic, without being false to the essential dog nature; it does not make the dog *do* impossible things. It is not natural history; it is literature; it is not a record of observations upon the manners and habits of the dog, but reflections upon him and his relations to man, and upon the many problems, from the human point of view, that the dog must master in a brief time; the distinctions he must figure out, the mistakes he must avoid, the riddles of life he must read in his dumb dog way. Of course, as a matter of fact, the dog is not compelled "in less than five or six weeks to get into his mind, taking shape within it, an image and a satisfactory conception of the universe." No, nor in five or six years. Strictly speaking, he is not capable of conceptions at all, but only of sense impressions; his sure guide is instinct, — not blundering reason. The dog starts with a fund of knowledge, which man acquires slowly and painfully. But all this does not trouble one in reading of Maeterlinck's dog. Our interest is awakened, and our sympathies moved, by seeing the world presented to the dog as it presents itself to us, or by putting ourselves in the dog's place. It is not false natural history, — it is a fund of true human sentiment awakened by the contemplation of the dog's life and character.

Maeterlinck does not ascribe human powers and capacities to his dumb friend, the dog; he has no incredible tales of its sagacity and wit to relate; it is only an ordinary bull pup that he describes, but he makes us love it, and, through it, all other dogs, by his loving analysis of its

trials and tribulations, and its devotion to its god, man. In like manner, in John Muir's story of his dog, Stickeen, — a story to go with *Rab and his Friends*, — our credulity is not once challenged. Our sympathies are deeply moved because our reason is not in the least outraged. It is true that Muir makes his dog act like a human being under the press of great danger; but the action is not the kind that involves reason; it only implies sense perception, and the instinct of self-preservation. Stickeen does as his master bids him, and he is human only in the human emotions of fear, despair, joy, that he shows.

In Mr. Egerton Young's book, called *My Dogs of the Northland*, I find much that is interesting and several vivid dog portraits, but Mr. Young humanizes his dogs to a greater extent than does either Muir or Maeterlinck. For instance, he makes his dog Jack take special delight in teasing the Indian servant girl by walking or lying upon her kitchen floor when she had just cleaned it, all in revenge for the slights the girl had put upon him; and he gives several instances of the conduct of the dog which he thus interprets. Now one can believe almost anything of dogs in the way of wit about their food, their safety, and the like, but one cannot make them so entirely human as deliberately to plan and execute the kind of revenge here imputed to Jack. No animal could appreciate a woman's pride in a clean kitchen floor, or see any relation between the tracks which he makes upon the floor and her state of feeling toward himself. Mr. Young's facts are doubtless all right; it is his interpretation of them that is wrong.

It is perfectly legitimate for the animal story-writer to put himself inside the animal he wishes to portray, and tell how life and the world look from that point of view; but he must always be true to the facts of the case, and to the limited intelligence for which he speaks.

In the humanization of the animals, and of the facts of natural history which is

supposed to be the province of literature in this field, we must recognize certain limits. Your facts are sufficiently humanized the moment they become interesting, and they become interesting the moment you relate them in any way to our lives, or make them suggestive of what we know to be true in other fields and in our own experience. Thoreau made his battle of the ants interesting because he made it illustrate all the human traits of courage, fortitude, heroism, self-sacrifice. Burns's mouse at once strikes a sympathetic chord in us without ceasing to be a mouse; we see ourselves in it. To attribute human motives and faculties to the animals is to caricature them; but to put us in such relations with them that we feel their kinship, that we see their lives embosomed in the same iron necessity as our own, that we see in their minds a humbler manifestation of the same psychic power and intelligence that culminates and is conscious of itself in man, — that, I take it, is the true humanization.

We like to see ourselves in the nature around us. We want in some way to translate these facts and laws of outward nature into our own experiences; to relate our observations of bird or beast to our own lives. Unless they beget some human emotion in me, — the emotion of the beautiful, the sublime, — or appeal to my sense of the fit, the permanent, — unless what you learn in the fields and the woods corresponds in some way with what I know of my fellows, I shall not long be deeply interested in it. I do not want the animals humanized in any other sense. They all have human traits and ways; let those be brought out, — their mirth, their joy, their curiosity, their cunning, their thrift, their relations, their wars, their loves, — and all the springs of their actions laid bare as far as possible; but I do not expect my natural history to back up the Ten Commandments, or to be an illustration of the value of training-schools and kindergartens, or to afford a commentary upon the vanity of human wishes. Humanize your facts to the extent of

making them interesting, if you have the art to do it, but leave the dog a dog, and the straddle bug a straddle bug.

Interpretation is a favorite word with some recent nature writers. It is claimed for the literary naturalist that he interprets natural history. The ways and doings of the wild creatures are exaggerated and misread under the plea of interpretation. Now, if by interpretation we mean an answer to the question, "What does this mean?" or, "What is the exact truth about it?" then there is but one interpretation of nature, and that is the scientific. What is the meaning of the fossils in the rocks? or of the carving and sculpturing of the landscape? or of a thousand and one other things in the organic and inorganic world about us? Science alone can answer. But if we mean by interpretation an answer to the inquiry, "What does this scene or incident suggest to you? how do you feel about it?" then we come to what is called the literary or poetic interpretation of nature, which, strictly speaking, is no interpretation of nature at all, but an interpretation of the writer or the poet himself. The poet or the essayist tells what the bird, or the tree, or the cloud, means to him. It is himself, therefore, that is being interpreted. What do Ruskin's writings upon nature interpret? They interpret Ruskin, — his wealth of moral and ethical ideas, and his wonderful imagination. Richard Jefferies tells us how the flower, or the bird, or the cloud is related to his subjective life and experience. It means this or that to him; it may mean something entirely different to another, because he may be bound to it by a different tie of association. The poet fills the lap of Earth with treasures not her own, — the riches of his own spirit; science reveals the treasures that are her own, and arranges and appraises them.

Strictly speaking, there is not much in natural history that needs interpreting. We explain a fact, we interpret an oracle; we explain the action and relation of physical laws and forces, we interpret, as well

as we can, the geologic record. Darwin sought to explain the origin of species, and to interpret many palæontological phenomena. We account for animal behavior on rational grounds of animal psychology; there is little to interpret. Natural history is not a cryptograph to be deciphered, it is a series of facts and incidents to be observed and recorded. If two wild animals, such as the beaver and the otter, are deadly enemies, there is good reason for it; and when we have found that reason, we have got hold of a fact in natural history. The robins are at enmity with the jays in the spring, and the reason is, the jays eat the robins' eggs. When we seek to interpret the actions of the animals, we are in danger of running into all kinds of anthropomorphic absurdities, by reading their lives in terms of our own thinking and consciousness. A man sees a flock of crows in a tree in a state of commotion; now they all caw, then only one master voice is heard, presently two or three crows fall upon one of their number and fell him to the ground. The spectator examines the victim and finds him dead, with his eyes pecked out. He interprets what he has seen as a court of justice; the crows were trying a criminal, and, having found him guilty, they proceeded to execute him. The curious instinct which often prompts animals to fall upon and destroy a member of the flock that is sick, or hurt, or blind, is difficult of explanation, but we may be quite sure that, whatever the reason is, the act is not the outcome of a judicial proceeding in which judge and jury and executioner all play their proper part. Wild crows will chase and maltreat a tame crow whenever they get a chance, — just why, it would be hard to say. But the tame crow has evidently lost caste among them. I have what I consider good proof that a number of skunks that were wintering together in their den in the ground fell upon and killed and then partly devoured one of their number that had lost a foot in a trap. Another man sees a fox lead a hound over a long railroad trestle, when

the hound is caught and killed by a passing train. He interprets the fact as a cunning trick on the part of the fox to destroy his enemy! Or a person puts some half-grown birds in a cage where the parent birds can feed them; presently they are found dead. Therefore, the parents poisoned them! This person never asks him or herself, how could such an instinct be developed in a bird? what experience has it or its progenitors had with poison that they should know its uses? The young birds died because they were not properly fed and cared for. A captive fox, held to his kennel by a long chain, was seen to pick up an ear of corn that had fallen from a passing load, chew it up, scattering the kernels about, and then retire into his kennel. Presently a fat hen, attracted by the corn, approached the hidden fox, whereupon he rushed out and seized her. This was a shrewd trick on the part of the fox to capture a hen for his dinner! In this, and in the foregoing cases, the observer supplies something from his own mind. That is what he or she would do under like conditions. True, a fox does not eat corn; but an idle one, tied by a chain, might bite the kernels from an ear in a mere spirit of mischief and restlessness, as a dog or puppy might do, and drop them upon the ground; a hen would very likely be attracted by them, when the fox would be quick to see his chance.

Some of the older entomologists believed that in a colony of ants and of bees the members recognized one another by means of some secret sign or password. In all cases a stranger from another colony is instantly detected, and a home member as instantly known. This sign or password, says Burmeister, as quoted by Lubbock, "serves to prevent any strange bee from entering into the same hive without being immediately detected and killed. It, however, sometimes happens that several hives have the same signs, when their several members rob each other with impunity. In these cases the bees whose hives suffer most alter

their signs, and then can immediately detect their enemy." The same thing was thought to be true of a colony of ants. Others held that the bees and the ants knew one another individually, as men of the same town do! Would not any serious student of nature in our day know in advance of experiment that all this was childish and absurd? Lubbock showed by numerous experiments that bees and ants did not recognize their friends or their enemies by either of these methods. Just how they did do it he could not clearly settle, though it seems as if they were guided more by the sense of smell than by anything else. Maeterlinck in his *Life of the Bee* has much to say about the "spirit of the hive," and it does seem as if there were some mysterious agent or power at work there that cannot be located or defined.

This current effort to interpret nature has led one of the well-known prophets of the art to say that in this act of interpretation one "must struggle against fact and law to develop or keep his own individuality." This is certainly a curious notion, and I think an unsafe one, that the student of nature must struggle against fact and law, must ignore or override them, in order to give full swing to his own individuality. Is it himself, then, and not the truth that he is seeking to exploit? In the field of natural history we have been led to think the point at issue is not man's individuality, but correct observation, — a true report of the wild life about us. Is one to give free rein to his fancy or imagination; to see animal life with his "vision," and not with his corporeal eyesight; to hear with his transcendental ear, and not through his auditory nerve? This may be all right in fiction or romance or fable, but why call the outcome natural history? why set it down as a record of actual observation? Why penetrate the wilderness to interview Indians, trappers, guides, woodsmen, and thus seek to confirm your observations, if you have all the while been "struggling against fact and law," and do not want or

need confirmation? If nature study is only to exploit your own individuality, why bother about what other people have or have not seen or heard? Why, in fact, go to the woods at all? Why not sit in your study and invent your facts to suit your fancyings?

My sole objection to the nature books that are the outcome of this proceeding is that they are put forth as veritable natural history, and thus mislead their readers. They are the result of a successful "struggle against fact and law" in a field where fact and law should be supreme. No doubt that, in the practical affairs of life, one often has a struggle with the fact. If one's bank balance gets on the negative side of the account, he must struggle to get it back where it belongs; he may even have the help of the bank's attorney to get it there. If one has a besetting sin of any kind, he has to struggle against that. Life is a struggle anyhow, and we are all strugglers, — struggling to put the facts upon our side. But the only struggle the real nature student has with facts is to see them as they are, and to read them aright. He is just as zealous for the truth as is the man of science. In fact, nature study is only science out of school, happy in the fields and woods, loving the flower and the animal which it observes, and finding in them something for the sentiments and the emotions as well as for the understanding.

With the nature student, the human interest in the wild creatures — by which I mean our interest in them as living, struggling beings — dominates the scientific interest, or our interest in them merely as subjects for comparison and classification.

Gilbert White was a rare combination of the nature student and the man of science, and his book is one of the minor English classics. Richard Jefferies was a true nature lover, but his interests rarely take a scientific turn. Our Thoreau was in love with nature, but still more in love with the supernatural; yet he prized the fact, and his books abound in delightful natural history observations. We have a

host of nature students in our own day, bent on plucking out the heart of every mystery in the fields and woods. Some are dryly scientific, some are dull and prosy, some are sentimental, some are sensational, and a few are altogether admirable. Mr. Thompson Seton, as an artist and *raconteur*, ranks by far the highest in this field, and to those who can separate the fact from the fiction in his animal stories, he is truly delightful.

The structure of animals, their colors, their ornaments, their distribution, their migrations, all have a significance that science may interpret for us if it can, but it is the business of every observer to report truthfully what he sees, and not to confound his facts with his theories.

Why does the cowbird lay its egg in another bird's nest? Why are these parasitical birds found the world over? Who knows? Only there seems to be a parasitical principle in nature that runs all through her works, — in the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdom. Why is the porcupine so tame and stupid? Because it does not have to hunt for its game, and is self-armed against all comers. The struggle of life has not developed its wits. Why are robins so abundant? Because they are so adaptive, both as regards their food and their nesting habits. They eat both fruit and insects, and will nest anywhere, — in trees, sheds, walls, and on the ground. Why is the fox so cunning? Because the discipline of life has made him cunning. Man has probably always been after his fur; and his subsistence has not been easily obtained. If you ask me why the crow is so cunning, I shall be put to it for an adequate answer. It seems as if nobody could ever have wanted his skin or his carcass, and his diet does not compel him to outwit live game as does that of the fox. His jet black plumage exposes him alike winter and summer. This drawback he has had to meet by added wit, but I can think of no other way by which he is handicapped. I do not know that he has any natural enemies; yet he is one of the

most suspicious of the fowls of the air. Why is the Canada jay so much tamer than are other jays? They belong farther north, where they see less of man; they are birds of the wilderness; they are often, no doubt, hard put for food; their color does not make them conspicuous, — all these things, no doubt, tend to make them more familiar than their congeners. Why, again, the chickadee can be induced to perch upon your hand, and take food from it more readily than the nuthatch or the woodpecker, is a question not so easily answered. It being a lesser bird, it probably has fewer enemies than either of the others, and its fear would be less in proportion.

The foregoing is one way to interpret or explain natural facts. Everything has its reason. To hit upon this reason is to interpret it to the understanding. To interpret it to the emotions, or to the moral or to the æsthetic sense, — that is another matter.

I would not be unjust or unsympathetic toward this current tendency to exalt the lower animals into the human sphere. I would only help my reader to see things as they are, and to stimulate him to love the animals as animals, and not as men. Nothing is gained by self-deception. The best discipline of life is that which prepares us to face the facts, no matter what they are. Such sweet companionship as one may have with a dog, simply because he is a dog, and does not invade your own exclusive sphere! He is, in a way, like your youth come back to you, and taking form, — all instinct and joy and adventure. You can ignore him, and he is not offended; you can reprove him, and he still loves you; you can hail him, and he bounds with joy; you can camp and tramp and ride with him, and his interest and curiosity and adventurous spirit give to the days and the nights the true holiday atmosphere. With him you are

alone and not alone; you have both companionship and solitude. Who would have him more human or less canine? He divines your thought through his love, and feels your will in the glance of your eye. He is not a rational being, yet he is a very susceptible being, and touches us at so many points that we come to look upon him with a fraternal regard.

I suppose we should not care much for natural history, as I have before said, or for the study of nature generally, if we did not in some way find ourselves there, — that is, something that is akin to our own feelings, methods, and intelligence. We have traveled that road, we find tokens of ourselves on every hand; we are "stuccoed with quadrupeds and birds all over," as Whitman says. The life history of the humblest animal, if truly told, is profoundly interesting. If we could know all that befalls the slow moving turtle in the fields, or the toad that stumbles and fumbles along the roadside, our sympathies would be touched, and some spark of real knowledge imparted. We should not want the lives of those humble creatures "interpreted" after the manner of "our modern school of nature study," for that were to lose fact in fable; that were to give us a stone when we had asked for bread; we should want only a truthful record from the point of view of a wise, loving, human eye, such as, say, Gilbert White or Henry Thoreau might have given us. How interesting White makes his old turtle, hurrying to shelter when it rains, or seeking the shade of a cabbage leaf when the sun is too hot, or prancing about the garden on tiptoe in the spring by five in the morning, when the mating instinct begins to stir within him! Surely we may see ourselves in the old tortoise.

In fact, the problem of the essay-naturalist always is to make his subject interesting, and yet keep strictly within the bounds of truth.

MAHALA JOE

BY MARY AUSTIN

I

IN the campoodie of Three Pines, which you probably know better by its Spanish name of Tres Pinos, there is an Indian, well thought of among his own people, who goes about wearing a woman's dress, and is known as Mahala Joe. He should be about fifty years old by this time, and has a quiet, kindly face. Sometimes he tucks up the skirt of his woman's dress over a pair of blue overalls when he has a man's work to do, but at feasts and dances he wears a ribbon around his waist and a handkerchief on his head as the other mahalas do. He is much looked to because of his knowledge of white people and their ways, and if it were not for the lines of deep sadness that fall in his face when at rest, one might forget that the woman's gear is the badge of an all but intolerable shame. At least it was so used by the Paiutes, but when you have read this full and true account of how it was first put on, you may not think it so.

Fifty years ago the valley about Tres Pinos was all one sea of moving grass and dusky, greenish sage, cropped over by deer and antelope, north as far as Togobah, and south to the Bitter Lake. Beside every considerable stream which flowed into it from the Sierras was a Paiute campoodie, and all they knew of white people was by hearsay from the tribes across the mountains. But soon enough cattlemen began to push their herds through the Sierra passes to the Paiutes' feeding-ground. The Indians saw them come, and though they were not very well pleased, they held still by the counsel of their old men; night and day they made medicine and prayed that the white men might go away.

Among the first of the cattlemen in the valley about Tres Pinos was Joe Baker,

who brought a young wife, and built his house not far from the campoodie. The Indian women watched her curiously from afar because of a whisper that ran among the wattled huts. When the year was far gone, and the sun-cured grasses curled whitish brown, a doctor came riding hard from the fort at Edawick, forty miles to the south, and though they watched they did not see him ride away. It was the third day at evening when Joe Baker came walking toward the campoodie, and his face was set and sad. He carried something rolled in a blanket, and looked anxiously at the women as he went between the huts. It was about the hour of the evening meal, and the mahalas sat about the fires watching the cooking pots. He came at last opposite a young woman who sat nursing her child. She had a bright, pleasant face, and her little one seemed about six months old. Her husband stood near and watched them with great pride. Joe Baker knelt down in front of the mahala, and opened the roll of blankets. He showed her a day-old baby that wrinkled up its small face and cried.

"Its mother is dead," said the cattleman. The young Indian mother did not know English, but she did not need speech to know what had happened. She looked pitifully at the child, and at her husband timidly. Joe Baker went and laid his rifle and cartridge belt at the Paiute's feet. The Indian picked up the gun and fingered it; his wife smiled. She put down her own child, and lifted the little white stranger to her breast. It nozzled against her and hushed its crying; the young mother laughed.

"See how greedy it is," she said; "it is truly white." She drew up the blanket around the child and comforted it.

The cattleman called to him one of the

Indians who could speak a little English.

"Tell her," he said, "that I wish her to care for the child. His name is Walter. Tell her that she is to come to my house for everything he needs, and for every month that he keeps fat and well she shall have a fat steer from my herd." So it was agreed.

As soon as Walter was old enough he came to sleep at his father's house, but the Indian woman whom he called Ebia came every day to tend him. Her son was his brother, and Walter learned to speak Paiute before he learned English. The two boys were always together, but as yet the little Indian had no name. It is not the custom among Paiutes to give names to those who have not done anything worth naming.

"But I have a name," said Walter, "and so shall he. I will call him Joe. That is my father's name, and it is a good name, too."

When Mr. Baker was away with the cattle Walter slept at the campoodie, and Joe's mother made him a buckskin shirt. At that time he was so brown with the sun and the wind that only by his eyes could you tell that he was white; he was also very happy. But as this is to be the story of how Joe came to the wearing of a woman's dress I cannot tell you all the plays they had, how they went on their first hunting, nor what they found in the creek of Tres Pinos.

The beginning of the whole affair of Mahala Joe must be laid to the arrow-maker. The arrow-maker had a stiff knee from a wound in a long gone battle, and for that reason he sat in the shade of his wickiup, and chipped arrow points from flake of obsidian that the young men brought him from Togobah, fitting them to shafts of reeds from the river marsh. He used to coax the boys to wade in the brown water and cut the reeds, for the dampness made his knee ache. They drove bargains with him for arrows for their own hunting, or for the sake of the stories he could tell. For an armful of

reeds he would make three arrows, and for a double armful he would tell tales. These were mostly of great huntings and old wars, but when it was winter, and no snakes in the long grass to overhear, he would tell Wonder-stories. The boys would lie with their toes in the warm ashes, and the arrow-maker would begin.

"You can see," said the arrow-maker, "on the top of Waban the tall boulder looking on the valleys east and west. That is the very boundary between the Paiute country and Shoshone land. The boulder is a hundred times taller than the tallest man, and thicker through than six horses standing nose to tail; the shadow of it falls all down the slope. At mornings it falls toward the Paiute peoples, and evening it falls on Shoshone land. Now on this side of the valley, beginning at the campoodie, you will see a row of pine trees standing all upstream one behind another. See, the long branches grow on the side toward the hill, and some may tell you it is because of the way the wind blows, but I say it is because they reach out in a hurry to get up the mountain. Now I will tell you how these things came about.

"Very long ago all the Paiutes of this valley were ruled by two brothers, a chief and a medicine man, Winnedumah and Tinnemaha. They were both very wise, and one of them never did anything without the other. They taught the tribes not to war upon each other, but to stand fast as brothers, and so they brought peace into the land. At that time there were no white people heard of, and game was plenty. The young honored the old, and nothing was as it is now."

When the arrow-maker came to this point, the boys fidgeted with their toes, and made believe to steal the old man's arrows to distract his attention. They did not care to hear about the falling off of the Paiutes; they wished to have the tale. Then the arrow-maker would hurry on to the time when there arose a war between the Paiutes and the Shoshones.

Then Winnedumah put on his war bonnet, and Tinnemaha made medicine. Word went around among the braves that if they stood together man to man as brothers, then they should have this war.

"And so they might," said the arrow-maker, "but at last their hearts turned to water. The tribes came together on the top of Waban. Yes; where the boulder now stands, for that is the boundary of our lands, for no brave would fight off his own ground for fear of the other's medicine. So they fought. The eagles heard the twang of the bowstring, and swung down from White Mountain. The vultures smelled the smell of battle, and came in from Shoshone land. Their wings were dark like a cloud, and underneath the arrows flew like hail. The Paiutes were the better bowmen, and they caught the Shoshone arrows where they struck in the earth and shot them back again. Then the Shoshones were ashamed, and about the time of the sun going down they called upon their Medicine Men, and one let fly a magic arrow, — for none other would touch him, — and it struck in the throat of Tinnemaha.

"Now when that befell," went on the arrow-maker, "the braves forgot the word that had gone before the battle, for they turned their backs to the Medicine Man, all but Winnedumah, his brother, and fled this way from Waban. Then stood Winnedumah by Tinnemaha, for that was the way of those two, whatever happened, one would not leave the other. There was none left to carry on the fight, and yet since he was so great a chief the Shoshones were afraid to take him, and the sun went down. In the dusk they saw a bulk, and they said, 'He is still standing;' but when it was morning light they saw only a great rock, so you see it to this day. As for the braves who ran away, they were changed to pine trees, but in their hearts they are cowards yet, therefore they stretch out their arms and strive toward the mountain. And that," said the arrow-maker, "is how the tall stones came to be on the top of Waban.

But it was not in my day nor my father's." Then the boys would look up at Winnedumah, and were half afraid, and as for the tale, they quite believed it.

The arrow-maker was growing old. His knee hurt him in cold weather, and he could not make arrow points fast enough to satisfy the boys, who lost a great many in the winter season shooting at ducks in the tulares. Walter's father promised him a rifle when he was fifteen, but that was years away. There was a rock in the cañon behind Tres Pinos with a great crack in the top. When the young men rode to the hunting they shot each an arrow at it, and if it stuck it was a promise of good luck. The boys scaled the rock by means of a grapevine ladder, and pried out the old points. This gave them an idea.

"Upon Waban where the fighting was, there must be a great many arrow points," said Walter.

"So there must be," said Joe.

"Let us go after them," said the white boy; but the other dared not, for no Paiute would go within a bowshot of Winnedumah; nevertheless, they talked the matter over.

"How near would you go?" asked Walter.

"As near as a strong man might shoot an arrow," said Joe.

"If you will go so far," said Walter, "I will go the rest of the way."

"It is a two days' journey," said the Paiute, but he did not make any other objection.

It was a warm day of spring when they set out. The cattleman was off to the river meadow, and Joe's mother was out with the other mahalas gathering taboose.

"If I were fifteen, and had my rifle, I would not be afraid of anything," said Walter.

"But in that case we would not need to go after arrow points," said the Indian boy.

They climbed all day in a bewildering waste of boulders and scrubby trees. They could see Winnedumah shining

whitely on the ridge ahead, but when they had gone down into the gully with great labor, and up the other side, there it stood whitely just another ridge away.

"It is like the false water in the desert," said Walter. "It goes farther from you, and when you get to it there is no water there."

"It is magic medicine," said Indian Joe. "No good comes of going against medicine."

"If you are afraid," said Walter, "why do you not say so. You may go back if you like, and I will go on by myself."

Joe would not make any answer to that. They were hot and tired, and awed by the stillness of the hills. They kept on after that, angry and apart; sometimes they lost sight of each other among the boulders and underbrush. But it seemed that it must really have been as one or the other of them had said, for when they came out on a high mesa presently there was no Winnedumah anywhere in sight. They would have stopped then and taken counsel, but they were too angry for that, so they walked on in silence, and the day failed rapidly, as it will do in high places. They began to draw near together and to be afraid. At last the Indian boy stopped and gathered the tops of bushes together, and began to weave a shelter for the night, and when Walter saw that he made it large enough for two he spoke to him.

"Are we lost?" he said.

"We are lost for to-night," said Joe, "but in the morning we will find ourselves."

They ate dried venison and drank from the wicker bottle, and huddled together because of the dark and the chill.

"Why do we not see the stone any more?" asked Walter in a whisper.

"I do not know," said Joe. "I think it has gone away."

"Will he come after us?"

"I do not know. I have on my elk's tooth," said Joe, and he clasped the charm that hung about his neck. They started and shivered, hearing a stone

crash far away as it rolled down the mountain side, and the wind began to move among the pines.

"Joe," said Walter, "I am sorry I said that you were afraid."

"It is nothing," said the Paiute. "Besides, I am afraid."

"So am I," whispered the other. "Joe," he said again after a long silence, "if he comes after us what shall we do?"

"We will stay by each other."

"Like the two brothers, whatever happens," said the white boy, "forever and ever."

"We are two brothers," said Joe.

"Will you swear it?"

"On my elk's tooth."

Then they each took the elk's tooth in his hand and made a vow that whether Winnedumah came down from his rock, or whether the Shoshones found them, come what would, they would stand together. Then they were comforted, and lay down holding each other's hands.

"I hear some one walking," said Walter.

"It is the wind among the pines," said Joe.

A twig snapped. "What is that?" said the one boy.

"It is a fox or a coyote passing," said the other, but he knew better. They lay still, scarcely breathing, and throbbed with fear. They felt a sense of a presence approaching in the night, the whisper of a moccasin on the gravelly soil, the swish of displaced bushes springing back to place. They saw a bulk shape itself out of the dark; it came and stood over them, and they saw that it was an Indian looking larger in the gloom. He spoke to them, and whether he spoke in a strange tongue, or they were too frightened to understand, they could not tell.

"Do not kill us!" cried Walter, but the Indian boy made no sound. The man took Walter by the shoulders and lifted him up.

"White," said he.

"We are brothers," said Joe; "we have sworn it."

"So," said the man, and it seemed as if he smiled.

"Until we die," said both the boys. The Indian gave a grunt.

"A white man," he said, "is — White." It did not seem as if that was what he meant to say.

"Come, I will take you to your people. They search for you about the foot of Waban. These three hours I have watched you and them." The boys clutched at each other in the dark. They were sure now who spoke to them, and between fear and fatigue and the cramp of cold they staggered and stumbled as they walked. The Indian stopped and considered them.

"I cannot carry both," he said.

"I am the older," said Joe; "I can walk." Without any more words the man picked up Walter, who trembled, and walked off down the slope. They went a long way through the scrub and under the tamarack pines. The man was naked to the waist, and had a quiver full of arrows on his shoulder. The buckthorn branches whipped and scraped against his skin, but he did not seem to mind. At last they came to a place where they could see a dull red spark across an open flat.

"That," said the Indian, "is the fire of your people. They missed you at afternoon, and have been looking for you. From my station on the hill I saw." Then he took the boy by the shoulders.

"Look you," he said, "no good comes of mixing white and brown, but now that the vow is made, see to the keeping of it." Then he stepped back from them and seemed to melt into the dark. Ahead of them the boys saw the light of the fire flare up with new fuel, and shadows moved between them and the flame, which they knew for the figures of their friends. Swiftly as two scared rabbits they ran on toward the glow.

When Walter and Joe had told them the story at the campoodie, the Paiutes made a great deal of it, especially the arrow-maker.

"Without a doubt," he said, "it was

Winnedumah who came to you, and not, as some think, a Shoshone who was spying on our land. It is a great mystery. But since you have made a vow of brothers, you should keep it after the ancient use." Then he took a knife of obsidian and cut their arms, and rubbed a little of the blood of each upon the other.

"Now," he said, "you are one fellowship and one blood, and that is as it should be, for you were both nursed at one breast. See that you keep the vow."

"We will," said the boys solemnly, and they went out into the sunlight very proud of the blood upon their bared arms, holding by each other's hands.

II

When Walter was fifteen his father gave him a rifle, as he had promised, and a word of advice with it.

"Learn to shoot quickly and well," he said, "and never ride out from home without it. No one can tell what this trouble with the Indians may come to in the end."

Walter rode straight to the campoodie. He was never happy in any of his gifts until he had showed them to Joe. There was a group of older men at the camp, quartering a deer which they had brought in. One of them, called Scar-Face, looked at Walter with a leering frown.

"Sec," he said, "they are arming the very children with guns."

"My father promised it to me many years ago," said Walter. "It is my birthday gift."

He could not explain why, and he grew angry at the man's accusing tone, but after it he did not like showing his presents to the Indians.

He called Joe, and they went over to a cave in the black rock where they had kept their boyish treasures, and planned their plays since they were children. Joe thought the rifle a beauty, and turned it over admiringly in the shadow of the cave. They tried shooting at a mark, and then decided to go up Oak Creek for a

shot at the gray squirrels. There they sighted a band of antelope that led them over a tongue of hills into Little Round Valley, where they found themselves at noon twelve miles from home and very hungry. They had no antelope, but four squirrels and a grouse. The two boys made a fire for cooking in a quiet place by a spring of sweet water.

"You may have my rifle to use as often as you like," said Walter, "but you must not lend it to any one in the campoodie, especially to Scar-Face. My father says he is the one who is stirring up all this trouble with the whites."

"The white men do not need any one to help them get into trouble," said Joe. "They can do that for themselves."

"It is the fault of the Indians," said Walter. "If they did not shoot the cattle the white men would leave them alone."

"But if the white men come first to our lands with noise and trampling and scare away the game, what then will they shoot?" asked the Paiute.

Walter did not make any answer to that. He had often gone hunting with Joe and his father, and he knew what it meant to walk far, and fasting, after game made shy by the rifles of cattlemen, and at last to return empty to the campoodie, where there were women and children with hungry eyes.

"Is it true," he said after a while, "that Scar-Face is stirring up all the Indians in the valley?"

"How should I know," said Joe; "I am only a boy, and have not killed big game. I am not admitted to the counsels of the old men. What does it matter to us whether of old feuds or new? Are we not brothers sworn?"

Then, as the dinner was done, they ate each of the other's kill, for it was the custom of the Paiutes at that time that no youth should eat game of his own killing until he was fully grown. As they walked homeward the boys planned to get permission to go up on Waban, for a week, after mountain sheep, before the snows began.

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Mr. Baker looked grave when Walter spoke to him.

"My boy," he said, "I wish you would not plan long trips like this without first speaking to me. It is hardly safe in the present state of feeling among the Indians to let you go with them in this fashion. A whole week, too. But as you have already spoken of it, and it has probably been talked over in the campoodie, for me to refuse now would look as if I suspected something, and might bring about the thing I most fear."

"You should not be afraid for me with Joe, father, for we are brothers sworn," said Walter, and he told his father how they had mixed the blood of their arms in the arrow-maker's hut after they had come back from their first journey on Waban.

"Well," said Mr. Baker, who had not heard of this before, "I know that they set a great store by these superstitious customs, but I have not much faith in the word of a Paiute when he is dealing with a white man. However, you had better go on with this hunting trip. Take Hank with you and Joe's father, and do not be gone more than five days at the outside."

Hank was one of Mr. Baker's vaqueros, and very glad to get off for a few days' hunting on the blunt top of Waban. On the Monday following they left the Baker ranch for the mountain. As the two boys rode up the boulder-strewn slope it set them talking of the first time they had gone that way on their fruitless hunt for arrow points about the foot of Winnedumah, and of all that happened to them at that time. The valley lay below them full of purple mist, and away by the creek of Tres Pinos the brown, wattled huts of the campoodie like great wasps' nests stuck in the sage. Hank and Joe's father, with the pack horses, were ahead of them far up the trail; Joe and Walter let their own ponies lag, and the nose of one touched the flank of the other, as they climbed slowly up the steep, and the boys turned their faces to each other, as if they had some vague warning that they would

not ride so and talk familiarly again, as if the boiling anger of the tribes in the valley had brewed a sort of mist that rose up and gloomed the pleasant air on the slope of Waban.

"Joe," said Walter, "my father says if it came to a fight between the white settlers and the Paiutes, that you would not hold by the word we have passed."

"That is the speech of a white man," said Joe.

"But would you?" the other insisted.

"I am a Paiute," said Joe; "I will hold by my people, also by my word; I will not fight against you."

"Nor I against you, but I would not like to have my father think you had broken your word."

"Have no care," said the Indian, "I will not break it."

Mr. Baker looked anxiously after his son as he rode to the hunting on Waban; he looked anxiously up that trail every hour until the boy came again, and that, as it turned out, was at the end of three days. For the trouble among the Indians had come to something at last,—the wasps were all out of nest by the brown creeks, and with them a flight of stinging arrows. The trouble began at Cottonwood, and the hunting party on Waban the second day out saw a tall, pale column of smoke that rose up from the notch of the hill behind the settlement, and fanned out slowly into the pale blueness of the sky.

It went on evenly, neither more nor less, thick smoke from a fire of green wood steadily tended. Before noon another rose from the mouth of Oak Creek, and a third from Tunawai. They waved and beckoned to one another, calling to counsel.

"Signal fires," said Hank; "that means mischief."

And from that on he went with his rifle half cocked, and walked always so that he might keep Joe's father in full view. By night that same day there were seven smoke trees growing up in the long valley, and spreading thin, pale branches to the

sky. Then was no zest left in the hunt, and on the morning they owned it. Walter was worried by what he knew his father's anxiety must be. Then the party began to ride down again, and always Hank made the Indian go before. Away by the foot of Oppapago rose a black volume of smoke, thick, and lighted underneath by flames. It might be the reek of a burning ranch house. The boys were excited and afraid. They talked softly and crowded their ponies together on the trail.

"Joe," said Walter whisperingly, "if there is battle you will have to go to it."

"Yes," said Joe.

"And you will fight; otherwise they will call you a coward, and if you run away they will kill you."

"So I suppose," said Joe.

"Or they will make you wear a woman's dress like To-go-na-tee, the man who got up too late." This was a reminder from one of the arrow-maker's tales. "But you have promised not to fight."

"Look you," said the Indian boy; "if a white man came to kill me I would kill him. That is right. But I will not fight you nor your father's house. That is my vow."

The white boy put out his hand, and laid it on the flank of the foremost pony. The Indian boy's fingers came behind him, and crept along the pony's back until they reached the other hand. They rode forward without talking.

Toward noon they made out horsemen riding on the trail below them. As it wound in and out around the blind gulches they saw and lost sight of them a dozen times. At last, where the fringe of the tall trees began, they came face to face. It was Mr. Baker and a party of five men; they carried rifles and had set and anxious looks.

"What will you have?" said Indian Joe's father as they drew up before him under a tamarack pine.

"My son," said the cattleman.

"Is there war?" said the Indian.

"There is war. Come, Walter."

The boys were still and scared. Slowly

Hank and Walter drew their horses out of the path and joined the men. Indian Joe and his father passed forward on the trail.

"Do them no harm," said Joe Baker to those that were with him.

"Good-by, Joe," said Walter half aloud.

The other did not turn his head, but as he went they noticed that he had bared his right arm from the hunting shirt, and an inch above the elbow showed a thin, white scar. Walter had the twin of that mark under his flannels.

Mr. Baker did not mind fighting Indians; he thought it a good thing to have their troubles settled all at once in this way, but he did not want his son mixed up in it. The first thing he did when he got home was to send him off secretly by night to the fort, and from there he passed over the mountains with other of the settlers' families under strong escort, and finally went to his mother's people in the East, and was put to school. As it turned out he never came back to Tres Pinos; he does not come into this story any more.

When the first smoke rose up that showed where the fierce hate of the Paiutes had broken into flame, the Indians took their women and children away from the pleasant open slopes, and hid them in deep cañons in secret places of the rocks. There they feathered arrows, and twisted bowstrings of the sinew of deer. And because there were so many grave things done, and it was not the custom for boys to question their elders, Joe never heard how Walter had been sent away. He thought him still at the ranch with his father, and it is because of this mistake that there is any more story at all.

You may be sure that, of those two boys, Joe's was the deeper loving, for, besides having grown up together, Walter was white, therefore thinking himself, and making the other believe it, the better of the two. But for this Walter made no difference in his behavior; had Joe to eat at his table, and would have him sleep in his bed, but Joe laughed, and lay on the floor.

All this was counted a kindness and a great honor in the campoodie. Walter could find out things by looking in a book, which was sheer magic, and had taught Joe to write a little, so that he could send word by means of a piece of paper, which was cleverer than the tricks Joe had taught him, of reading the signs of antelope and elk and deer. The white boy was to the Indian a little of all the heroes and bright ones of the arrow-maker's tales come alive again. Therefore he quaked in his heart when he heard the rumors that ran about the camp.

The war began about Cottonwood, and ran like wildfire that licked up all the ranches in its course. Then the whites came strongly against the Paiutes at the Stone Corral, and made an end of the best of their fighting men. Then the Indians broke out in the north, and at last it came to such a pass that the very boys must do fighting, and the women make bowstrings. The cattlemen turned in to Baker's ranch as a centre, and all the northern campoodies gathered together to attack them. They had not much to hope for, only to do as much killing as possible before the winter set in with the hunger and the deep snows.

By this time Joe's father was dead, and his mother had brought the boy a quiver full of arrows and a new bowstring, and sent him down to the battle.

And Joe went hotly enough to join the men of the other village, nursing his bow with great care, remembering his father, but when he came to counsel and found where the fight must be, his heart turned again, for he remembered his friend. The braves camped by Little Round Valley, and he thought of the talk he and Walter had there; the war party went over the tongue of hills, and Joe saw Winnedumah shining whitely on Waban, and remembered his boyish errand, the mystery of the tall, strange warrior that came upon them in the night, their talk in the hut of the arrow-maker, and the vow that came afterward.

The Indians came down a ravine to

ward Tres Pinos, and there met a band of horses which some of their party had run in from the ranches; among them was a pinto pony which Walter had used to ride, and it came to Joe's hand when he called. Then the boy wondered if Walter might be dead, and leaned his head against the pony's mane; it turned its head and nickered softly at his ear.

The war party stayed in the ravine until it grew dark, and Joe watched how Winnedumah swam in a mist above the hills long after the sun had gone quite down, as if in his faithfulness he would outwatch the dark; and then the boy's heart was lifted up to the great chief standing still by Tinnemaha. "I will not forget," he said. "I, too, will be faithful." Perhaps at this moment he expected a miracle to help him in his vow as it had helped Winnedumah.

In the dusk the mounted Indians rode down by the Creek of Tres Pinos. When they came by the ruined hut where his father had lived, Joe's heart grew hot again, and when he passed the arrow-maker's he remembered his vow. Suddenly he wheeled his pony in the trail, hardly knowing what he would do. The man next to him laid an arrow across his bow and pointed it at the boy's breast.

"Coward," he whispered, but an older Indian laid his hand on the man's arm.

"Save your arrows," he said. Then the ponies swept forward in the charge, but Joe knew in an instant how it would be with him. He would be called false and a coward, killed for it, driven from the tribe, but he would not fight against his sworn brother. He would keep his vow.

A sudden rain of arrows flew from the advancing Paiutes; Joe fumbled his and dropped it on the ground. He was wondering if one of the many aimed would find his brother. Bullets answered the arrow flight. He saw the braves pitch forward, and heard the scream of wounded ponies.

He hoped he would be shot; he would not have minded that; it would be better than being called a coward. And then

it occurred to him, if Walter and his father came out and found him when the fight was done, they would think that he had broken his word. The Paiutes began to seek cover, but Joe drove out wildly from them, and rode back in the friendly dark, and past the ruined campoodie, to the black rocks. There he crept into the cave which only he and Walter knew, and lay on his face and cried, for though he was an Indian he was only a boy, and he had seen his first fight. He was sick with the thoughts of his vow. He lay in the black rocks all the night and the day, and watched the cattlemen and the soldiers ranging all that county for the stragglers of his people, and guessed that the Paiute had made the last stand. Then in the second night he began to work back by secret paths to the mountain camp. It never occurred to him not to go. He had the courage to meet what waited for him there, but he had not the heart to go to it in the full light of day. He came in by his mother's place, and she spat upon him, for she had heard how he had carried himself in the fight.

"No son of mine," said she.

He went by the women and children and heard their jeers. His heart was very sick. He went apart and sat down and waited what the men would say. There were few of them left about the dying fire. They had washed off their war paint, and their bows were broken. When they spoke at last it was with mocking and sad scorn.

"We have enough of killing," said the one called Scar-Face. "Let him have a woman's dress and stay to mend the fire."

So it was done in the presence of all the camp; and because he was a boy, and because he was an Indian, he said nothing of his vow, nor opened his mouth in his defense, though his heart quaked and his knees shook. He had the courage to wear the badge of being afraid all his life. They brought him a woman's dress, though they were all too sad for much laughter, and in the morning he set to bringing the wood for the fire.

Afterward there was a treaty made be-

tween the Paiutes and the settlers, and the remnant went back to the campoodie of Tres Pinos, and Joe learned how Walter had been sent out of the valley in the beginning of the war, but that did not make any difference about the woman's dress. He and Walter never met again. He continued to go about in dresses, though in time he was allowed to do a man's work, and his knowledge of Eng-

lish helped to restore a friendly footing with the cattlemen. The valley filled very rapidly with settlers after that, and under the slack usage of the tribe, Mahala Joe, as he came to be known, might have thrown aside his woman's gear without offense, but he had the courage to wear it to his life's end. He kept his sentence as he kept his vow, and yet it is certain that Walter never knew.

ARTISTIC POSSIBILITIES OF ADVERTISING

BY CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

BECAUSE advertisements are the stimulants of trade, the dwellers in cities and towns cannot expect to be without them. There may be restriction of the advertisement, but there will not be suppression of it. Nor should the most rabid opponent of the excesses and evils of advertising desire its elimination. With a thought he must recognize the usefulness of the purpose it serves, as much to the purchaser as to the seller.

Here, then, is a great force, stamping its imprint for good or for evil on the visible aspect of cities, and more and more entering into their mental life. It is, too, a steadily growing power, rising with the increase in the city's population of sellers and buyers; waxing stronger with the gain in the financial resources of trade; becoming more efficient with better organization; and at last expanding under the artificial but enormous stimulus of keen competition. To attempt restriction of this rising flood, to set its proper bounds, and to say "Thou shalt not overflow the walls of propriety and self-restraint," without offering a new outlet or changing the channel of the growing stream, is like an effort to stem a torrent with a set of resolutions and a frown. The restrictions may be well planned, may be ever so rea-

sonable and logical; but they can have permanent efficiency only as the competition is given a new direction. This direction must be in line with the general purpose of the attempted restraint. The one must supplement the other; they must coöperate for a like result. In short, since we would not and may not suppress the advertisement, our destructive criticism should be balanced by creative criticism.

What is the purpose of advertisement control? It is to prevent the advertisement's destruction of such stateliness, beauty, or dignity as there may be in town or country, — in street, or park, or quiet dell, in building, or amid the sublimity of nature. This is the "Thou shalt not," — the wall of propriety that we would not have overflowed. And the new, concurrent outlet, — the positive of this restriction? Must it not be, most appropriately, to heighten the beauty and picturesqueness of the way; to transfer the competition from mere size to beauty; to change the goal from effectiveness through repetition to effectiveness through delight; to substitute quality for quantity? The task is not hopeless.

In open country the advertising can probably be reduced to an unimportant total. With the scenic reservations under

public control, or under a private control based on appreciation of their scenic attractiveness, it is easy to suppress advertising entirely within their bounds. And this is being done. In the rest of the country, as distinguished from town limits, the advertiser has so little to lose or gain, save on main highways close to cities, that the position is hardly worth his fighting for. And as to the highways, the railroads are owned by corporations that, themselves great advertisers, look with decreasing friendliness upon the despoilment of the scenery by irrelevant announcements that have not even the merit of adding something to the company's receipts, although it is the road's presence alone which gives to the site its advertising value. In fact, in their own advertising the more important roads are now making use of the beautiful, not only by giving publicity, in photographs and descriptions, to the natural beauty through which they pass, — an act that makes submission to scenic injury by advertisements an economic lapse, — but by the improvement of their station grounds, and the beautifying of their right of way, through the planting of turf, trees, vines, and hedges. The railroads, then, may be counted upon to oppose, with increasing vigor, the marring of landscape by advertisements. There remain in the country only the public thoroughfares. The advertisements on these are to be considered, with those on the streets of the town, as in need of reformation, or change of character, since their suppression is not to be expected.

So the problem narrows. We are not to paint the lily at all, and, hence, have not the impossible task of painting it with a skill that will improve it. We are to bring art only into the advertisements on the highways in or near the town, into the signs that are on hoardings, fences, and walls; to change the disfigurement of buildings to their embellishment, the concealment of architectural effects to their heightening. But this is enough. The opportunity, indeed, is splendid, for

we have to deal with a business of immense financial backing, of tireless enthusiasm and efficient organization, that might be diverted from the positive injury of our cities to their beautifying, to the increase of their picturesqueness, interest, and general charm. And the gain, whatever it might be, would be double, for it would mean not only the creation of something good, but the removal of something bad. Surely it is worth trying for.

And if the desirability of the change requires no argument, from the standpoint of aesthetics and of civics, the time must be fast coming when its desirability to the advertisers will need as little arguing. For the strenuousness of their competition must at last reach a limit. There must be a point in costliness and sheer bigness and multiplicity of announcements, beyond which in any community financial returns will cease. To continue merely for the sake of outdoing a rival would then be suicidal. In how many cases this limit has been already reached; how often the bills that are injuring the city's beauty are not worth to the advertisers the paper upon which they are printed, the advertisers know best. It may be very often. But the opposing forces, drawn into a contest from which they cannot retreat, continue it, — as courageous warriors should, — choosing slow destructive fighting to immediate surrender, and knowing no other sort of combat. It is a hopeless contest, of which the cities are the desolated battlefields. If for the "irrepressible conflict" there be devised now a new kind of warfare, that will spread no desolation, and that will not have ruthless waste as the product of extravagant expenditures, the advertisers would have reason to welcome the strategy as gladly as would the cities.

But the best of the idea is that it has already had sufficient trial in various places to test its practicability, and to prove the advertisers' interest in it and approval. In one important department, unmolested by public criticism, the ad-

vertisers have even now established tastefulness as the underlying essential principle of their competition. This is in window dressing, — a vital part of advertising. The beautiful, not the bizarre; the attractive rather than the startling; the alluring and interesting are now sought in the window effects of every shop, — from the great department store to the little candy kitchen; from the basement lights of a modest florist to the long plate-glass front of a shoe emporium. Salaries of several thousand dollars a year are paid in cities to the “artists” most skilled in window dressing; and their requisitions for plants or ribbons — totally irrelevant as these may be to the stock on sale, and designed merely to add to the beauty of the window picture — are honored ungrudgingly. In effect, the merchant says, “Give me a beautiful window that people will stop and look at, and that yet shall indicate generally the sort of goods I handle, and I do not care what it costs.”

To bring him to this point of view regarding the printed sign that he posts in front of his store and about the town is the task before those who would bring art into advertisements. It is made more difficult than in the case of the window, because there is no longer the restriction of space that requires a maximum of effect from a single exhibit; it is, on the other hand, made easier by the facts that the changed attitude may mean a saving rather than an increase in expenses, that the window has shown that the maximum of desirable effectiveness does lie in attractiveness, — not in the repellent, — and that size is of comparative insignificance. We should, therefore, take up the task with hope. Its limitations, too, are perfectly distinct and comprehensible. We have to deal only with advertisements on streets and highways, or visible therefrom, while the advertisers have shown themselves aware that in some departments, at least, a beautiful announcement pays better than any other. Finally, success, if it can be gained, would mean

much to art, to the cities, to the advertisers, and to the public.

An interesting experiment on a large scale has been tried in Belgium, where a national society — *L'Œuvre Nationale Belge* — composed of those who have at heart the beauty of the Flemish cities, with their rich inheritance from the Renaissance, began its work by organizing an exhibition of designs of artistic advertisements, and by offering prizes for the new signs, constructed for actual use, that were judged most artistic. This beginning was made nine years ago, the exhibition having been held in Brussels in 1895. More recently Paris, where Flameng has painted a signboard for a prominent newspaper, and Willette has done one for a cookshop, — to name two from many, — has had its exhibition of artistic signs, ancient and modern. In the Belgian competition, which had a persuasive rather than a historic purpose, stress was laid upon the requirement that the sign be considered not merely by itself, but in connection with the exact place it was to occupy, it being argued that for satisfactory results it should harmonize with the architectural façade, and be treated as a decorative feature of it, — an excellent suggestion.

It is significant that *L'Œuvre* chose this for its first undertaking, as showing the importance it attached to the development of the artistic possibilities of advertising in the evolution of civic æsthetics. It is significant, too, that the first results were not nearly as good as the later, and that to-day the average character of shop advertising in Belgian cities is far higher than a decade ago. There are many very interesting signs and a number of lovely ones. Merchants, who perhaps care nothing for art, commission sculptors, painters, and skilled workers in wrought iron because of the incidental advertisement they get. The competition has been transferred, in part at least, from number and size to beauty, and the transference is continuing in a steadily increasing degree

that is having its effect on the aspect of the cities, and that is very full of encouragement.

Among the designs and the executed advertisements which secured prizes in those early competitions, a connection between the subject and its treatment was a noticeable feature. The sign that advertised a store where Egyptian cigarettes were sold was Egyptian in its character. The sign of the alehouse "À la Rose" was surmounted by little window gardens where roses grew. A kid was one of the devices in the wrought-iron sign of a store in which gloves were on sale, and the advertisement over the door of a china shop was a relief in pottery. The circumstance was sufficiently natural, and yet was a reminder of a time when signs were fewer than now, and were pictorial. It revived the customs of the period when a fish was carved in stone over the door of the Fishmongers' Hall at Malines, when the guild halls on the Grande Place at Brussels were erected,— the Hall of the Skippers, with a gable resembling the stern of a ship; the Hall of the Butchers, with a carven swan; the House of the Wolf, or Hall of the Archers, with its Romulus and Remus scene. In England at a similar period the inns were hanging out models of their quaint names. It was an illiterate age, when no servants and few masters could read, and when there was a real urgency that a shop should be recognized by its picture sign,— so that one could direct to, for instance, "The Sign of the Golden Bull."

The reaction came when printed words sufficed, though to some extent we cling still to the rebus sign. We look for the barber's pole, and not for the letters that spell "shave ;" the glover's hand tells us where gloves are sold; and a glance from the tail of the eye at three golden balls saves us from doing some reading that would take time and be mortifying. The optician is still recognized by the gilded spectacles, the tobacconist by the Indian, the pharmacy by the colored bottles or the mortar, and the dealer in ostrich

feathers by the two-necked gilded ostrich, or the emblem of the Prince of Wales. The carcasses that hang at the butcher's shop are a rebus sign, which an age increasingly particular in hygienic matters would be glad to see abandoned for an inedible study in oils; the vegetables before the grocer's, and the plants outside the florist's, are advertisements so inviting that their summer attractiveness would be gladly extended through the year, if possible, by these merchants. Obviously, the advertiser does not need to be taught that even to-day other announcements pay than those which shock and offend; that even in a period when he who runs can read, the most convincing language is still the primitive one of pictures and of objects; or that a tired world tries to steel itself against assaults that are ungrateful, and to forget them, but is receptive to that which is pleasing, fondly recalling it.

We can read any sign now, but if we will not read it, there is revived the need of the old illiterate times, when art served the tradesman as profitably as it served church or state. Not that all lettering should be abandoned; but that the bulk of the message can be profitably presented otherwise. A restaurant in Boston has on the street front a well-known panel in oils, depicting a jovial-looking cook — or it may be the traditional landlord and cook in one — bearing to his guest a huge joint of roast beef. The artist has signed the picture, and it is of such delicacy of tone and vigor of composition that its attraction and suggestive invitation should tempt many a passer to step within, whom the word "roastbeef" would not have moved.

Little by little, the new idea, which has won at so many points, is making conquests also in the poster world of lettered signs. With the increased resources and better organization of the advertising business, hoardings are better constructed than formerly, and are kept in repair; posters have improved immensely in color scheme and design, in addition to the im-

provement that has followed the advance in lithography, and they are now quite commonly — to secure greater effectiveness — put each in its own frame or moulding, which is painted a neutral tint. And this, with the standardizing of sizes, goes far toward lessening the old discordance of the billboard. But even this is not the end. If there is to be an entertainment, a fair, or exhibition under club or institutional auspices, it has become extremely common to advertise it by means of posters secured through an artistic competition, for which a prize is offered. This means that the purchasing public has made up its mind about the kind of advertising that it likes and that it considers effective, — and the purchasing public should be so good a judge on this point that its hint will not long be overlooked. And to what does this now familiar competition bring us, but to the very step that the Belgian artists and city lovers took nine years ago as a remarkable innovation, as a stride toward the thought of putting art into modern advertising?

It may be well to turn aside at this point to inquire how recent a production the pictorial poster is. Probably few of the public would guess that it was as lately as 1871 that Walker's "mural engraving," to advertise Wilkie Collins's romance, the *Woman in White*, was greeted as the first illustrated poster to be put on the walls of London. There was no color even in this, though it was implied. All the mechanical progress that makes possible the artistic poster of to-day, with its wealth of color and possible delicacy of shades, has followed the time of this engraving. When one thinks of the beauty of some famous recent posters, at home and abroad, there may well be marvel that artistic progress in this new field has so kept pace with the mechanical; and there may well be confidence as to its victories of the future.

With a realization that in advertisements something else is better worth while than the shocking of the eye, there

has, however, been an inevitable development of the comic, the witty, and the peculiar as well as, and even in greater degree than, of the beautiful. It is easier to be funny than artistic. As a measure of the extent of the sudden emancipation from the old thralldom of size, multiplicity, and shock, this is significant; but art has nothing to fear from it in the long run. A joke — however good — soon pales; beauty alone is a joy forever. A sign that a thousand-dollar expenditure had made beautiful will be doing its work long after the wit which a like sum might have purchased would have ceased to titillate the brain. That will be a lesson soon learned. The thing which counts is that the more progressive advertisers have turned already from the old order; and that if multiplicity and size persist as factors in advertising, they are now incidental. The wit, or the beauty is the main consideration; and the desire to arrest attention by an unpleasant shock has been in large measure abandoned.

The modern poster has been referred to as bringing color into city streets. In the cities of Renaissance Italy the gray wall of many an old palace was brightened by its owner's escutcheon. Heraldry still plays a part on city streets, where the arms of royalty blaze in heavy gilt over the shops that cater to the reigning house. This may give another suggestion for an advertising departure. In a democracy there may be scant regard for the crest of an individual, but why should not the trademark be made artistic, be colored and emblazoned over doorways as proudly in an age of commerce and industry, as were prowess and birth in chivalric days?

Given, then, the wish to bring art into the advertisement, there appears in the rebus sign, in the pictorial representation of the goods for sale, or in the use of a heraldic-like trademark, an inviting and widely available opportunity to supplement the primary steps of improved construction of hoardings and of the neu-

tral framing and better designing of posters. The very wish to bring the advertisement into the architectural structure as a decorative feature opens a whole field of effort. Wherever, then, the rebus sign remains, as we have seen that it does in some important avocations, wherever window dressing is made an art, trademarks or devices of heraldry are displayed, or there is advertising by the exposure of the goods on sale, the artist finds subjects at hand. And the desire not to shock, but to please, will guard his efforts, and defend him from the temptation to exaggerate and magnify, keeping him true to ideals of beauty.

Wrought iron, terra cotta, faïence, will be added to the materials with which the advertisement artist will work. He will have plenty of subjects, generous pay, and the inspiration of an immense public, — aside from the consciousness that his is truly a civic art, that he works not merely for his own glory, for his employer's sake, or for the pleasure and profit of the public; but for the beauty of his town. Finally, he will catch the spirit of rivalry which is so inseparable from advertising, and will feel its spur. Surely there is no need to fear lest the results, once artistic impulse is turned in this direction, will fail to be interesting, or to show an increasingly satisfactory aesthetic development.

There opens the vista of a great opportunity, of our streets freed from shrieking letters, and made picturesque and attractive by innumerable announcements, beautiful in design, workmanship, or color. The old rivalry is transferred to a worthier field. Commercial architecture, no longer disfigured with signs, assumes the importance that it ought to have. The convenience of the way is no whit lessened while its interest is so much increased. From a jumble of printed signs, each doing its best to cover the other, we come to a collection of which each advertisement is unique, giving its message concisely and pointedly, and with a charm that is all its own. At cer-

tain designated places, on well-designed fixtures, protected from rain and kept in neat repair, are attached the posters, — each of these an artistic study that is strengthened, not ruined, by its distinctly separated neighbor. All the information that the most inveterate shopper could require is given, but without offense to the eye. The dull streets are brightened with colors, and with colors that harmonize. As on the battlefield that had been desolated flowers come naturally, when the armies have passed and the roar of the guns has ceased, so on the streets of the desolated cities, once offensive signs are torn away, the flowers of art will bloom again, and shop fronts will endeavor to attract, not to threaten and command.

So much for the daytime advertising. The increasing extension of day into night, the postponement of twilight in cities until the sun has been set for hours, and the stars have long been paled by the number of the lamps that throw their nearer radiance on the street, has created a necessity for evening advertising. The necessity has furnished also the means to provide it. The business streets of a city are gay with myriad lights, of which not a half nor, in places, a third, or a tenth, are those with which the municipality formally and officially illumines the street. Of the others, nearly all are for advertising purposes. Some give to show windows the clearness of day; others spell out names or write trade devices in lines of fire, or imitate, in disregard of their own natural beauty, the worst of the shrieking signs that offend the eye by day. These are the flash signs that change their colors, or that gleam for a moment, and then are swallowed in darkness, like rapid-fire, delirious lighthouses.

Yet with all this misuse of possible beauty, nothing of earth is lovelier than the constellation of a city with its thousand lights. We would make our expositions beautiful, and lo! by means of electricity we print in miniature on the darkness the glow of a city's lights. Ever

as our mastery of the mysterious force becomes complete the picture is made lovelier by skillfully arranging and multiplying the lamps. The roofs, bases, and corners of buildings are outlined with them. Every cornice, balcony, pinnacle, glows. The darkness of night is changed to the brightness of day, and there is added a fairyland mystery. The wonder of the display and the ease with which it is gained make an impression. The cities, which gave the hint, now themselves show an occasional building outlined in hundreds of lights. Here and there a dome hangs in the sky, as if pinned to it with golden pins. A cross of fire among the stars, meaning that a city's church spire there points heavenward, advertises a way to salvation. Nightly, as never a few years since for a festival, the city's business streets blaze with lights, — ill directed many of them, barbarously used some of them, wasted not a few of them; but unmistakably rich in their possibilities of beauty and art.

Must civic art have no dreams of the turning to account, for lighting the business parts of cities, of this lavish use of electricity by advertisers? It cannot be supposed that a harmonious general lighting scheme, akin to those that have made recent expositions beautiful, would cost more than is now expended privately on the more brilliant streets of the shopping and entertainment districts. It might be limited, with little loss of effectiveness, to the height of the first story. Certainly this would cost no more than the total of the public and private lighting together; and into what scenes of beauty and enchantment these districts would be then transformed at night! Not as a voice in the wilderness would the theatres call vainly to a spectacle-loving people far away in the dark streets of the residence quarter. The people would be brought to their doors by a spectacle to which stageland would seem the fitting supplement. And to the bright, gay scene a full purse would be so natural an accompaniment, that the strollers

would assume they had it, and shop windows would not tempt in vain the passers whom their surroundings had thus put unconsciously into holiday mood. The one thing that is wanted is coöperation, — a working together for united effect.

For gala occasions nearly all the larger American cities have already wrought briefly such a transformation, and it is probably not too much to say, most significantly, that in no one of them have the merchants failed to be impressed by the attractive power of the display, or, being impressed, to make efforts to secure its continuance beyond the brief period of the special occasion. If, then, at no added total of expense, and merely by coöperation, a district can be made beautiful, so that crowds of people will choose it for their promenade, would it not be good "business" to combine forces, and to change to harmony and beauty the display that now is crude and glaring? Suppose there were some loss of individuality? At worst, the radiance would merely extend, or renew, the day, in which light is impartial. The window exhibits would be still effective, the daytime signs would continue to hold out their inducements and make their proclamations, with probably an added force because of the beauty of the lights.

The incongruity of vast expense for effects that are tawdry and cheap; of the merely spectacular, gaudy, and dazzling where beautiful wares are for sale; of the blinding where people are invited to see; of the capricious choice of the hideous and offensive where, by a little mutual consideration, the same factors would make beautiful and attract, — all this would be done away with. And until there were the general coöperation, occasional evidences of æsthetic regard, occasional restraint and artistic design, would have still the merit of individuality. Before night advertising — yet in its earliest development — there lies, beyond the chance that one should doubt it, not merely a possibility but an assurance of art.

There is no reason, then, to despair about our advertising. It is simply a great untrained force, needing curbing here, direction there; suppression very rarely, but restraint often; and the provision of a new impulse, a new ideal, as an outlet for the enormous energy which, after an abused license, we would at last keep in reasonable bounds. If this new impulse be worthy, and this great force

can be turned toward art and beauty, it will contribute mightily to the production of fairer cities and towns, to an easier, happier life within them, and to the greater self-respect and interest of the advertisers. The conditions seem all favorable; there is a trend unmistakably in the desired direction. We may hope and must believe that the effort will be crowned with victory.

FRANCIS PETRARCH, 1304-1904

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

Six hundred years ago, on the 20th of July, 1304, a little Florentine baby was born into exile in a house on Via dell'Orto in Arezzo, whither his father, banished from Florence, had fled. Civil war between Ghibelline and Guelf raged everywhere, mingled with ambitions of nobles and jealousies of cities, with local wrongs and chance enmities. Exiles found no rest; within the year the baby was suspended from a stick, like a papoose, and carried to Incisa in the Valdarno; and before he was a lad his family had wandered to Pisa, and on to Avignon, lately become the city of the papal court. Thence the boy was sent to school at Carpentras, some fifteen miles away.

His father, Ser Petracco — the fastidious son softened these burgher syllables to Petrarca — was a notary, but like a true Florentine wishing his son to fly higher in the world than he, determined to make him a doctor of law, a student and expounder of Pandects; but by some eccentricity of nature, the sons of notaries become addicted to letters, and the boy Francis was already elbow deep in the Latin classics. Discovering this, Ser Petracco, following the foolish precedents of foolish fathers, seized the

precious books and burned them all, except one volume of Cicero and one of Virgil, which he spared out of compassion for the poor boy's tears. Petracco did this from the best of paternal intentions, for he himself was *amantissimus Ciceronis*; but fathers are born unto folly as the sparks fly upward. From Carpentras Francis was sent to the university at Montpellier, a mere lycée as it were, and then at the age of nineteen to the great university of Bologna.

Here, after ten years of exile, Francis's sensitive heart beat hard for his country. The other Italian students might deem themselves Venetians, Milanese, Pisans, Neapolitans, but from the first moment of his coming, he, the exile, felt that he was not a Florentine, but an Italian. This feeling he drank deep in the pleasant city of Bologna, with its Roman traditions and its Italian charm. Those were the years before the great church of San Petronio frowned across the Piazza Maggiore, before the Palace Bevilacqua inclosed the most enchanting of courtyards, before the never-ending arcades protected the just and the unjust from sun and rain; but there was the dungeon palace of the Podestà, where Enzo, poet and king, had for twenty-two years watched his youth go down into the grave; there were the

wicked towers, the Asinella, the Garisenda, and an hundred more; and, no doubt, Petrarch used to stop and watch the troop of doves parade and wheel through the air, flinging their shadows on loggia and piazza, flashing them across the narrow streets, as they mounted, stooped, whirled, and encircled the grim, gray towers with their purple and green, for a moment seeming to hang like a wreath, only the more suddenly to swoop down to his feet and pick the corn he had strewn. The city had the charm of Italy, but the university, without hall, dormitory, or lecture room, bare as the poorest student of things corporeal, was greater and more interesting than the city, — *imperium majus in imperio minore*. There were congregated thousands of students, men and lads from Gaul, Picardy, Burgundy, Poitou, Touraine, Maine, Normandy, Catalonia, Provence, Hungary, Germany, Spain, Poland, Bohemia, England, and from every province and city in Italy; a strange world, immensely democratic, yet enwrapped in the great imperial traditions. It was a university devoted to Roman law, and every gloss on Roman law preached the glory of the Roman Empire. There were other intellectual interests at the university, — the canon law, philosophy, medicine, astrology, — and, more stimulating than they, the contact of youth with youth, of enthusiasm with enthusiasm, in that time of life when young men are so many princes entering into their own; but the great Justinian code was the life of the university, and encouraged in Petrarch an admiration and veneration for Rome equal to his love for Italy. He attended lectures diligently, but his heart inclined neither to gloss nor to Corpus Juris. The very beginnings of those copious outpourings of comment and explanation, which flowed from the lips of professors eager “to prove that they were artists,” as one grumbler said, must have chilled him. Nevertheless, he went regularly to his professor’s room, and scribbled with his stylus, while the learned man in bad Latin waded in:

“*Primo dividendo literam, casum ponendo et literalia explanando; secundo loco signabo contraria et solvam, tertio loco, etc. . . . Prima pars potest subdividi in tres particulas,*” etc., in *saccula saeculorum*. Petrarch’s thoughts surely wandered away to the sonnets written to Selvaggia la bella by the famous jurist, Ser Guittoncino de’ Sinibuldi, more familiarly known to the undergraduates and to posterity as Cino da Pistoia; or perhaps to the verses of Bologna’s native poets, to Onesto or to Guido Guinicelli, —

Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore
Come a la selva augello in la verdura.

Or perhaps he thought of his own great compatriot, whose *Commedia*, recited by butchers, fullers, and tavern-keepers, he himself did not read, half aristocratically, half for fear of becoming subservient to the mighty master.

Out of the classroom, no doubt he was a very elegant young gentleman, singing Provençal madrigals under palace windows, or in less proper neighborhoods shouting out,

Lauriger Horatius, quam vixisti bene,

in the wild company of stroller students. But, though the livery of his youth may have been somewhat gay, at least to the sober eye of his later years, and though the Corpus Juris may have been neglected, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Seneca were not. Out of reach of the notarial arm, he plunged into what classic literature he could get.

II

Petrarch stayed three years at the university, and returned to Avignon on the death of his father (1326). His mother died soon afterward. Here he led the life of a fashionable young man much concerned with the brushing of his hair, the cut of his cloak, the fit of his shoes, and the whiteness of his linen, as he says in a letter written in grayer years; but these backward glances of age often cast too vivid a color on the follies of youth, for

age has its hypocrisies, and loves to moralize on the deceitfulness of ephemeral pleasures. Certainly he continued his classical studies with diligence, and soon became celebrated as a scholar. On his father's death he had frankly abandoned the law, and, as his patrimony had been stolen by his father's executors, it was necessary for him to take steps toward gaining a livelihood. The church was the natural resource for educated men, especially as there were many livings and sinecures set apart for the support of scholars; animated by some hope of stipend, he took deacon's orders. This step did not necessitate strictness of living. Francis was a charming young man, cultivated, clever, agreeable, brimming with interest in life, learned beyond his years, and adorned by the natural grace of Tuscan manners, which had been bettered by his breeding; his company was sought by men of position and distinction, and he naturally felt that he had but entered into his lawful inheritance. Society, however, was to him but a secondary interest; his heart, still fancy free, beat to Cicero's periods and Virgil's hexameters. Thus life passed in the easy, luxurious, windy city, until he was nearly twenty-three. Then, on an April morning in Holy Week, the lovely April of Provence, fresh with flowers and the breath of spring, he walked through the narrow streets of Avignon and entered the cold, gray aisles of the church of St. Clare; there he beheld the golden hair and the beautiful eyes that he was never to forget. As the vision moved, hers was no mortal's step, but an angel's, and her voice murmuring the prayers was more than human; the religious light, the solemn music, the high-aspiring arches, the sacredness of the place, transfigured her, or she transfigured them, and always afterwards, save once or twice when the dust of earth rebelled, whenever he thought of that golden head he bent his own in reverence.

History has not revealed who she was. The poet guarded her in the privacy of

his art, and all the curiosity of six hundred years has not made sure of more than he has told. There are always guessers; in the eighteenth century the garrulous, indefatigable, agreeable, self-important Abbé de Sade put forward three stout volumes full of evidences and appendices to prove that Laura was the wife of his own ancestor, Ugo de Sade, and mother of eleven children; thus contradicting himself with a dozen reasons. Many critics, wise, spectacled, lean or maybe fat, with *aiblins nae temptations* to leave their books for the frivolous study of love, adopt this theory. Other surmises have had their partisans, among them the theory of pure poetical fancy. Let us hear what Petrarch has told us of her:—

I bless the spot, the time, the hour
When my eyes looked so high. —

Her eyes were beautiful, her brow serene, her smile, her laugh, her speech, sweet and gentle, her voice like an angel's, her hands thin, white, and lovely, her arms grace itself, her movements sweetly highbred; and her beautiful young body, fit temple for her soul, was the home of refinement, of courtesy, of Love himself; her three chief excellencies were her milk-white neck, the roses of her cheeks, and her golden hair, loved by the wind, — but one might as well count the stars as her perfections. Her dress was charming, too; she wore a gown of green, or of cramoisie, or sometimes one inclining to deep blue, to drab, or to some dark indistinguishable color, — all were lovely.

Petrarch used to wander in the woods eager to avoid all mankind, lest his face should betray his inward struggle; there he repeated his own sonnets till mountain, hill, wood, and river knew his inmost thoughts. Everywhere the beautiful eyes haunted him, hid everything but themselves, cloaked in their own splendor mountains, rivers, lakes, the blue Mediterranean. A thousand times he felt impelled to offer her his heart, but she would not suffer him, and after she per-

ceived his too fervent inclination, she wore a veil over her starry eyes and golden hair, and when he gazed at her she put her hand before her face, and even for a time banished him from her company. On one ineffaceable day, as he sat thinking of love, his lady passed; he rose with pale face and reverent gesture to do her honor; but no sooner did she see him than she flushed in anger, and with a brief word walked on. He shrank within himself. But in the earlier days, before his speech or his face had betrayed him, she used to speak to him words that scarcely have had their like in all the world, and she used to honor him with her salutation, such as angels give when they meet, and fired his heart with a passion for heaven.

Everything that had come near her, or touched her, made him tremble; her glove, —

Candido, leggiadretto, e caro guanto, —

her veil, which a little shepherdess washed at a mountain brook; the portrait, painted (as if in heaven) by Simone Martini; the south window of her house; the stone seat on which she used to sit; every spot on which her shadow had fallen or her foot had trod. Thus in melodious sonnets he berhymed her.

Some years after he first saw her, he wrote a poem in Latin rhymes in which he says: "Especially dear to me is a most illustrious lady, known by her virtue and her birth. My poems have published her fame and spread it abroad. My thoughts always revert to her; always with renewed pangs of love she troubles me. I do not think she will ever be shaken in her lordship over me. Not by coquetry, but by her native charm and beauty has she bound me." Then he describes his efforts to throw off her yoke; how he had traveled north and south, to mountain and to sea, always in vain. Even in the pathless woods, whither he has fled to avoid her, no bush bent in the wind but he saw her lithe figure, no oak stood firm but he saw her immobile,

no brooks but reflected her face; he saw her pictured in the clouds, in the empty air, and on the flinty rock.

In December, 1336, he wrote to his friend Giacomo Colonna: "But you, like an everlasting tease, follow me up and say that I have invented the name of Laura, because that which I like to talk of and that which makes other people talk of me is all one, and that the only *Laura* [Laurel] in my heart is that which bestows honor upon poets, for my studies show that to be the top of my desire; but that the other Laura, whose beauty I say has made me prisoner, is the creature of my fancy, that my verses are make-believe, and my sighs imaginary. Would to Heaven that your jests had hit the Truth, and that my love were a joke, and not the madness that it is. But believe me, not without great labor does a man succeed in simulation for a long time, and to labor without any advantage that others may deem you mad, would be the maddest of madnesses. . . . *Time wounds and Time cures*; and against Laura, who you say is imaginary, perhaps that other imaginary friend of mine, St. Augustine, will help me."

Later still, perhaps fifteen years after that scene in the church of St. Clare, Petrarch wrote a book, entitled *Concerning Contempt for the World*, in the form of a dialogue between St. Augustine and himself. The saint is his conscience, and they talk together. I can but give the substance of one dialogue:—

St. Augustine. Is not loving mere folly?

Petrarch. According to the object loved. Love is the noblest or the basest of all passions. To love a worthless woman is a great misfortune; to love a good woman is the top of happiness.

St. Aug. (Bringing the conversation to Laura.) The love of woman is surely folly.

Pet. There are bad women; but a gulf yawns between them and Laura. Her mind, knowing nothing of earthly cares, burns for heaven. In her face (if there

be any truth anywhere) shines the glory of divine beauty; her behaviors are the pattern of perfect modesty. Neither her voice, nor the light of her eyes, resembles any mortal thing, and her bearing is more than human.

St. Aug. Think what it will be when you come to die. Remember how it was when she nearly died.

Pet. God let me die first! The memory of her illness makes me cold. I thought to lose the noblest part of my soul.

St. Aug. Turn from her; she has already lost much of her beauty.

Pet. I loved her body less than her soul. Her manners surpass the ways of earth, and her example shows how the dwellers in heaven live. If she die first I shall love her virtue, which cannot die.

St. Aug. But you cannot gainsay that the most noble things are sometimes vilely loved.

Pet. If you could but see my love! It is not less fair than her face. In it there has been nothing base or shameful, nor anything blameworthy except its greatness. One thing I cannot pass in silence, — whatever little I am become, I am because of her; nor should I have ever attained to whatever name or fame I have, if any, had she not, by inspiring me with a most noble affection, watered and tended the tiny seeds of virtue which nature planted in me. She plucked my young mind away from every shameful thing, and dragged it back as with a hook, and bade it look upward to the heights. It is certain that love undergoes a change to conform to the beloved. No backbiter was ever found so base to touch her name with his cur's tooth, or to dare say that there was any fault to find in her; and I do not say in what she did, but even in the turn of her words. They who leave nothing untouched left her in admiration and veneration. It is small wonder therefore, if she, so famous in good repute, made me long for a fairer fame, and smoothed the rude labors by

which I sought it. While a young man I desired nothing but only to please her, who alone pleased me; now you bid me forget or love her less, who set me apart from vulgar fellowship.

St. Aug. Filling your heart with love of the creature, you shut yourself off from the love of the Creator, — and that is the road to death.

Pet. Not her body, but her soul I love; the years have faded her cheeks, but her soul has become more beautiful, and my love has likewise increased.

St. Aug. Are you making fun of me? If her soul dwelt in a hideous, knotty body, would it please you as much?

Pet. (Quoting Ovid.) Her soul with her body I loved.

Step by step, however, St. Augustine led him to confess and tell that in the beginning he had not been free from earthly desires, and had striven to gratify them, but that Laura had remained firm against flattery and prayers, and that now he rendered thanks unto her. Lord Byron says: "It is satisfactory to think that the love of Petrarch was not platonic."

There is also on the first leaf of his copy of Virgil a note in his handwriting of the first time he saw her and of her death, and he adds: "To write these lines in bitter memory of this event, and in the place where they will most often meet my eyes, has in it somewhat of a cruel sweetness, lest I forget that nothing more ought in this life to please me, and this by the grace of God need not be difficult to one who thinks strenuously and manfully of the idle cares, the empty hopes, and the unexpected end of the years that are gone."

Such was Laura; not the allegorical Beatrice of Dante, nor the conventional beauty of the troubadours, but still ideal and beautiful, the first real woman in poetry since the Greeks.

Petrarch's renown is so enduring because he is the first master of letters in

Europe since the death of Cicero. He was by no means the first modern master of art, even if we pass by Gothic and Moorish art; for in painting, Giotto, in sculpture, Niccola Pisano, in architecture, Arnolfo del Cambio, were a generation ahead of him; in poetry, Dante, born nearly forty years before, was immeasurably greater than he, but Petrarch was the first to make letters as letters the work of his life, and the first to hold the faith that literature is as great a factor in civilization as politics or theology. He was a professional man of letters, and became the first of the great tyrants of European literature; he is more important than his successors, — Erasmus, Voltaire, Goethe, — in that he stands at the threshold of modern literature, while it was hesitating which way to turn, while Latin still was the only known classic literature, and national literatures had not yet got out of their leading strings. In contemporary literature what was there? In France, Froissart was a baby; in England, Langland a little boy, Chaucer not born; in Germany and in Spain, only an encyclopædia knows. The *Roman de la Rose*, setting Dante aside, is the one remembered work of letters that existed when Petrarch wrote his sonnets. For the third time in history Italy was about to take her place at the head of Europe, and Petrarch, representing her intellectual life, set his seal on unformed literatures, and stamped an ideal impression.

Poetry is the attempt by man to carry on the divine labor of creation, and make this world more habitable; poets take mere words, and fashion a habitation, whither, when the world of sense grows chill, we may betake ourselves and breathe a richer atmosphere. In another aspect poetry is merely the arrangement of words in a certain order; it is a matter of empirical psychology. Poets are practical psychologists, measuring sensations by measures finer than men yet use in laboratories; and in mastery of the fuller knowledge of this psychology Petrarch is perhaps unrivaled. HUN-

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dreds of thousands of men have loved as dearly as he; thousands have thought greater thoughts than he, and many poets, English poets at least, have had a nobler instrument; but he had the skill to put his words into the right order, and when we read them we forget everything except love.

The charm of his verses made him famous from the very beginning. Well it might, for his sonnet differs from other sonnets as the song of the bird differs from that of a singing master; the soft Italian syllables unburden all their rapture in the fourteen lines, then close their lips, for they have finished. Italian words are made to be strung in a sonnet. Italian verses rhyme, as if they were lovers — Hero and Leander — calling across the gap between line and line; they melt away in sensuous vowels, they echo melodious in *l's* and *m's* and *r's*.

Perhaps the least objectionable way to deliver a lecture on the Petrarchan sonnet will be to show by example how impossible it is to transport this union of sound and sense across the fatal gap between the *lingua di sì* and the *tongue of yes*. I choose the best translation I can readily lay hands upon, out of an attractive little book entitled *Sonnets of Petrarch*, translated by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, which has Italian sounds on pages to the left and English to the right.

Qual donna attende a gloriosa fama
Di senno, di valor, di cortesia,
Miri fiso negli occhi a quella mia
Nemica, che mia donna il mondo chiama.
Come s' acquista onor, come Dio s' ama,
Com' è giunta onestà con leggiadria,
Ivi s' impara; e qual è dritta via
Di gir al Ciel, che lei aspetta e brama.

Doth any maiden seek the glorious fame
Of chastity, of strength, of courtesy?
Gaze in the eyes of that sweet enemy
Whom all the world doth as my lady name!
How honor grows, and pure devotion's flame,
How truth is joined with graceful dignity,
There thou mayst learn, and what the path
may be,
To that high heaven which doth her spirit
claim.

To begin the lecture with the first line of the sonnet, in the Italian married women are not excluded from gazing at Madonna Laura, nor, in the second line, does *senno* shrink to *chastity*, nor *valor* to *strength*, even if the *cortesia* of the Italians can be frozen into the *courtesy* of us Americans. The fourth line, *Whom all the world doth as my lady name!* sounds a little like the language of hard-put sonneteers, whereas *che mia donna il mondo chiama* would be said with a bow, hand on heart, from the foot of the Alps to the Strait of Messina. *Come Dio s'ama and pure devotion's flame* mark the difference between a religion and our American Sunday-go-to-meeting-isms. *Com'è giunta onesta con leggiadria* — most delightful of meetings! *Ouesta*, shy dignity of maidenhood, sweet innocence of motherhood, such as looks out from Raphael's Madonnas; *leggiadria*, the gay, girlish motion of comely youth, the grace of the leaping fawn, the sentiment in Botticelli; how did these most charming of feminine graces meet? At what Golden Gate? Are they corporeal or angelic? How, how and where? "How truth is joined with graceful dignity" is the proper junction of two respectable dames, — a sight that arouses very moderate exhilaration. In the last line of the octave, the Italian heaven, in a heavenly way, waits for Laura, *aspetta e brama*; the English heaven, instinct with Common Law, serving, as it were, a writ from the King's Bench, *claims* her.

We are forced to the conclusion that sense and sound are fatally imprisoned in the Petrarchan sonnet, and must stay there forever; they are stored where time doth not corrupt them, neither can translators break in and steal. But from the days of Wyatt and Surrey to those of Colonel Higginson, men who love poetry have felt ever renewing temptations to translate Petrarch, and to carry home the moonbeams that lie so lovely on water.

The union of sound and sense is very nearly perfect in Petrarch, — he used to test and try and substitute until all the words fell into their true order, — and as

this perfection was not of a kind to require special knowledge in order to be enjoyed, his poetry, accredited and sustained by his great reputation as a scholar, quickly passed from mouth to mouth, and so set its seal on the nascent literature of Europe.

His poetry asserted this dogma, that in the only real world, the world of ideas, woman and the love of woman are noble and beautiful. From this central dogma of the idealistic faith proceed the derivative dogmas, that all life, all things great and little, are noble and beautiful. This is the mission of poetry, — to see life as a divine work, to be the priestess of a perpetual revelation, in all things to behold the beauty of God. This is the continuation by man of the divine work of creation, for the Lord rested after six days of labor, before His work was complete, and entrusted the fulfillment of the everlasting task to poets. Petrarch has done his duty. What is Laura? Her corporeal existence has become a myth, but she is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, because Petrarch saw her with the eyes of love and faith. This idealism uplifted all modern literature and constitutes Petrarch's greatness, and not that scholastic excellence by which, according to Mr. John Addington Symonds, he "foresaw a whole new phase of European culture," — melancholy prospect. The Petrarchan view is set forth in the familiar sonnet of Michelangelo, which says that within the shapeless marble lies beauty imprisoned. So it is with all things: within our rude, rough, shapeless, unpolished selves lies imprisoned something that awaits the liberating eye and hand of faith and love.

IV

There was a second very memorable day in Petrarch's life, the 8th of April, 1341. On that day, in the palace of the Roman Senate on the top of the Capitoline Hill, he received the poet's crown of laurel, bestowed in the name of the Senate and the People of Rome.

This ceremony was the outward recognition of a new force in Europe; arms and theology were making room for literature, for the voice of men of peace. There, on the axis of European history, on the Capitol of the City of Rome, pitifully shrunk to an arena for Pope, Emperor, noble, and burgher to play at gladiators, yet still splendid with unequalled renown, a poet, the head of the new estate, was crowned at a time when popes had fled to receive the tiara elsewhere, and emperors were forced to fight their way step by step to the Vatican. Letters were honored indeed, but it was Petrarch who had convinced the world that literature was worthy of honor, and for his sake the honor had been given.

As we look back over six hundred years, with Petrarch's life before our eyes, it is easy for us to see that he, the prince of living poets and the foremost scholar of Europe, was worthy to be the gonfaloniere of the new guild; but how did the cultivated world of 1340 know this? How did it choose this young man, ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look at, to be its king? Petrarch was thirty-six years old; he had written some eighty sonnets, a dozen canzoni, and a few metrical epistles; and these few contributions to literature, excepting what he may afterwards have judged not worth keeping, were all, and there was no printing to spread them abroad. How did the vague new feeling, that literature ought to be publicly recognized as a force in civilization, manage to select him as its standard bearer, and crown him on the Capitol? The answer is that Petrarch himself hoisted the flag, and the world of letters rallied round him. Even by that time he had come into personal acquaintance with a large part of the cultivated world, and everybody he met was charmed by his beauty, his grace, his gifts in conversation, his high morality, his sweet character, as well as by his rare scholarship and his unequalled poetry. First Bologna brought him into familiar fellowship with men who in later

life became persons of consequence; afterwards Avignon served him in a similar way. Avignon he never liked; he complained of its dirty streets, where nasty pigs, snarling dogs, noisy carts, four-horse coaches, filthy beggars, gaping foreigners, insolent revelers, and rowdy crowds made walking intolerable. Worse than these was the fundamental sin of harboring popes who ought to go back to Rome, the Holy City. But Avignon returned good for evil. It was the cosmopolitan city of Europe; for Rome without the papal court was but a little bickering town, and Paris was not what it became when the intellectual sceptre of Europe passed from Italy to France. The main current of European life still flowed in the old channel dug by the ideas that acknowledged Pope and Emperor as the two heads of the civilized world; and by Petrarch's time the popes had thrust the emperors into the second place, and had thereby become the most important personages in Europe; where the pope lived, there was the head of ecclesiastical affairs, and the centre of political intrigue. The pope sent legates and nuncios to every court in Christendom, and received ambassadors in return; to him came archbishops, bishops, abbots, heads of monastic orders, princes, and even kings. In this dirty city the papal court lived in ease and luxury, — the cardinals would not go back to Rome, Petrarch said, because they could not bear to leave the Burgundian wines; — all was reminiscent of the old Provençal civilization. A careless, sensual life, these high priests of Christendom led, accompanied by a refinement in manners not common elsewhere. Avignon was a city to which everybody went; it was easier to go there than to Rome, and immeasurably pleasanter to a man lacking belligerent tastes. The papal dinner parties, if nothing else, would have attracted good society from the Ebro to the Elbe. Wonderful were the dishes, glorious the wines of Roccella, of Bienna, of Sanporciano, noble those from Rhineland and from Greece, ex-

quisite the old Vernaccia; all flowed *abbondantissimamente*. This high living Petrarch in later days denounced like Habakkuk, but the dinners added lustre to the papal court, and helped his career. Avignon was the natural place to look for a poet laureate, because such a poet must not only be excellent, but he must be known, he must not live away from the main thoroughfare of European life, — not far from its dinner-tables.

At Avignon Petrarch saw everybody, not merely because of his personal charm and gifts for conversation, but as the honored inmate of the Colonna household. This family played a great part in Petrarch's life, particularly on that eventful Easter in 1341. The Colonnas had a European importance, because their strongholds in the city of Rome enabled them to block either pope or emperor in that great move in the game of European politics, — the imperial coronation in Rome. In their palace (report still points out the spot), of which he became an inmate, Petrarch met everybody of consequence who came to Avignon.

Moreover, Petrarch was a Florentine, — the fifth essence in nature, as Boniface VIII said, — and Florentine merchants, notaries, envoys, were spread over Western Europe, and when traveling through Avignon naturally met their attractive fellow citizen. Two of these wandering Florentines were closely concerned with Petrarch's coronation. Roberto de' Bardi, chancellor of the University of Paris, procured him an invitation to be crowned poet laureate there, and Fra Dionigi, for a time professor of philosophy and theology, brought him to the notice of King Robert of Naples, who, patron of philosophy and letters, obtained the crown for him in Rome.

Though these were the reasons that brought Petrarch before the eyes of cultivated Europe, yet Petrarch was worthy to be their cynosure. He was not a mere lover of the classics, a worshiper of the long dead, he was conversant with the moderns as well; he was known from

Durham to Messina as a scholar, a poet, a writer of letters, a man of philosophic mind; in truth, by his tongue and pen, by his "rethorique swete" he gave a great upward push to literature, lifting it from a beggarly condition to a great estate in the realm of thought.

v

Petrarch's life after his coronation was one perpetual recurrence of social successes. The Pope invited him to be a papal secretary, the King of France extended the hospitality of Paris to him, the Emperor bade him to Prague, the Visconti wanted him at Milan, the Scaligeri at Verona, the Correggi at Parma, the Carraresi at Padua, the Lord High Seneschal at Naples; the Florentines asked him to accept a chair in their new university, Venice offered him a house. This social renown was the fulcrum by which, pressing the lever of classical enthusiasm, he stirred the world and budged mediæval ideas from their places.

His immediate influence on his contemporaries was as a classical scholar, as a lover of the wisdom, the beauty, the greatness of the long past. It is this aspect of his career that has impressed Mr. Symonds and the German scholars with so deep a dint; scholars themselves, they admire him as a man of like passions with themselves, they look back at the revival of learning, at the updigging of classic culture, and they regard Petrarch as we regard Christopher Columbus, and do appropriate homage to his memory. That aspect of Petrarch's career naturally obtrudes itself on students; but those of us who are indifferent to the *fan-fares* of historic importance may disregard that, and take leave of Petrarch in our own way.

He was a mixture of the good comrade and the anchorite, pushing neither quality to excess. He was fond of talking, and when he could help, never dined alone; but he was also fond of seclusion. Nothing he liked better than to wander along

the banks of the Sorgue and dream of Laura, of poetry, of life, of things old and new. He built a house in Vaucluse, the beautiful valley, shut off from Avignon and the whole outer world of lower things, where, from a blue basin within a great cave, the Sorgue breaks out in noisy cataract; there he lived, rich in books, eating black bread, fruits, and the little fishes that he caught himself. His companions were but three,—his dog, and an old couple; the man, gardener, librarian, valet; the woman, farmer, cook, and washerwoman. He loved to stroll about the fields, even long after dark; and sometimes in the middle of the night he would get up, say his prayers, and wander forth in the moonlight, thinking of the beautiful things in heaven and earth. Vaucluse, “loveliest place out of Italy,” was his favorite resort; he lived there many years, and thither he loved to return, to meditate in quiet. Even when domiciled by fate in a city, he desired country things; in Milan he rejoiced in dwelling *fuori le mura*; in Parma he grew choice fruits in his garden. In Arquà —

The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years —

he lived in a little house, built by himself, surrounded by vines and olive trees. Here he had horses, for he was too infirm

to walk, several servants to minister to him and to the many guests who came eager to see him, four or five copyists copying Latin manuscripts, and an old priest, who used to accompany him on his long drives to the church in Padua, where Petrarch as canon had sundry duties. There, among the Euganean hills, his thoughts turned to death. He was found at the last, so report says, his head bent over his book as if he had paused in the reading. Many mourned him. Among the chief was Giovanni Boccaccio, who is never more charming nor more amiable than in the filial demonstrations of his simple admiration for Petrarch.

Petrarch was good and kind and industrious, always hard at work upon those things which seemed to him important,—the discovery and dissemination of classical knowledge; and, moreover, he had continuously with him a sense of a presence which transcends our measures, and this he used to express in mediæval phrases, that nevertheless still satisfy here and there a backward heart. “Philosophy is to love wisdom; true wisdom is Jesus Christ. Let us read historians, poets, philosophers, but let us always have in our hearts the gospel of Jesus Christ, in which abide true wisdom and true happiness.”

IPSWICH BAR

BY ESTHER AND BRAINARD BATES

THE mist lay still on Heartbreak Hill,
 The sea was cold below,
 The waves rolled up and one by one
 Broke heavily and slow;

And through the clouds the gray gulls fled,
 The gannets whistled past,
 Across the dunes the wailing loons
 Hid from the rising blast.

The moaning wind, that all day long
 Had haunted marsh and lea,
 Went mad by night, and beating round,
 Fled shrieking out to sea.

The crested waves turned gray to white,
 That tossed the drifting spar,
 But far more bright the yellow light
 That gleamed on Ipswich Bar.

Old Harry Main, wild Harry Main,
 Upon the shifting sand
 Had built a flaming beacon-light
 To lure the ships to land.

“The storm breaks out and far to-night, —
 They seek a port to bide;
 God rest ye, sirs, on Ipswich Bar
 Your ships shall surely ride.

“They see my fires, my dancing fires,
 They lay their courses down,
 And ill betide the mariners
 That make for Ipswich town,

“For mine the wreck, and mine the gold, —
 With none to lay the blame, —
 So hold ye down to-night, good sirs,
 And I will feed the flame!”

Oh, dark the night and wild the gale!
 The skipper hither turned
 To where, afar, on Ipswich Bar,
 The treacherous beacon burned;

With singing shrouds and snapping sheets
The vessel swiftly bore
And headed for the guiding lights
Which shone along the shore.

The shoaling waters told no tale,
The tempest made no sign,
Till full before her plunging bows
Flashed out a whitened line;

She struck, — she heeled, — the parting stays
Went by with mast and spar,
And then the wave and rain beat out
The light on Ipswich Bar.

Gray dawn beneath the dying storm;
A figure gaunt and thin
Went splashing through the tangled sedge
To drag the treasure in;

For when the darkness broke away,
The lances of the moon
Had shown him where lay, bow in air,
A wrecking picaroon.

What matter if the open day
Bore witness to his shame?
'T was his the wreck and his the gold,
And none had seen to blame.

He did not know the eyes of men
Were watching from afar,
As Harry Main went back and forth
The length of Ipswich Bar.

They told the Ipswich fisher-folk,
Who, all aghast and grim,
Came running down through Pudding Lane
In maddened search for him;

No word, — no blow, — no bitter jest, —
They did not strike nor mar,
But short the shrift of Harry Main
That day on Ipswich Bar.

They marched him out at ebb of tide
Where lay the shattered wreck,
And bound him to the dripping rocks
With chains about his neck;

Why Disfranchisement is Bad

With chains about his guilty neck
 They left him to the wave —
 The lapping tide rose eagerly
 To hide the wrecker's grave.

And now when sudden storms strike down
 With hoarse and threatening tones,
 Old Harry Main must rise again
 And gird his sea-wracked bones

To coil a cable made of sand
 Which ever breaks in twain,
 While echoing through the salted marsh
 Is heard his clanking chain.

When rock and shoal are white with foam,
 The watchers on the sands
 Can see his ghostly form rise up
 And wring his fettered hands.

And out at sea his cries are heard
 Above the storm and far,
 Where, cold and still, old Heartbreak Hill
 Looks down on Ipswich Bar.

WHY DISFRANCHISEMENT IS BAD

BY ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKÉ

IF the disfranchisement of the negro by the South could settle permanently the negro question, I think that the action of that section would find its justification in that achievement, according to the jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means. But can disfranchisement of the negro settle the negro question? First: Can it do so for the negro? Second: Can it do so for the South? Third: Can it do so for the rest of the nation? I do not think that it can do so for the negro, or for the South, or for the rest of the nation. And unless disfranchisement of the negro settles this question in its threefold aspect, it will not settle it in such a way that it will long stay settled. If the

negro refuse to abide by such a settlement, the question will not be so settled merely because the South has decided so to settle it. Neither can the South of to-day settle the question by disfranchisement, if disfranchisement of the negro be found in operation to injure the South of to-morrow much more deeply than it does the negro. For what is bad for the negro to-day will be found to be still worse for the South to-morrow. The South must, therefore, awake some time to this fact, unless she is indeed stricken with that hopeless madness by which the gods intend to destroy her. But even if the South and the negro agree so to settle the question, the question will not be per-

manently settled if the North, if the rest of the nation, refuses eventually to form a party to the compact. For the rest of the nation, quite independently of the action of the South and the acquiescence of the negro, will have something, something very decisive to say ultimately about the settlement of this question. The North has, in reality, quite as much at stake in its settlement as either the negro or the South. Disfranchisement will not, therefore, prove a permanent settlement of the negro question if it be found in operation to affect injuriously Northern and national interests, or to work badly in the conduct of governmental affairs in respect to those interests.

I

Can disfranchisement settle the question for the negro? I do not think it can; I am sure that it will not, for the simple and sufficient reason that the negro will not consent to such a settlement;—a settlement which virtually decitizenizes him, and relegates him to a condition of practical servitude in the republic. He has tasted freedom, he has tasted manhood rights, he has tasted civil and political equality. He knows that his freedom, his American citizenship, his right to vote, have been written into the Constitution of the United States, and written large there in three great amendments. He knows more: he knows that he himself has written his title to those rights with his blood in the history of the country in four wars, and he is of the firm belief that his title to them is a perfect one.

No party, no state, no section, can, therefore, deprive him of those rights without leaving in his mind a sense of bitter wrong, of being cheated of what belongs to him, cheated in defiance of law, of the supreme law of the land, and in spite of his just claim to fairer treatment at the hands of his fellow countrymen. He will understand that this enormity was committed against him on account

of his race and color. He will see that it was done by the white race,—a race that has ever wronged him, that has never failed to take from him, because it had the power, whatever he cared most for in the world. Nothing could possibly make him, under such cruel circumstances, love such a race, such an enemy. He will learn to hate the white race, therefore, with all the strength and rancor of centuries of accumulated outrages and oppressions.

The relation of the two races in the South could not, then, be one of mutual respect, confidence, and good will. It would become, on the contrary, one of mutual fear, distrust, and hatred. The whites would fear, distrust, and hate the negro, and that increasingly, because they had so deeply wronged him; and the negro would return this fear, distrust, and hatred with a measure heaping up and running over, not openly, like the whites, to be sure, but covertly, cunningly, because of his weakness. He would live his life, his deeper life, more and more apart from the whites, live it in an underworld of which no white man would be able to get more than a glimpse, and that at rare intervals. It would be an underworld in which his bitter sense of wrong, his brooding miseries, his repressed faculties of mind, his crushed sensibilities, his imprisoned aspirations to be and to do as other men, his elemental powers of resistance, his primitive passions, his savage instincts, his very despair, would burn and rage beneath the thin crust of law and order which separates him from the upper world of the white race, his implacable foe and oppressor. Through this thin crust of law and order there will perforce break at times some of that hidden fire, some of that boiling lava of a race's agony and despair. There will be race feuds, race conflicts, as certainly as winds will blow, but no one will be deeply enough versed in the movements of these stormy, these fiery currents and visitations from the abysses of that underworld of the negro, to be able to discover

their formation, to foretell their coming, or to forecast their extent and duration.

So far as the negro is concerned, then, to disfranchise him will not settle the negro question. It will do anything else better than that. For it will make trouble, and no end of it. It will certainly make trouble if he rise in the human scale in spite of the wrong done him. Does any one think that he will ever cease to strive for the restoration of his rights as an American citizen, and all of his rights, if he rise in character, property, and intelligence? To think the contrary is to think an absurdity. But if he fall in the human scale in consequence of the wrong done him, he will surely drag the South down with him. For he and the South are bound the one to the other by a ligament as vital as that which bound together for good or bad, for life or death, the Siamese twins. The Enceladian struggles of the black Titan of the South beneath the huge mass of the white race's brutal oppressions, and of his own imbruted nature, will shake peace out of the land and prosperity out of the Southern states, and involve, finally, whites and blacks alike in common poverty, degradation, and failure in the economic world, in hopeless decline of all of the great social forces which make a people move upward and not downward, forward and not backward in civilization.

II

Disfranchisement of the negro is bad for the South. It is bad for her, in the first place, on account of the harmful effect produced by it on her black labor. It makes a large proportion of her laboring population restless and discontented with their civil and social condition, and it will keep them so. It makes it well-nigh impossible for this restless and discontented labor class to make the most and the best of themselves with the limited opportunities afforded them, with the social and political restrictions imposed by law upon them. It hinders employers of this labor

from producing the largest and the best results with it, for the same cause. For to obtain by means of this labor the largest and best results, employers of it ought to do the things, ought to seek to have the state do the things, which will tend to reduce the natural friction between labor and capital to its lowest terms, to make labor contented and happy, surely not the things which will have the opposite effect on that labor. Otherwise, the energy which ought to go into production will be scattered, consumed, in contests with capital, in active or passive resistance to bad social, and economic conditions, in effective or ineffective striving to improve those conditions.

Every labor class has but a given amount of energy, I take it, to devote to production. How much of this energy may be available for productive purposes depends on its social condition, whether it is contented or discontented, getting on in the world, getting ahead in material well-being and well-doing; on its economic condition, whether it is intelligent or ignorant, efficient or inefficient; on its civil condition, its legal status, whether it enjoys equal laws and equal opportunities with other labor classes in the struggle for existence, in the battle for bread, or whether it is crippled, obstructed instead, by unequal laws, by artificial restrictions which are made to apply to its activity alone.

The grand source of wealth of any community is its labor. The warfare which nation wages against nation to-day is not military, but industrial. Competition among nations for markets for the sale of their surplus products is at bottom a struggle of the labor of different nations for industrial possession of those markets, for the industrial supremacy of the labor of one country over the labor of other countries. Industrialism, commercialism, not militarism, mark the character of our twentieth-century civilization. That country, therefore, which takes into this industrial rivalry and struggle the best trained, the most completely equipped,

the most up-to-date labor, will win over those other countries which bring to the battle for world markets a body of crude, backward, and inefficient labor. Education, skill, quality, tell in production; tell at once, and tell in the long run. It is now well understood that the most intelligent labor is the most profitable labor. Ignorant labor is certainly no match in world markets for intelligent labor. It is no match in home markets either. Quality, intelligence, will prevail in such an industrial contest, whether in agriculture, manufactures, mining, or commerce.

But to get the best and the most out of labor, it must not only be intelligent, it must also be free, — free to rise or sink in the social scale. It must have a voice in making the laws under which it lives. Otherwise those laws will operate to hinder, not to help it to make the best fight of which it is capable for possession of home and foreign markets. Without this voice the laws will become more and more unequal and oppressive. A labor class deprived of freedom, of a voice in government, cannot maintain the advantage which mere intelligence and skill may have gained for it in the struggle for existence. As it loses freedom, a voice in government, it will lose ultimately its skill, its intelligence as an industrial factor. For it will become, in effect, subject to, if not exactly the slave of, the capitalistic and labor classes which are free, which make the laws. And these classes will invariably act on the assumption that the more ignorant such a subject labor class is, the less trouble it will cause. In their opinion slave labor is more manageable than free labor, gives rise to simpler social conditions, to problems less complex and difficult to handle.

Instead of establishing schools for the education of a labor class deprived of the right to vote, the class which possesses the right will not establish new ones, and will, in addition, endeavor to lower the standard of those already established and then to do away with them entirely. The chief end and purpose of the classes with

the right to vote will be, not to raise the average of literacy, of intelligence of the class without that right, but to lower the same in order the better to keep it in a state of permanent industrial subordination and inferiority to themselves. And so the negro labor of the South, deprived of the right to vote, will see its schools diminish in numbers and quality, will get, in one state and then in another, fewer schools and shorter terms, until they reach the vanishing point, where in large portions of the South negro schools will disappear altogether. Under such circumstances negro labor instead of advancing in intelligence and skill, in economic efficiency, will steadily lose the ground gained by it in these respects since the war, and will retrograde to the condition of dense ignorance, of economic inefficiency, which characterized it before that event. Surely slave labor is the most unproductive, the most wasteful labor in the world. As it was not able to compete successfully with the free and intelligent labor of the North before the war, it will not be able to do so to-day or to-morrow. Ignorant negro labor must weight the South down heavily, therefore, in that industrial struggle in which it is now engaged, not alone with the rest of the nation, but with the world. And this means for Southern labor industrial inferiority to the labor of the rest of the nation and of the world. It means for the Southern states ultimate industrial feebleness and subordination to the rest of the nation, and a low order of civilization.

Thus it will be found that disfranchisement, which was intended to make the negro a serf, to degrade him as a man, to extinguish his ambition, to extinguish his intelligence, to fix for him in the state, in society, a place of permanent inferiority and subordination to the white race, has degraded the whole South industrially at the same time, and fixed for her likewise a place of permanent economic inferiority and subordination to the rest of the nation. The huge body of her

black ignorance, poverty, and degradation will attract to itself by the social laws of gravitation all of the white ignorance, poverty, and degradation of the entire section. The stupendous mass of this social and industrial wreck, of the ensuing barbarism and crime, and of race hatred and oppression, will overwhelm in the end in common misery and ruin whites and blacks alike, the whole labor of the South. It is hard to believe that that section is knowingly, deliberately invoking such a fate, merely for the sake of gratifying its race prejudice against the negro. But whether it knowingly invites such consequences or not, its action invites them. For disfranchisement of the negro means, without doubt, degradation of its black labor, and this in turn the certain degradation of its white labor, and this in turn inevitable industrial feebleness and inferiority, and this in turn ultimate sectional retrogression, poverty, and a low order of civilization. Is the South ready to pay such a ruinous price for disfranchisement of the negro, for the sake of keeping him forever the servitor of the white race? Perhaps she is. It looks so; yet time alone can tell whether that section on this question is at bottom wise or foolish, sane or insane. If it shall turn out that it is really foolish, incurably mad on the negro question, then there is no hope for it within itself. It will persist in running straight upon its destruction. For alas, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

III

It has been shown that disfranchisement of the negro is bad for the negro and for the South. It remains to consider why it is bad for the North, for the rest of the nation. But if it has been demonstrated that disfranchisement is bad for the negro and for the South, it will follow as a logical conclusion that it is bad for the rest of the nation. For whatever injures a part injures the whole. The negro is a part of the South, the

South a part of the nation, in as real, as vital a sense as feet and hands are parts of the human body. Hurt a hand, lame a foot, and the whole body is hurt, lamed at the same time and for the same cause. This is not sentiment. It is fact, it is common sense, it is science. The old fable of the Members and the Belly is as true and timely to-day as it was in ancient Roman days. Starve the belly and the whole body is starved, suffers in consequence. Wither an arm, shrivel a leg, dim an eye, and the whole body goes maimed and halt and darkened.

Whatever, therefore, renders it impossible for the negro of the South to make the most and the best of himself injures that section, and this injury to the South hurts, in turn, the whole country. For social and economic laws draw no color line, exempt from their impartial operations no race because it happens to be white, but fall equally on all, regardless of artificial distinctions and discriminations, on rich and poor, on strong and weak, on white and black. Southern law and opinion discriminate against the black man and in favor of the white man. Not so the laws of Nature. What harms the negro's body will harm the white man's body. What degrades negro labor will degrade white labor likewise. What heals the white man's body will heal the black man's body. And what elevates white labor will elevate black labor also. This is the higher law, — a law beyond the reach of revised constitutions and American colorphobia to change or nullify, — a law which a greater than the Supreme Court interprets and will execute with strict impartiality, neither for nor against the negro, neither for nor against the South, but on whose decision, on whose operation, hang verily the fate of the negro, the fate of the South, and the fate of the nation, at one and the same time.

Our country is seeking to retain old markets and find new ones for the products of its labor, both at home and abroad. That is why it has erected about

that labor high tariff walls, to give to it a monopoly of the home market. That is why it is reaching out all over the world for markets for its surplus products. That is why it annexed Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. That is why it is in favor of an open door in China. That is why it is going to build the Panama Canal. That is why it is building a great navy. It is looking out for markets with foresight and energy. Is it looking out for its labor with equal foresight and energy? Is that policy long or shortsighted which has for its object the extension of our markets for the sale of our golden eggs, but does not include any proper care for the barnyard fowl that lays those eggs? American labor is the fowl for whose eggs we are seeking markets the world over. Our national fowl is laying her eggs, is competing with the fowls of other nations. Do we produce better eggs, and are we able to sell them in world markets for less than other nations, our commercial rivals, are able to do? And if so, why are we able to produce a better article, and sell it for less than our competitors? Is it not because our national hen is a better breed of hen than the hens of other nations? Behind the egg is the hen; behind the products of labor is the laborer.

A superior laborer will produce better work and more of it than an inferior one. How comes it that American labor, outside of the South, holds to-day the front rank among the labor of the world, and has held this foremost place for eighty years? Because it is the freest and most intelligent labor in the world. For the freer and more intelligent the labor, the more efficient as an industrial factor will be that labor. The freest and most intelligent labor is the most productive, the most profitable labor. To the superiority of American labor two things have contributed more than any others: the free common school, and the educative and stimulating function exercised on the minds of laboring men by the right to vote, by the part taken periodically by

them in government, in the choice of rulers, and in the consideration of public questions. The wits of the children are developed, trained in the public schools; the wits of the adults are educated, sharpened at the polls. Labor thus developed mentally, and disciplined in these two great schools of letters and practical civics, is doubly equipped, doubly armed to defend well its own interests at home and abroad, and to defend those of the country also. It is alert, assertive, thoughtful, resourceful, independent, self-respecting, — capable of following and leading. It knows what it wants, what is good for it and what is not. It can take care of itself, can fight its own battle with organized capital at home, and with the rival labor of other countries in world markets. Herein lies the superiority of the labor of our American industrial democracy at the present time, with that one exception, Southern labor.

If this country is to hold what it has gained in world markets, and to add to the same in the future, can it afford longer to neglect that part of its labor which is south of Mason and Dixon's line? Can it afford much longer to look indifferently on measures which are intended to degrade and enslave any portion of our American labor, while its commercial rivals in world markets are devoting special attention to raising by educational and other means the whole body of theirs? Is the rest of the nation going to give the Southern states a free hand in dealing with the negro, when a free hand in dealing with him means on their part the maintenance of a mass of ignorant, degraded, and inefficient labor? Does not the republic need above all things, in her industrial struggle for existence with powerful rivals, to raise not alone the labor of the East, nor that of the North, nor that of the West, but that of the South as well, to raise its whole vast labor citizenry to the highest state of economic efficiency of which that labor citizenry may be capable? The answer to such questions, God knows, is obvious enough.

The means which have raised the labor of the rest of the nation to its present high state of productivity can raise Southern labor, will raise it in due time, if utilized by that section, to a state of equal economic value and industrial efficiency. The things which have made the labor of the North superior will not do less for negro laborers in the South,—freedom, education, equality. Freedom to make the most and the best of themselves as men, as Americans; freedom to fall or rise in the social scale according to merit, not color; education as children in the common schools; education as citizens at the polls; and equality of rights and opportunities with other labor classes, with other groups of Americans regardless of race. When the negro progresses in industrial efficiency, in social well-being and well-doing, the South will progress in these important respects and in others. That section will gain immeasurably, not only in the improved character of its labor, in its heightened value as a producer of wealth, but in its heightened value as a consumer of the staple products of those states and of the commodities exchanged for them in other markets. It is needless to add that the North, the rest of the nation, would gain enormously in wealth, in the volume of its Southern trade, from the same causes. It is, then, wisdom to look carefully after every hen, whether black or white, in our national barnyard, after every hen which lays for the republic golden eggs, as well as to look out for the acquisition of new markets abroad for the sale of those eggs. The national hen is of more value than her eggs, American labor than its products.

IV

In conclusion, there is yet another view of the subject in which the rest of the nation is vitally interested, and that is its politico-sectional side. No discussion of the question of the disfranchisement of the negro by the South is complete which ignores this aspect of it. For it is an aspect which promises eventually to come

very much into notice at the North. At some time in the near or distant future it is going to occupy Northern attention to the exclusion of all other phases of the vexed question, and perhaps of all other questions of national importance besides. For at bottom it involves no less an issue than the old one of political domination between the sections. Possession or control of the government in its three coordinate branches has from the adoption of the Constitution been a cause of difference between the North and the South, with their contrary interests and institutions to be protected and promoted by means of the joint action of those branches.

Before the war, slavery as it affected the negro was not objectionable to the free states, but slavery as it affected those states was. It was not slavery as a moral wrong, but slavery as a political evil to which they were opposed. When they came into conflict over this subject with the slave states, it was not for the sake of helping the slaves, but themselves,—it was to prevent the evil from growing as a political power, to prevent it from increasing its vote in Congress and in the electoral college, to prevent it from dominating in national affairs, in national legislation. Such domination, the free states had learned by bitter experience, acted injuriously upon their interests. Hence Northern opposition to the extension of slavery, to the admission of new slave states. Nor will the rest of the nation interfere to-day in the matter of Southern disfranchisement of the negro for the sake of the negro, that is, because it is more friendly to him than to the South. Not at all. When the rest of the nation interferes in the final settlement of this question, as it will surely interfere, its interference will have regard solely to itself, to its own interests which shall at that time demand such action. But the North cannot interfere politically in the settlement of this question, whether in behalf of the disfranchised negro, or in protection of its own sectional interests,

without mortally offending its sister section, without reviving with new-born bitterness and added intensity the old and fierce rivalry between them, which played such a leading and, at times, violent part in the history of the country for a period of seventy years, — say from 1815 to 1885.

Not the wrong which slavery inflicted upon the negro was, then, the nub of the controversy between the two halves of the Union before the war of the Rebellion, but the undue influence in government which, in the opinion of the Northern, it gave to the Southern half. This undue political influence had its rise in the right of the South under the Constitution to count in the apportionment of representatives among the states five of her slaves as three freemen. This feature of the Constitution was distinctly aristocratic. It certainly was not democratic. For it gave a Southern white man who owned five negro slaves an electoral value in the republic four times greater than that of a Northern white man. This unrepublican, this disproportionate political importance of a Southern slave owner over a Northern freeman produced no end of trouble between the two classes of men. And when it is remembered that the ideas and interests of these two classes of men were far from being identical, that there was, on the contrary, no way of bringing about an identity of ideas and interests between them, — for while one of these groups was born and bred under the aristocratic idea, with a corresponding labor system which rooted itself in that idea, the other group was born and bred under the democratic idea with a corresponding labor system which rooted itself in that idea, — persons living to-day may get some notion of the fierceness and depth of the ante-bellum rivalry which waxed and waned, and waned and waxed, for a half century, between the slaveholding and the non-slaveholding states, for possession of the general government, as a coign of vantage in the struggle between them for domination in the republic.

This strife, with alternations of reverses and triumphs, first for one side and then for the other, went on until 1861, when the rivals resorted to force to settle their differences. The war for the Union decided the momentous conflict in favor of the democratic idea and its system of free labor. The Thirteenth Amendment destroyed slavery and the slave power; or such, at least, was its purpose. The Fourteenth Amendment provided forever against a revival of the old aristocratic idea of inequality of civil conditions between the races in the South — the real ground of difference between the sections — by declaring all persons born or naturalized in the United States to be citizens of the United States. There was not again to exist in the Southern states any system of labor to take the place of the old slave labor system except that of free labor, and there was not again to appear any corresponding political power in the South to take the place of the defunct slave power; or such, at least, was the plain purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment. But in order to make assurance doubly sure on this vital point, a supplementary provision was incorporated into the amendment, to reduce the representation in Congress of any state which shall deny to any portion of its voting population the right to vote, in the proportion which the number of such disfranchised citizens "shall bear to the whole number of citizens twenty-one years of age in such state."

The rest of the nation intended by these two great acts to destroy, root and branch, the old constitutional provision which entitled the South to count five slaves as three freemen in the apportionment of representatives among the states. It was determined to rid the country for all time of any future trouble from that cause. The Reconstruction measures attempted to introduce into the old slave states the democratic idea, and a labor system corresponding to that idea. But in the event of failure in these regards, and the ultimate revival on the part of

those states of the aristocratic idea, and a labor system corresponding to that idea, it was carefully provided that such revival of the old aristocratic idea and labor system should be accompanied by an equivalent loss of political power on the part of those states. They were no longer to eat their cake, metaphorically speaking, and keep it, too. For this eating and keeping something at one and the same time means that the something kept belongs to some one else than the eater. The political power which the South manages to retain in spite of her disfranchisement of the negro does not, therefore, belong to her. If she deprives the negro of the right to vote without being deprived in turn of a proportionate share of her representation in Congress, she has possessed herself wrongfully of a power in national politics, in national legislation, which rightfully belongs to the negro. And this power she may and does exercise against the negro and the North at the same time. It will be seen by the North some day, as it is seen to-day by the negro, that while her old rival has lost on paper the old three-fifths slave representation under the Constitution to which she was entitled before the war, she has not practically suffered any loss at all in this respect, but the contrary. She has actually gained since the war the other two fifths in the apportionment of representatives among the states. For five of her disfranchised colored citizens count to-day the same as five Northern voters, instead of the proportion prevailing in ante-bellum times, when it took five slaves to equal three freemen in Federal numbers.

Following the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment the North seemed still uneasy on this head. For very early coming events in the South were casting shadows before them to the manifest disturbance of the Northern mind. Heeding these shadows of ill omen along the Southern horizon, the North decided to clear the national sky of every shadowy possibility of a return of conditions which existed be-

fore the war, and which vexed her sorely during those bitter years. Apprehensive, then, lest the Fourteenth Amendment had not made a repetition of this history impossible, the nation adopted the Fifteenth Amendment, which ordains that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Each of those three great steps was taken by the North to rid the country of the Southern aristocratic idea, and of its corresponding labor system; to plough into Southern soil the democratic idea and its corresponding system of free labor; to purge the Constitution of its hateful three-fifths slave representation principle; to redress, in short, the old balance of political power between the sections in order to secure forever the domination of our Northern industrial democracy in national affairs.

Then ensued naturally enough in the wake of a period of great emotions a period of strong reaction at the North. That section grew weary of the everlasting negro question, and began to yearn for peace, for a cessation of strife between the sections; began to yearn for change, for other sensations, for other interests of a more material kind, — for dollars and dividends, for railroads and mines and factories, for buying and selling, for the thousand and one things which make up the busy life, the activity of a great and enterprising people. The spirit of modern commercialism descended like a consuming flame on the new generation which followed the war. Modern industrialism sucked like a huge maelstrom the whole multifarious and multitudinous life and forces of the nation into itself, with that one exception, the South.

This chapter in our history illustrates afresh the truth of the old fable of the race between the tortoise and the hare, which race was not to the swift hare that stopped on the way, but to the slow, the ever moving tortoise. The Northern Hare ran swiftly, when it did run, along the course

of Southern Reconstruction, but it did not endure to the end. Whereas the Southern Tortoise, slow but sure, has kept its equal pace without a pause from the close of the war to the present time. It did not weary of the everlasting negro question. It does not weary of it. It will not weary of it until it is settled to its entire satisfaction.

The democratic idea of government has been put to rout in every Southern state by the old aristocratic idea founded in race prejudice and race distinctions. A labor system is fast growing up about this idea, — a labor system as much opposed to the labor system of the rest of the nation, as was the old slave system to the free labor of the North. There can be no lasting peace between them now, any more than such peace was possible between them in the period before the war. The political and industrial interests of the sections are not the same, and cannot be made the same so long as differences so fundamental in respect to government and labor exist between them. The conflict of the two contrary ideas of government, of the two contrary labor systems, for survivorship in the Union, may be postponed as it is to-day, but it cannot be extinguished except by the extinction of one or the other of the old rivals. For they are doomed, in one form or another, by economic and social laws, to ceaseless rivalry and strife.

In this strife the disfranchisement of the negro by the South is a distinct vic-

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tory for the Southern idea, for the Southern rival, over the Northern idea, the Northern rival. The Southern idea has taken on new life, is re-sowing itself, striking powerful roots into Southern soil. And while it is steadily strengthening its ascendancy over those states, its pollen dust is slowly spreading in many devious ways, blown by winds of destiny beyond the limits of those states, attacking with subtle, far-reaching, and deep-reaching influences the democratic idea of the rest of the nation, giving aid and form to all those feelings, thoughts, purposes, hidden or open, but active, in the republic, hostile to popular government, to the democratic principle of equality and universal suffrage. The South has thrown down its gage of battle for the aristocratic idea, for the labor system which grows out of that idea. This gage of battle is the disfranchisement of the negro because he is a negro, and the consequent degradation of him as a laborer. Will the North accept the challenge of its old rival, will it pick up the gage of battle thus thrown down? I think that it will. I am sure that it will. When? I confess frankly I do not know. But of this I have no doubt, that when this time comes, as come it must, the negro will mark again, as he did formerly, the dead line between the combatants, — between the aristocratic idea of the South and the democratic idea of the rest of the nation; between the labor system of the South and the labor system of the rest of the nation.

ARS AMORIS

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

JAMIE ALLISON was one of those who take their theories seriously, and by too much speculation grow pale over nice points of moral and æsthetic casuistry. But old Thaddeus Bourne was still, on the whole, a romantic person; there was a gentle aroma of worldliness about him, the grace of the sentiment of remembered vanities, a flavor of old letters, and the faded garlands of past revelings; the continual flower in his buttonhole seemed like a votive offering to the memory of a romance.

For these reasons, and because the fire in the club reading-room burned with a speculative air, it came about that they fell to discussing the theory and practice of love-making, and that Thaddeus spoke as follows:—

“Very few men are good love-makers nowadays, if you look at them from the point of performance, and not of success. They succeed; yes, they succeed! It is much to be regretted. But in the first place, in their choice of a subject, they are always putting up with the crude dictates of chance. Secondly, they say to themselves, ‘We will be frank and down-right. We will simply state this case to the other party, and credit her with equal knowledge of her desires or interests.’ Thus they take their business habits into it. They regard love-making as the preliminary negotiations to a contract. As business men they keep the ultimate issue so much in view as to disregard the process as an end in itself. Therefore women find them, as a rule, disappointing. For love-making is not business, but art. It has the same definition as the other arts, namely, the nice treatment of the emotions. Now, women appreciate art. They have instinctive insight into techni-

cal perfection, and they don’t wish to be made love to on business principles; and yet the loveliest and the best are constantly being wooed and won in the crudest fashion. They suppose the fault must lie in the nature of men, in the native inadequacy and ineptitude of men, and they put up with it because they think they have to. There was more grace and delicacy in it in my day.”

Whereupon Allison went away, taking the subject seriously.

In his own rooms he settled himself in a chair, stretched his feet on the low window-sill, and looked out at the afternoon May sunlight, shining broad and bright down the middle of the street, and filtering through delicate new maple leaves to the sidewalk. The air was moist and fresh, and the syringas were sprouting on the lawn.

“If you ever mean to get a result,” he thought, “you must have a system.

“The nice conduct of love-making, then, falls into three divisions:—

“First: Choice of Subject, that is to say, the lady.

“Second: Study of the Subject’s special demands, that is to say, her tastes and likings.

“Third: A large division under the general head of ‘Method;’ under which it must be decided whether the subject should be treated in (a) the realistic manner, that is, with accurate detail; or (b) the impressionistic, that is, with an eye mainly to the general atmosphere, a devotional manner, for instance, being regarded as more important than a minute attention. So far, good!”

Here Allison paused and reviewed his statement. It seemed to him that any really thoughtful love-making must, at one time or another, touch upon all these points, and that this was the logical order.

As to the First Division, or the Choice of Subject, it seemed to be settled already by the fact that he had been in the habit of considering himself already in love. Nevertheless, this must be examined. Fay Allison was his cousin, more or less distant; they had grown up together, though some years apart; therefore the choice was originally not discriminating, but accidental. This had to be admitted, but it seemed outweighed by the fact that he felt no inclination to unmake the choice.

"In fact," concluded Allison, "excepting a small primary lapse of the theory, why is n't Fay an especially well-adapted subject? She is not used to artistic love-making. Our relations have been off-hand, matter-of-fact, amiable, but brutal. The superiority of artistic love-making will be only the more distinct. She will appreciate the difference. Is it not, though accidental, a well-made choice? Check off 'Subject.'

"Second Division, or Study of the Subject's Peculiarities. Now, Fay is a girl of remarkable vivacity of mind, and also of remarkable self-poise. She is frank, but reserved, aware of her good looks, but not self-conscious. Check off Division Two."

"Division Three, or Method." Under this head Allison made the following miscellaneous notes:—

"1. A compliment should always have the air of passing a remark, — a certain purposelessness about it.

"2. The definition of love-making, namely, 'nice treatment of the emotions,' has two parts: First, her emotions; second, my emotions.

"3. Go and see Mrs. Maverling."

So ended Allison's notes, with the enigmatic entry, — "Go and see Mrs. Maverling."

II

Mrs. Maverling came to Hamilton some years back. She lived alone, on Charles Street, behind St. Mary's Church.

It was said in Hamilton society that she had married unhappily, but that perhaps was nobody's business. She was some relation of the Suttons. As to her age, Thaddeus Bourne, who knew everything about everybody, said thirty, — because it would not have been believed if he had said twenty-five, and because it would have been believed if he had said thirty-five; so prone to evil is the world, so acutely polite was Thaddeus. She was worldly after Thaddeus's own heart, with the touch of sentiment which Thaddeus considered ultra-worldly. As for Allison, he thought she was like the Persian poets, or the Calculus, something one would wish to know about, if one knew how, and life were not so short.

"Humility is the beginning of wisdom," he reflected, mounting Mrs. Maverling's steps. The window in her drawing-room was partly open, but a light fire snapped on the hearth, and Mrs. Maverling was regarding her feet severely, which were planted against the andirons. Allison did not think her expression promising.

"Might I inquire," he asked, "what's the matter?"

"I was arguing whether or not my feet were wet."

"Does n't that sort of knowledge come by intuition?" asked Allison timidly.

"No. It depends on other shoes, likelihood of sore throat, and a number of things."

Certainly Mrs. Maverling was not in a good humor. Allison made haste with his preliminaries.

"Mrs. Maverling," he said, "I'm the scum of the earth."

"Cream," corrected the lady scornfully.

"No," said Allison. "I want to convince you of my humility."

"You can't do it."

"But I have a special purpose in it. I want to ask your advice, and if you think I'm rampant with conceit, you won't give it till you've combed me down. You take so much pains to comb me down, and I

thought it would save time. I'm after a special kind of lore, and I'm going to sit at your feet for it."

"Oh, well," she said after a pause, "that's different."

"You see, Mrs. Maverling," Allison began, "I'm in love, of course."

"Oh! You're in love, of course!"

"Yes. And if Fay can be persuaded to take me seriously, it will probably be the only love-making I shall ever do. Consequently, I want to do it as well as possible. I want to consider what is the best possible way. Will you criticise the idea?"

"In the first place, it's not humble," said Mrs. Maverling. "Humility would tell you that it will take the best love-making you can do to get her anyway."

Allison shook his head.

"That is n't the point. Listen and I'll expound. In ideal love-making the final outcome is a matter about which the lover has prayerful hopes, but he deserves no success who does not make each step of his progress excellent in its kind. He must love art for art's sake. But this is the point. The art of love-making at present is in a deplorable state. Women accept crude, careless love-making because they have to. Men make use of it because women accept it, and it is consequently effective. Now this is where the root of the evil lies. The art of love-making is lost through utilitarianism. Now my theory is, first, that the initial step for the reformed lover is to learn to subordinate the end to the means; to devote himself simply to study and understand the tones, qualities, and chords of his lady's character, and how to apply his own to them to the most harmonious result. You understand all that. Secondly, my theory is, that women may be trusted to appreciate the difference, and see that it is effective."

"A woman would n't accept a particular man, to show appreciation of his method, when she liked another one better," suggested Mrs. Maverling.

"No, and it would n't do any good if

she did. She must fall in love with the man who does his wooing best; other things being equal she must do it always, or else my theory is wrong."

"I see. That would be a pity. Other things never are equal. You want me to criticise your theory? It's better than likely."

Allison thought a moment. "No, not now. I want you to help me understand Fay."

Mrs. Maverling sat a long time silent, with her chin on her hand. The humorous mouth looked as if sensitive with memories that would not be laughed at, and the long eyelashes drooped. "Oh, well," she said at last, "I can do that;" and she talked very cleverly about Fay, to Allison's great satisfaction.

He was not sure that he understood Mrs. Maverling any better than before. Strictly speaking, that was not important, of course. To the reformed lover all other women ought to be enigmas merely, mysteries uninquired into, but worshiped vaguely and incidentally, as the pedestal of a particular divinity.

Mrs. Maverling, however, continued to lie in the background of his mind, like the Persian poets, or the Calculus, even while he entered old Christian Allison's dominant residence on Temple Square, with its green lawn and elm trees in front, and tennis court at the side.

Fay came flying down the stairs. She looked even more brilliantly radiating than usual, a Greek goddess in a white sweater, and swinging a racket.

"What a prig you are, Jamie!" she cried impatiently. "Why did n't you wear your tennis jeans instead of that everlasting thing you call a coat? Besides, you have n't been here for a week."

Allison was about to call attention to the inconsequence of the "besides," to correct the "week" into three days, and casually to remind her, in detail, of the special kind of idiot she had been on that last occasion; but he caught himself and took up his rôle.

"I know it, Fay," he said gently. "I'm

sorry." He paused and looked at her a moment. "If you did n't look so particularly pretty I might be able to go away now and change."

Fay opened her eyes wide, and stood by the door with flushed face, hesitating and tapping her foot with the racket.

"I did n't mean to be cross, Jamie," she said, and then laughed. "You ought to give me warning when you are going to be nice. Will you really go and change?"

"After all," he reflected a quarter of an hour later, fishing in the back of his closet for flannels, "that was nothing but the 'soft answer turning away wrath.' There was nothing really artistic about it. I'll have to do better."

III

With frequent conversation with Mrs. Maverig, who listened languidly to his discourses on the separate elements of Fay Allison's soul, and seemed inclined to bridge over his distinctions, Allison pursued his theory, racked his brains for devices, and searched the poets for inspiration. The Petrarchan sonneteers he thought irreproachably good form, but difficult to apply. Fay did not seem susceptible of allegorical treatment. The effect of the "Method" on her was odd. She left off wearing sweaters and dropped her slang. She fell to going about more soberly, more quietly; to glancing at Allison with startled or questioning eyes. Finally she seemed to grow constrained and even repellent. She made no comment on the "Method." Allison doubted gloomily whether she noticed the "Method" at all. Mrs. Maverig thought she did. "Why," she said, "if you go on handling her like Venetian glass and keeping up the atmosphere of an Italian sonnet, what do you suppose she thinks about it? Do you imagine you are making love to a china image? The trouble with your Italian sonnets is, that they make love to china images which are not required to move. If you insist on our sitting still, we may

submit, or we may like it, but you must n't refuse us some commotions of our own."

"We should n't refuse or require anything," answered Allison. "Whatever you do ought to be right to us."

"And do you suppose we feel complimented with a guaranteed approbation? You surround us with a rosy mist. I don't say we are not comfortable in the mist, but still might n't even a Virgin in her shrine sometimes long to have her worshipers disapprove of her, and wish the incense were more tart?"

"That's another idea," Allison muttered gloomily. "Do you think the 'Method' is all wrong?"

Mrs. Maverig stood at the window with her hands clasped behind her, looking out on the leaves dripping with the June rains. On sodden, coldly depressing days, and in moments when the memory of one's experience tastes badly in the mouth, it sometimes seems possible to know too much of the realism of life; the incense and withdrawal of a shrine seem not unenviable. Experience! In a little while our lips are dumb, and our individuality has already almost ceased to interest us. Possibly Mrs. Maverig thought the actual heart of womanhood needed something other than a recognition of its citizenship, or even its common humanity; possibly she was not generalizing at all, for the face that looked out of the window in the gray afternoon was a face that few who knew Mrs. Maverig were acquainted with, and one of which Allison was quite unaware. Only Thaddeus Bourne, passing by in the mist, looked up at the face, took off his hat and kept it off till he reached the corner.

"No," said Mrs. Maverig, "I think it must be right."

IV

Toward the last of July, the Suttons, across the square from Christian Allison's, gave a ball. The Suttons were famous for their chrysanthemums, which

are vulgar flowers, and suggest magnifying glasses and analyses, their spiky petals standing out over-distinctly.

Allison and Fay left the house together, crossed the square silently, and sat down on the steps of the porch in the shadow of Christian Allison's tuberoses bushes, which Christian had planted for other purposes.

"Jamie," she said, "I'm going to surprise you."

"You always surprise me. The right attitude of love does not differ very much from surprise." But Fay did not even look bewildered, as she had usually done when Allison defined his enamored condition. She looked determined.

"I want you to go and tell Mrs. Maverick that I am not old enough to be so clever as that. She will understand. Will you?"

"I will do whatever you want me to, of course," he said placidly. "You need n't tell me why. It is a test of faith."

She made a movement of impatience, and went on hurriedly:—

"You don't care for me! Not even as you used to! You make believe until you don't know what you mean yourself. You only care for your little game. You make experiments on me. Don't do it any more. I don't think it's good for me. You don't care for me any more than Petrarch did for Laura. You don't! You don't! The only real woman you care for is Mrs. Maverick, and the joke is that she knows it, but it's a dull joke, it's a dull joke."

"Oh, now!" broke in Allison. "Don't drag things around in the dirt! Why do you think that?"

"Because she gave you bad advice."

They rose, and Allison said gravely, "That about Mrs. Maverick is neither kind nor true. But then, the rest is n't true either, and that's more cheerful. I love you both ways, Fay, my star, and my girl. Why do you give motives to another woman that you would n't act on yourself?"

Fay laughed.

"Oh, but I would, Jamie! I would!"

She caught her breath with a sob, and added, "There's only one way," and disappeared.

Allison turned back across the square to the Sutton house, and threaded his way among the dancers, chaperons, and such manner of obstruction, in search of Mrs. Maverick. He found her in a corner behind the chrysanthemums, sparring composedly with Thaddeus Bourne.

"I should like Mrs. Maverick," said Allison. "How long have you had her?"

"Well, Jamie," said Thaddeus, "I imagine you've come about the right time. I'm the most interesting person there is for half an hour, but my half hour is nearly up. I shall go and find Mrs. Sutton. She likes my old stories the fortieth time better than the first. I'm a jester, Mrs. Maverick; by profession, a poor, motley Yorick. I jingle my bells and take my leave. But Jamie looks like a melancholy Dane."

And Thaddeus departed, seeking the serene certainty of Mrs. Sutton's approval.

"Have you had a tiff with Dulcinea?" said Mrs. Maverick, after a long pause.

"That's just it!" groaned Allison. "Am I quixotic? And what then? Look here, Mrs. Maverick! She says, in the first place, she's not old enough to be so clever as that. As what? What does she mean? And what did she want me to tell you that for?"

Mrs. Maverick rested her cheek on one finger, and made no answer.

"In the second place, she says I don't care for her so much as for a little game I'm playing. Now, that is n't so."

"Oh, that is n't so! But was n't that the doctrine?"

"No! In the third place, she says if I'm in love with any actual person, it's you. That is n't so, either."

"Oh, that is n't so, either!"

"Well," said Allison penitently, "wait a moment. In the fourth place, she says you gave me bad advice. Now, she is wrong; but what I want to know is, has she the right to be wrong that way?"

Mrs. Mavering laughed softly.

"Perhaps she has. She has quick instincts. 'Clever?' Perhaps not. She has been growing capable, at least. The trouble is that she does n't understand herself, and she thinks that I do — understand myself — but I don't."

"In the fifth place," persisted Allison, "she says there's only one way to follow in love. Is n't there? What is the way?"

Mrs. Mavering was silent a moment, and then said quietly, "I don't know. I did n't find it."

She rose, and added, "You need n't be down-hearted. She will look for you tomorrow."

Then Mrs. Sutton appeared around the chrysanthemums, saying, "Rachel, your carriage;" and old Thaddeus Bourne followed, to ask if Cinderella would leave a slipper; and Allison departed, wondering what might be the status of his theory now; and each person of the story, as of other stories known to the chrysanthemums that night, went his or her several ways, with his or her several thoughts, and opinions probably wrong.

"The hearth was cold when Cinderella went home," said Mrs. Mavering to Thaddeus Bourne. "She sat down again among the ashes."

As her carriage drove away Thaddeus stood still on the sidewalk and shook his head thoughtfully.

V

Toward the end of October the shaded streets of Hamilton had a golden glow from the autumn leaves, still hanging, or already lying crimson and yellow on the

sidewalks. It is a cheerful season, for one reason, because, after all, it is only a cool and quiet pause. It closes and locks no door forever.

When the mallow in the croft lies down,
Or the pale parsley or the crisped anise,
Again they grow, another year they flourish;
But we, the great, the valiant and the wise,

when our "youth's sweet-scented manuscript" is closed, cannot see ourselves in happy categories with the mallow, the parsley, and the crisped anise, who will open on another spring their freshly scented manuscripts.

Mrs. Mavering and Thaddeus Bourne came from St. Mary's Church into the street together. The sounds of the Lohengrin March died away behind them. Thaddeus was saying that Jamie would make love to his wife now on an elaborate theory, — on several theories, — and that it would be an immense success.

"I humbly claim a share in the success. The theory was mine."

Mrs. Mavering did not answer. They passed down the street rustling through the fallen leaves.

"Sadness is disloyalty to life," said the old man at last.

She answered almost inaudibly: "It comes on me suddenly at times. A dream of my own fell to ashes ten years ago. Forgive me. I have been foolish, and now I am tired."

"You had better take me home to lunch with you," said Thaddeus. "I'll jingle my bells to amuse you. I'm superannuated in the useful service of folly. Well, well! My motley is faded, my cap and bauble are worn old things, but they will last my time."

THE MYSTERY OF GOLF

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

THREE things there are as unfathomable as they are fascinating to the masculine mind: metaphysics; golf; and the feminine heart. The Germans, I believe, pretend to have solved some of the riddles of the first, and the French to have unravelled some of the intricacies of the last; will some one tell us wherein lies the extraordinary fascination of Golf?

I have just come home from my Club. We played till we could not see the flag; the caddies were sent a-head to find the balls by the thud of their fall; and a low large moon threw whispering shadows on the dew-wet grass — or ere we trode the home-green. At dinner the talk was of Golf; and for three mortal hours after dinner the talk was — of Golf. Yet the talkers were neither idiots, fools, nor monomaniacs. On the contrary, many of them were grave men of the world. At all events the most monomaniacal of the lot was a prosperous man of affairs, worth I do not know how many thousands, which thousands he had made by the same mental faculties by which this evening he was trying to probe or to elucidate the profundities and complexities of this so-called “game.” — Will some one tell us wherein lies its fascination?

There is rampant in the world at the present moment a sort of sporting mania, an international sporting mania; excellent in its way, but very difficult to analyse or account for. Manias of one kind or another are not unknown to history. Such, for example, was the mania for Crusades in the Middle Ages. It had a highly rational basis, namely the defence of Christendom against Islam and the wresting of the Holy Land from its desecrating possessors. But to such lengths did this mania go that in 1212 an army of children once actually set out, with ban-

ners and paraphernalia, to conquer some vague, invisible foe; with the result that hundreds died before they had gone any distance, and hundreds were sold into slavery. Such, too, was the Hippodrome mania in the fourth century at Byzantium, when feeling ran so high that society was divided into hostile sections, and money, and even blood, was recklessly spent in contests between the faction of the Green and the faction of the Blue. And such was the tulip mania of Holland in 1637, when, so keen was the rivalry for bulbs, that a whole nation was absorbed in the strife and many a family ruined itself by speculation in rare or mythical roots.

Well, today the western world seems to be labouring under something of the same sort. Year by year athletics occupy a larger share of the attention, not only of the students, but of the teachers, at our schools and colleges, and year by year the sums spent in intercollegiate and international contests increase. To win a comparatively valueless cup by means of a comparatively unserviceable craft, a single individual spends some millions of sesterces, and two nations look on intent on the race and applaud. Teams without number, of all kinds, cross and re-cross the Atlantic and Pacific; money is poured out like water on race-horses, motor-cars, dirigible balloons, and what-not. — Like the Crusades, there is for all this a highly rational basis, that most laudable one of amicable rivalry in brain or muscle; but, like the Crusades, it is a question whether it is not here and there just a little overdone.

This does not explain the fascination of Golf. No; but it may help to explain its existence. Golf is some hundreds of years old; but only in the last two or three decades has it obtained its extraordinary

footing. The interesting question is, Why is it that, amongst the thousand-and-one games today played by men, women, and children in Europe and America, why is it that Golf commands so large a share of attention, of serious and thoughtful attention? The literature of Golf is now immense, and, much of it, good. Eminent men have devoted to it serious study; mathematicians try to solve its problems; prime ministers play it; multimillionaires resort to it; and grown men the world over jeopardize for it name and fame and fortune. Not even Bridge quite so absorbs its votaries. Cricketers, foot-ballers, tennis-players do not so utterly abandon homes and offices for the crease, the field, or the lawn. Only the Golfer risks everything so he may excel in putting little balls into little holes. — What is the clue to the mystery?

The clue is a complex one. To begin with, it is threefold: physiological; psychological; social. — In the first place, no other game has so simple an object or one requiring, apparently, so simple an exertion of muscular effort. To knock a ball into a hole — that seems the acme of ease. It is a purely physiological matter of moving your muscles *so*, thus the tyro argues; and in order to move his muscles *so*, he expends more time and money and thought and temper than he cares, at the year's end, to compute. Without doubt the ball must be impelled by muscular movement: how to co-ordinate that muscular movement — that is the physiological factor in the fascination of Golf.

In the second place, when the novice begins to give some serious consideration to the game, he discovers that there is such a thing as style in Golf, and that a good style results in good Golf. He begins to think there must be some recondite knack in the game, a knack that has to be learned by the head and taught by the head to the muscles. Accordingly he takes lessons, learns rules, reads books, laboriously thinks out every stroke, and by degrees comes to the conclusion that

mind or brain has as much to do with the game as have hand and eye. — It is here that the psychological factor comes in.

In the third place, having progressed a bit, having learned with a certain degree of skill to manipulate his several clubs; having learned also, and being able with more or less precision to put into practice, certain carefully conned rules as to how he shall stand and how he shall swing, the beginner — for he is still a beginner — discovers that he has not yet learned everything. He discovers that the character of his opponent and the quality of his opponent's play exercise a most extraordinary influence over him. Does he go out with a greater duffer than himself, unconsciously he finds himself growing over-confident or careless. Does he go out with a redoubtable player, one whose name on the Club Handicap stands at Scratch, he cannot allay a certain exaltation or trepidation highly noxious to his game. And it is in vain that he attempts to reason these away. Not only so, but even after months of practice, when the exaltation or trepidation is under control, often it will happen that an opponent's idiosyncrasies will so thoroughly upset him that he will vow never to play with that idiosyncratic again. This we may call the social or moral element. It affects the feelings or the emotions; it affects the mind through these feelings or emotions; and, through the mind, it affects the muscles.

Now, I take it that there is no other game in which these three fundamental factors — the physiological, the psychological, and the social or moral — are so extraordinarily combined or so constantly called into play. Some sports, such as football, polo, rowing, call chiefly for muscular activity, judgement, and nerve; others, such as chess, draughts, backgammon, call upon the intellect only. In no other game that I know of is, first, the whole anatomical frame brought into such strenuous yet delicate action at every stroke; or, second, does the mind play so

important a part in governing the actions of the muscles; or, third, do the character and temperament of your opponent so powerfully affect you as they do in Golf. To play well, these three factors in the game must be most accurately adjusted, and their accurate adjustment is as difficult as it is fascinating.

However, after all this abstruse metaphysical disquisition, shall we essay to discover practically what it is at bottom makes a man play well and what it is makes a man play ill; and what it is makes a man one day play well, and the next day ill? — Ah! he who could answer such queries would tear the veil from Maia. Some men there be, of course, who will never play Golf: either they have a poor “eye;” or their muscular sense is but imperfectly developed; or their keenness in sport is nil; or they are too much taken up with the things of this world; or they are men wrapt up in the contemplation of so-called higher things. University professors I have known who, when they ought to have had their eye upon the ball, had their eye upon the clouds, and their minds farther off still. Other men I have known to whom a round of Golf was so casual and frivolous a pass-time that they would seek to relieve the tedium of the game (and perhaps entertain you!) by the narration between strokes of interminable and point-less anecdotes. Never by such men will the Antient and Royal Game be properly played. By such men Golf may be given up at once and for ever. For, despite all appearances to the contrary, Golf is one of the most serious of sports. As well try to study metaphysics indifferently, or to attack the feminine heart indiscreetly, as try to play Golf spiritlessly. One cannot serve Golf and Mammon. Golf is the most jealous of mistresses. Are you worried and distraught; are you in debt and expecting a dun; are stocks unsteady and your margin small; is a note falling due; or has a more than ordinarily delicate feminine entanglement gone somewhat awry? Go not near the links. Take a

country walk, or go for a ride; drop into the Club and ask numerous friends to assuage their thirst; — do anything rather than attempt the simple task of putting a little ball into a little hole. For to put that little ball into that little hole — or rather into those eighteen little holes — requires . . . Requires what? Alas! so many things, so many unthought-of things. It requires, in the first place, a mind absolutely imperturbed, imperturbable. You may play chess or bridge or polo or poker on the eve of bankruptcy; I defy you to play Golf on the eve of a curtain lecture. It takes a strong character to play strong Golf. Golf is as accurate an ethical criterion of a man as is the Decalogue. Perhaps this is why your rigid and puritanical Scots Presbyterian plays so admirably. An eminent Scots philosopher once told me that the eminence of Scottish philosophy (note the Scottish appraisal of things Scottish, an you will) was due to the fact that Scots philosophers were brought up on the Shorter Catechism. I venture to think he might have extended his axiom to the St. Andrew’s game. — But, not to beat about the bush, this much is certain: Golf is a game in which attitude of mind counts for incomparably more than mightiness of muscle. Given an equality of strength and skill, the victory in Golf will be to him who is captain of his soul. Give me a clear eye, a healthy liver, a strong will, a collected mind, and a conscience void of offence both toward God and toward men, and I will back the pigmy against the giant. Golf is a test, not so much of the muscle, or even of the brain and nerves of a man, as it is a test of his inmost veriest self; of his soul and spirit; of his whole character and disposition; of his temperament; of his habit of mind; of the entire content of his mental and moral nature as handed down to him by unnumbered multitudes of ancestors. Does his pedigree date back to Romantic heroes — Frankish horsemen or Provençal Knights? Let him see to it that he curbs his impulsive Southern ardour. Does he trace his descent to the

Vikings of the North, strenuous sea-kings that roamed afar and devastated foreign shores? Let him see to it that he applies himself to tasks more close at hand, that he wins nearer victories. Is he a stolid Goth, bull-necked and big of loin? Let him see to it that the more agile-witted Kelt does not wrest victory from him by a deftness more delicate.

But all this, again, is vague, theoretic, abstruse. What you, my confidential reader, seek, I know, is some simple, intelligible, practicable rule by which to determine how you, when you ring up an opponent and propose a match, shall be able to play transcendently well. What is it, precisely, that will enable you to go round under eighty today?—Confidential reader, did ever you hear tell of the elixir of life? Did ever you hear tell of the universal solvent? of the philosopher's stone? of the Sphinx her riddle? or of Fortunatus his cap? Mayhap you have. But mayhap you do not know that the secret of success in Golf is more recondite, far more recondite, than is any one of these. These be bagatelles compared with that. A greater fortune awaits him who will discover and divulge the mystery of Golf than that awaits him who will square the circle, explain the potentialities of radium, or solve the problem of the perpetuity of motion. — For, mark you, it is not against the fellow-man his human opponent that the Golfer really wars. Nor is it even against Bogey that he pits his skill. The contest is with himself. There is no reason known amongst men why any Golfer should ever get into a bunker. He knows, or he thinks he knows, exactly how every stroke in the round should be played. He may carry as many clubs as he likes, clubs of the most flagitious and flamboyant make. Grave and reverent signiors will stand stock-still and dumb the while he drives; and no thing on this terraqueous globe be permitted to impede his play. A sanguine flag gratuitously points out for him the hole; overtly printed on the sand-box or the score-card is the distance; his blameless

ball (over the making of which countless rival manufacturers have expended an ingenuity extreme) lies meekly at his feet — could Nature, or Art, or the invention of Man farther go to expedite his way? It is Nature, it is Bogey, that are handicapped, not he; — and perchance it is the cognizance of the enormity of the responsibility thus laid upon him that appals the timorous Golfer. The conditions are simple in the extreme: to knock a ball into a hole; and damp sand, and mown fields, and rolled greens, and caddie, and professional, and flag — to say nothing of cobbler's-wax, and resin, and chalk, and hob-nails, and a red coat — contribute to aid him in coping with his foe. — Against whom do you contend if not against yourself?

Ah! But the conditions are the same for your opponent also. There's the rub. He too, therefore, wages a warfare against self. Accordingly Golf resolves itself into this: — It is not a wrestle with Bogey; it is not a struggle with your mortal foe; it is a physiological, psychological, and moral fight with yourself; it is a test of mastery over self; and the ultimate and irreducible constituent of the game is to determine which of the players is the more worthy combatant. You try to prove to your opponent that you are a better man than he; and your opponent tries to prove to you that he is a better man than you; and the ordeal is decided by competition with a mutual and ideal foe, a foe merciless and implacable; a foe impeccable and impartial, and that will by no means clear the guilty. Golf is the refined modern equivalent of the ancient barbarous Ordeal. To support our claims to superiority today, we do not walk blind-fold and bare-foot over nine red-hot plough-shares, we invite our opponent to beat us in putting a ball into eighteen holes; and we look to Pan — in the shape of bunkers and hazards — to Defend the Right; — and Pan is as inexorable as the plough-shares.

Golf seems to bring the man, the very inmost man, into contact with the man,

the very inmost man. In football and hockey you come into intimate — and often forcible enough — contact with the outer man; chess is a clash of intellects; but in Golf character is laid bare to character. This is why so many friendships — and some enmities — are formed on the links. Despite the ceremony with which the game is played: the elaborate etiquette, the punctilious adhesion to the honour, the enforced silence during the address, the rigid observance of rules, few if any games so strip a man of the conventional and the artificial. In a single round you can sum up a man, can say whether he be truthful, courageous, honest, upright, generous, sincere, slow to anger — or the reverse. — Of these arcanæ of Golf the uninitiated onlooker knows nothing. Yet if ever that onlooker is initiated into these Eleusinian mysteries, he changes his mind and sees in the links a school for the disciplinary exercise of a cynical or stoical self-command rivalling that of the Cynosarges or the Porch.

Not only is Golf an excellent test of character, it is also an excellent medicament for character. Did we only know it, there is a whole *Materia Medica* between sand-box and flag. The volatile can find, if he will, a sedative; the phlegmatic, an alterative; the neurasthenic, a tonic. And it is a test of character in more ways than one: the cheat simply could not play Golf: in the last resort, no one would play with him. It is also a test of tact. Many a man has to learn how to lend a deaf ear politely to a loquacious friend, or to curb his own tongue when playing with a taciturn one; and probably there is no one but has had on some occasion or other to keep his own temper sweet while the atmosphere about him was mephitic with a surly silence or rent by vituperative abuse.

The two best schools for mind and manners, says the sage, are the Court and the Camp. He might have added a third. He who would attain self-knowledge should frequent the links. If one seriously essays the task, one will “find oneself”

in Golf. Few things better reveal a man to himself than zealous and persistent efforts to decrease his handicap. That profound and ancient maxim *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*, a maxim so ancient and profound that Juvenal averred it had descended from heaven (*Sat.* xi, 27), might be inscribed on the portal of every Golf Club. Even it might be said that Tennyson’s trinity of excellences, self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control, are nowhere so worthily sought, or so efficacious when found, as on the links. — To the Greeks this will be foolishness; to Golfers a platitudinous truism.

For Golf must be played “conscientiously” — so an eminent King’s Counsel once remarked to me. He was right. The duffer imagines that at the very most it only requires a good “hand and eye” and some sort of knack. A good eye and a very large amount of skill it certainly does need; but he who thinks that these are the Alpha and Omega of Golf will be apt to remain a duffer long. Between this Alpha and this Omega is a whole alphabet. Golf requires the most concentrated mental attention. It requires also just as concentrated a moral attention. The moral factors in the game are as important as the physical. He who succumbs to temptation will have to succumb to defeat. *Satis imperat*, says an old adage, *qui sibi est imperiosus*: he rules enough who rules himself. This should be the motto of every Golfer. “If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men,” says the Dhammapada with oriental extravagance, “and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors —” a text which is brought home to one in every round. “Greater,” said Solomon, “is he that ruleth himself than he that taketh a city.” In Golf the ruler of himself will take many a hole. — And in truth the Golfer knows this, and many and curious sometimes are the means he adopts to attain this end. Every reader will recall the idiosyncrasies of his friends, even if he cannot recall his own: how one will regale himself on stout and steak, and

another lunch off chicken and tea; how Robinson will order a tankard of ale, and Anderson a pony of Scotch; how Bibulus will challenge Asceticus to take another helping of pie, and Asceticus respond by challenging Bibulus to wash it down with liqueur; how Medicus will seek by diet or drugs to eliminate this or that unheard-of acid from his frame, and Hereticus live high to accomplish the same purpose. — The cellar and the pantry of a Golf Club, an they would, could divulge many a tale. And all, what for? To “bring under,” as St. Paul saith, this peccant body of ours, or to brace this puny soul of ours to the conflict so that we shall not “beat the air,” as saith St. Paul again.

The thousand and one things that we should *not* do in Golf are evidence of the difficulties of the game. In no other game must immense strength go hand in hand with extreme delicacy. If a fraction of a square inch of wood or steel does not come in contact with a fraction of a cubic inch of gutta-percha exactly *so* and not otherwise, you are landed in a bunker, or you fly off to one side, or you over-run the hole. And in every stroke in Golf this nicety of accuracy is necessary. If in the Drive the whole weight and strength of the body, from the nape of the neck to the soles of the feet, are not transferred from body to ball through the minute and momentary contact of club with ball absolutely surely, yet swiftly — you top, or you pull, or you schlaf, or you slice, or you swear (let us hope episcopally: which, being interpreted, according to the anecdote, signifieth silently). So with the Put. Not even an expert dare be careless of his stance or his stroke even for the shortest of Puts. And as to that Mashie shot, where you loft high over an abominable bunker and fall dead with a back spin and a cut to the right on a keen and declivitous green — is there any stroke in any game quite so delightfully difficult as that?

The difficulties of Golf are immense. For think for a moment, there is scarcely a muscle in the body that is not called

into play; and every muscle is controlled by a nerve. In fact every muscle is a bundle of fibres or spindles, and every fibre or spindle is controlled by a branch of a nerve, cannot contract save in response to a stimulus conveyed to it by a branch of a nerve. Unless an order is sent from the brain and distributed to each and every part of the machinery which moves the trunk and limbs, not a movement can be made. And to ensure harmonious and co-ordinate movement, those orders must be very carefully, not only timed, but apportioned. Indeed, it would seem that duplicate orders, that two sets of stimuli, have to be despatched. There is, first, that which governs the “muscular sense,” or, as some physiologists prefer to call it, the Kinæthesis, the sense that determines how tightly to hold the club and that poises the body for the swing. It is the sense, speaking generally, which ensures the proper relative rigidity or flexibility of opposing flexor and extensor muscles. It is chiefly concerned in judging distance, and is especially noticeable in the short Approach. In the second place, there is the hit or swing. This is the office of the motor centres, and is brought about by a strong contraction of muscles, a contraction that should be rapidly yet perfectly evenly increased. Both sets of stimuli must be intimately and intricately combined throughout the whole course of the swing: the wrists must ease off at the top and tauten at the end; the left knee must be loose at the beginning and firm at the finish; and the change from one to the other must be as deftly and gently, yet swiftly wrought as a crescendo passage from pianissimo to fortissimo on a fiddle.

Is it possible, from this physiological point of view, to determine what is the fundamental difference between a good player and a bad? Can we say what it is makes a great Golfer? At first sight one is inclined to answer, As well try to find out what makes a great general, a great poet, or a great artist. Genius plays as large a part on the links as it does in life; and “genius” the dictionary says “im-

plies the possession of high and peculiar natural gifts which enable their possessor to reach his ends by a sort of intuitive power." However, leaving the genius out of view as beyond the reach of ordinary explanation, what is it that enables one man always to go round under eighty and another never? Well, for one thing, I suspect Imitation plays a large part in Golf — as indeed it does in all life. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace and Professor Poulton have pointed out its importance in biology, and Professor Yrjö Hirn its importance in art. Mimicry it is probably — whatever in its ultimate analysis mimicry may be — which is at the bottom of all education; and education is a preparation for life. But to mimic requires the innervation of nerve-centres in the brain. To begin at the bottom then, if the physiologists are not all wrong, to excel in Golf requires first of all a good brain. There is a part of the brain called the Corpora Striata. "The Corpora Striata," say the neurologists, "are great motor ganglia in some way concerned with the execution of Voluntary, Emotional, and Ideo-motor Movements" (Bastian). "It translates volitions into actions, or puts in execution the commands of the Intellect; that is, it selects, so to speak, the motor nerve nuclei in the Medulla and Cord appropriate for the performance of the desired action, and sends down the impulses which set them in motion" (Broadbent). In co-operation with the Corpora Striata is the Cerebellum, which "co-ordinates movements . . . or combines the general movements . . . ordered by volition" (*Ib.*). — That is to say, if you want to move your arms and legs altogether so, you must call upon the Striate Bodies and the Little Brain to convey the orders; and if the so is a highly complicated and delicate series of movements, they must be good Striate Bodies and a good Little Brain to be equal to it; and to these undoubtedly we must add a good spinal cord to boot.

Secondly, given a first-class Corpus Striatum and a Cerebellum equally good,

these two parts of the brain, together with the Cord and all the nerve-cells and fibres by which they operate, must be educated, by constant practice, to perform smoothly, quickly, and forcibly the complex motions necessary for the peculiar stroke of Golf. This, I take it, is done by what Professor Loeb calls the "associative memory." The associative memory is a very important affair indeed. Loeb goes so far as to make it synonymous with the Will, with Self-consciousness, with the Ego! Yet its office and function are simple, namely to ensure the almost automatic sequence of such movements as have previously been deliberately and hesitatingly combined. The Golf stroke is a highly complex one, and one necessitating the innervation of innumerable cerebro-spinal centres. Not only hand and eye, but arm, wrist, shoulders, back, loins, and legs must be stimulated to action. No wonder that the Associative Memory has to be most carefully cultivated in Golf. To be able, without thinking about it, to take your stance, do your waggle, swing back, pause, come forward, hit hard, and follow through well over the left shoulder, always self-confidently — ah! this requires a first-class brain, a first-class spinal cord, and first-class muscles. What the anatomists say is this, that, if the proper orders are issued from the Cortex, and gathered up and distributed by the Corpora Striata and the Cerebellum, are then transferred through the Crus Cerebri, the Pons Varolii, and the Anterior Pyramid of the Medulla Oblongata, down the Lateral Columns of the Spinal Cord into the Anterior Cornua of Grey Matter in the Cervical, the Dorsal, or the Lumbar region, they will then "traverse the Motor Nerves at the rate of about a hundred and eleven feet a second and speedily excite definite groups of Muscles in definite ways with the effect of producing the desired Movements" (Bastian). I am afraid, however, that unless these anatomists can also tell us some remedy for improperly issued and incorrectly communicated orders, I am

afraid their lucubrations will be of no very great practical value to the Golfer who is off his game. It would be a comfort to find out what portion of the anatomical apparatus really was at fault. It would be a comfort to be able to fix the blame, say, on the Hippocampus Major or the Valve of Vieussens. Which the offending centre, when we play badly, is, I am afraid we shall not know till some foozling Golfer submits to trepanning. — Perhaps not even then; for if, as I believe is the case, no alienist has yet been able to discover a lesion in the lunatic, it is not likely that the surgeon will find one in the foozler. And yet it is always some unknown but peccant centre that the erring Golfer blames. The bad workman used to complain of his tools; but, with numberless tools to choose from, and with absolute power of choice, the bad Golfer is perforce driven to complain of some part of himself — never himself apparently — the Old Adam dies hard! It is always one's digestion, or one's liver, or one's supra-renal capsules that are at fault. — Which is a curious ethico-psychological fact. — At all events it is a tremendous compliment to the fascination of Golf that it is to these technical adumbrations of the anatomist that we are driven in order to explain or to excuse the vagaries of our game. One does not get "off" one's football in this way, or one's chess or one's poker or one's bridge; and if one did, one would hardly go to histological pathology for the cause.

And yet, what, after all, do these innumerable excuses that the poor Golfer invents for himself after a bad round mean? Whom or what is he blaming? Is he not made up of cerebral and cerebellar centres; of cranial and spinal nerves; of extensor and flexor muscles? Are they not *he*? Which is the blamer and which is the blamed? Is there some inscrutable and immaterial psychic centre, inerrant and supreme, that sits somewhere enthroned, and sways and rules these lesser centres? Shall we find in Golf proof of the existence of a Soul?

— Of a soul! If the physical mysteries of Golf are so recondite, what of the psychic? These, I fear, be beyond us. How analyse the complexities of the human golfing soul? How tread the labyrinthine mazes of temperament and of character? How unravel the mesh-work of feelings and emotions, hopes and desires and fears, exultations and disappointments, heated angers, heavy despondencies, the wrath so hard to allay or ere the sun goes down; the vain imaginings, the ridiculous puffings-up of our little souls, of our silly little souls, over a hole halved in three or a circumvented stymie? Or how explain the disturbances these bring about in the higher layers, and the resulting delinquencies of the motor muscles? — In Golf we see in its profoundest aspect that sempiternal problem of the relation of mind to matter. Nowhere in the sum-total of the activities of life is this puzzle presented to us in acuter shape than on the links. Is there an ideal and immaterial Self in the Golfer which knows precisely what he wants to do; and a bodily and fleshly one that will not or cannot carry out its behests? Is there an immaterial mind, superior to, but linked with, a material brain; or does the brain, in its subtlest interstices, shade off into an immaterial mind? — We misuse words. We construct an artificial and needless barrier between mind and matter. By "matter" we simply mean something perceptible by our six senses; and by "mind" we simply mean something imperceptible by these senses. What "matter" really is we know as little as we do what "mind" really is. Suppose we had sixty senses. Suppose we could actually perceive electricity, magnetism, aetherial vibrations, molecular motion, radial emanations, the interplay of emotion, the working of memory, the miracle of thought; suppose we could detect every and all of the myriad manifestations of energy as exhibited in the sum-total of this wonderful world! Would not the barrier be very hastily thrown down, and Matter reveal itself as in reality one and the same with Mind?

— Speculations such as these carry us far. I seem to see in the conscientious Golfer, doing his utmost, poor soul, to make matter (or mind) transcend its own powers, a type and symbol of Mankind; of Mankind warring with its environment, striving to overcome its limitations, reaching up to some unknown ideal, pressing towards some inscrutable goal. — What potentialities may not lurk in Man! If Amoeba has developed into Man, into what may not Man develop! Some day we shall get some arch-angelical record rounds. — I wonder what Par Golf on the New Jerusalem links will be! — But these be transcendental themes.

One more speculative point, and we will drop metaphysics. — The Golfer, strive as he may, is the slave of himself. Perhaps nothing is borne in upon the Golfer more strongly after months of practice than that his place on the Club Handicap is determined by this his slavery to himself. There is not a Golfer living but would say “An I could, I would.” The links prove the fatal and irrefragable chain of Cause and Effect. Every Golfer *wills* to excel, and every Golfer sedulously searches for the causes of failure. — ’T is only one more proof of the transcendental identity of Mind and Matter. If, as the biologists aver, *omnis cellula e cellulâ*, surely also *omnis idea ex ideâ*, and Thought and Volition are links in an interminable chain.

The reticulations of the Golfer’s brain must be multitudinous. Golf seems to afford a corroboration of the theory that there are in man several layers of consciousness. Indeed, the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers might have found in Golf a pertinent proof of the existence of his “subliminal self,” to the functions of which he attributed so important a share. Why a man should, say in June, play a superlatively excellent game, and in July play an execrable one, in spite of the fact that he is in July just as fit as he was in June, that passes the wit of that man — poor wight! He broods over it; he almost weeps over it; he tries remedy after remedy, but in

vain — beef and beer, total abstinence; a more elaborate waggle, no waggle; right foot forward, left foot firmer; a cigar before a game, no tobacco at all — all to no purpose. He knows to a nicety how every stroke should be played; but he is blessed, so he says, if he can play it. — Can it be that the so-called human “individual” is after all a duple, triple, quadruple, quintuple, or multiple personality? Almost it would seem so. You take your stance at the first tee, and Personality No. I. severely makes up his mind to play carefully and well. At the approach, Personality No. II. presses. At the put, Personality No. III. is over-anxious, and is short. At the second tee, Personality No. IV. flings care to the four winds of heaven. No. V. takes his eye off the ball. No. VI. goes into a bunker. No. *n* swears (let us hope sub-liminally). By this time the exasperated Golfer compares himself to the Gadarene demoniac.

And now, wherein lies the supreme mystery of this so-called “game”? In this surely, that whereas the thing to be done seems most easy of accomplishment, it is as a matter of physical and metaphysical fact a feat requiring the deftest use of the most delicate mechanism. Mind (or Matter, which you will) in the long course of its evolution from Amoeba to Man has as yet, so far as we know, here upon this planet produced nothing more complex in structure than the human neural apparatus; and it is this apparatus, in its most secret recesses, that is called into requisition by every player at every stroke. And whereas the thing to be done is rigidly fixed, but the anatomical machinery by which it is to be done is capable, humanly speaking, of infinite improvement; the pitch of excellence at which we aim continually recedes the farther we advance, and we are lured on, and lured on . . . to the delight of professionals and caddies, to the pecuniary profit of Club Stewards and manufacturers of expensive balls, but to the sorrow of waiting wives and the scorn of maledictory onlookers.

From all this is there anything practical to be learned? I am afraid not. If you have golfed from childhood, you will laugh at it; if you have taken up Golf at forty, it will not be of much use to you. The youthful caddy, who picks up the game by sheer imitation and whose cortical centres are in a docile stage; and the elderly professional, who has done nothing but make clubs and swing them all his life, probably play almost automatically — as you or I wield a knife and fork or a pen. To the one, Golf is what gambols are to the kitten; to the other, what mousing is to the cat. Not theirs to analyse the method of their play. I know a professional who says that in reality there is only one stroke in the game in which he has to keep in mind one little rule, namely to play off the right foot in a hanging lie. How different from the amateur novice! I was playing the other day with a University professor, a charming man and an erudite. He happened to be off his drive, and at the fourteenth tee (a sequestered spot), with a sort of despairing cry to heaven, he muttered as he took his stance, “Now, I wonder whether I *can* for once keep my eye on the ball and follow through?” He did not even attempt to burthen his University brain with more than two, and these elementary, injunctions.

The nearest thing, it seems to me, to playing Golf is playing the piano. Really, it seems to require as much dexterity, and, of course, hugely more strength. Well, we all know that Aristotle long ago said that playing on the piano was learned by playing on the piano — it was the *κίθάρα* in his day.

John Stuart Mill once anxiously debated whether there would not come a time when all the tunes possible with the five tones and two semi-tones of the octave would be exhausted. So, many a non-golfing wife and non-thinking onlooker thinks there surely must come a time when the erring husband and friend will tire of trudging over the country trying to put sixty-cent balls into four-and-a-
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half inch holes. The outsider does not know that at every hole is enacted every time a small but intensely interesting three-act drama.¹ There is Act I., the Drive, with its appropriate *mise-en-scène*: the gallery, the attendant caddies, the toss for the honour. At long holes it is a long act if we include the brassey shots. There is Act II., the Approach. This is what the French call the *nœud* of the plot: much depends on the Approach. And the *mise-en-scène* is correspondingly enhanced in interest: the lie, the hazard, the wind, the character of the ground — all become of increasing importance. There is Act III., the Put. It also has its back-ground, its “business,” and its “properties:” the caddie at the flag, the irregularities of the green, the peculiarities of the turf, the possibilities of a sty-mie, the relative roll and resilience of the gutty *versus* the rubber-cored ball. — Eighteen dramas, some tragical, some farcical, in every round; and in every round Protagonist and Deuteragonist constantly interchanging parts. No wonder the ardent Golfer does not tire of his links, any more than the ardent musician tires of his notes. What theatre-goer enjoys such plays? And what staged plays have such a human interest in them? And, best of all, they are acted in the open air, amid delightful scenery, with the assurance of healthy exercise and pleasant companionship. What theatre-goer enjoys such plays? — And when the curtain is rung down and the eighteenth flag replaced, instead of a cigar in the tail-end of a tram-car, or a whiskey-and-soda at a crowded bar, or a snack at a noisy restaurant, there is the amicable persiflage in the dressing room or the long quiet talk on the veranda.

Nor does the Golfer ever tire of the stage upon which these his out-door dramas are played. — I have been promising myself time and again to go round some day, unarmed with clubs and carry-

¹ I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness for the germ of this notion to a capital article by “T. P.” in *M. A. P.*

ing no balls, for the express purpose of seeing and enjoying in detail the beauties of my links. There are some woods fringing portions of the course most tempting to explore, woods in which I get glimpses of lovable things, and a wealth of colour which for its very loveliness I forgive for hiding my sliced ball. There are deep ravines — alack! I know them well — where, between lush grass edges trickles a tiny rill, by the quiet banks of which, but for the time-limit, I should loiter long. There is a great breezy hill, bespattered with humble plants, to traverse the broad back of which almost tempts to slice and to pull. A thick bosage too whereon the four seasons play a quartet on the theme of green, and every sun-lit day composes a symphony beautiful to behold. And there are nooks and corners and knolls and sloping lawns on which the dappled shadows dance. Smells too, curious smells, from noon-day pines, and evening mists, from turf, and fallen leaves. — What is it these things *say*? Whither do they beckon? What do they reveal? I seem to be listening to some cosmic obligato the while I play; a great and unheard melody swelling from the great heart of Nature. — Every Golfer knows something of this. But, as Thucydides says, these be holy things, whereof I speak not. *Favete linguis*.

Lastly, let us not omit to include amongst the elements of the fascination which Golf wields over its votaries that *gaudium certaminis*,¹ that joy of contest, which always the game evokes. It is one of the chief ingredients of the game, and it is evoked and re-evoked at every point of the game, from the initial drive to the ultimate put. It is an ingredient of every

manly sport is this “warrior’s stern joy,” but in Golf it is paramount and overt. Every stroke arouses it, for the exact value of every stroke is patent to both player and opponent. Few other games keep the inborn masculine delight in sheer struggle at so high a pitch. No wonder the stakes in Golf are merely nominal; no wonder that often there are no stakes at all: the keenness of the rivalry is stimulus enough. — And this, surely, is one of the chief beauties of the game. It will never be spoiled by the intrusion of professionalism; at least it will never be played by highly-paid professionals for the delectation of a howling and betting mob; nor, thank heavens, will rooters ever sit on fences and screech at its results. —

But the ultimate analysis of the mystery of Golf is hopeless — as hopeless as the ultimate analysis of that of metaphysics or of that of the feminine heart. Fortunately the hopelessness as little troubles the Golfer as it does the philosopher or the lover. The *summum bonum* of the philosopher, I suppose, is to evolve a nice little system of metaphysics of his own. The *summum bonum* of the lover is of course to get him a nice little feminine heart of his own. Well, the *summum bonum* of the Golfer is to have a nice little private links of his own — and, now-a-days, perhaps, a private manufactory of rubber-cored balls into the bargain, and to be able to go round his private links daily, accompanied by a professional and a caddie. — It would be an interesting experiment to add to these a physician, a psychologist, a surgeon, a psychiatrist, an apothecary, and a parson. But he would probably be beaten by his caddie.

¹ Thank you, W. H. B., for this hint.

HERBERT SPENCER

BY WILLIAM JAMES

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." If the greatest of all his wonders be the human individual, the richness with which the specimens thereof are diversified, the limitless variety of outline, from gothic to classic or flowing arabesque, the contradictory nature of the filling, composed of little and great, of comic, heroic, and pathetic elements blended inextricably, in personalities all of whom can go, and go successfully, must surely be reckoned the supreme miracle of creative ingenuity. Rarely has Nature performed an odder or more Dickens-like feat than when she deliberately designed, or accidentally stumbled into, the personality of Herbert Spencer. Greatness and smallness surely never lived so closely in one skin together.

The opposite verdicts passed upon his work by his contemporaries bear witness to the extraordinary mingling of defects and merits in his mental character. Here are a few, juxtaposed:—

"A philosophic saw-mill." — "The most capacious and powerful thinker of all time."

"The 'Arry' of philosophy." — "Aristotle and his master were not more beyond the pygmies who preceded them than he is beyond Aristotle."

"Herbert Spencer's chromo-philosophy." — "No other man that has walked the earth has so wrought and written himself into the life of the world."

"The touch of his mind takes the living flavor out of everything." — "He is as much above and beyond all the other great philosophers who have ever lived as the telegraph is beyond the carrier pigeon, or the railway beyond the sedan chair."

"He has merely combined facts which we knew before into a huge fantastic contradictory system, which hides its nakedness and emptiness partly under the veil

of an imposing terminology, and partly in the primeval fog." — "His contributions are of a depth, profundity, and magnitude which have no parallel in the history of mind. Taking but one — and one only — of his transcendent reaches of thought, — namely, that referring to the positive sense of the Unknown as the basis of religion, — it may unhesitatingly be affirmed that the analysis and synthesis by which he advances to the almost supernal grasp of this mighty truth give a sense of power and reach verging on the preternatural."

Can the two thick volumes of autobiography which Mr. Spencer leaves behind him explain such discrepant appreciations? ¹ Can we find revealed in them the higher synthesis which reconciles the contradictions? Partly they do explain, I think, and even justify, both kinds of judgment upon their author. But I confess that in the last resort I still feel baffled. In Spencer, as in every concrete individual, there is a uniqueness that defies all formulation. We can feel the touch of it and recognize its taste, so to speak, relishing or disliking, as the case may be, but we can give no ultimate account of it, and we have in the end simply to admire the Creator.

Mr. Spencer's task, the unification of all knowledge into an articulate system, was more ambitious than anything attempted since St. Thomas or Descartes. Most thinkers have confined themselves either to generalities or to details, but Spencer addressed himself to everything. He dealt in logical, metaphysical, and ethical first principles, in cosmogony and geology, in physics, and chemistry after a fashion, in biology, psychology, sociology, politics, and æsthetics. Hardly any sub-

¹ *An Autobiography*. By HERBERT SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

ject can be named which has not at least been touched on in some one of his many volumes. His erudition was prodigious. His civic conscience and his social courage both were admirable. His life was pure. He was devoted to truth and usefulness, and his character was wholly free from envy and malice (though not from contempt), and from the perverse egoisms that so often go with greatness.

Surely, any one hearing this veracious enumeration would think that Spencer must have been a rich and exuberant human being. Such wide curiosities must have gone with the widest sympathies, and such a powerful harmony of character, whether it were a congenital gift, or were acquired by spiritual wrestling and eating bread with tears, must in any case have been a glorious spectacle for the beholder. Since Goethe, no such ideal human being can have been visible, walking our poor earth.

Yet when we turn to the *Autobiography*, the self-confession which we find is this: An old-maidish personage, inhabiting boarding-houses, equable and lukewarm in all his tastes and passions, having no desultory curiosity, showing little interest in either books or people. A petty fault-finder and stickler for trifles, devoid in youth of any wide designs on life, fond only of the more mechanical side of things, yet drifting as it were involuntarily into the possession of a world-formula which by dint of his extraordinary pertinacity he proceeded to apply to so many special cases that it made him a philosopher in spite of himself. He appears as modest enough, but with a curious vanity in some of his deficiencies, — his lack of desultory interests, for example, and his nonconformity to reigning customs. He gives a queer sense of having no emotional perspective, as if small things and large were on the same plane of vision, and equally commanded his attention. In spite of his professed dislike of monotony, one feels an awfully monotonous quality in him; and in spite of the fact that invalidism condemned him to

avoid thinking, and to saunter and potter through large parts of every day, one finds no twilight region in his mind, and no capacity for dreaminess or passivity. All parts of it are filled with the same noon-day glare, like a dry desert where every grain of sand shows singly, and there are no mysteries or shadows.

“Look on this picture and on that,” and answer how they can be compatible.

For one thing, Mr. Spencer certainly writes himself *down* too much. He complains of a poor memory, of an idle disposition, of a general dislike for reading. Doubtless there have been more gifted men in all these respects. But when Spencer once buckled to a particular task, his memory, his industry, and his reading went beyond those of the most gifted. He had excessive sensibility to stimulation by a challenge, and he had preëminent pertinacity. When the notion of his philosophic system once grasped him, it seemed to possess itself of every effective fibre of his being. No faculty in him was left unemployed, — nor, on the other hand, was anything that his philosophy could contain left unstated. Roughly speaking, the task and the man absorbed each other without residuum.

Compare this type of mind with such an opposite type as Ruskin's, or even as J. S. Mill's, or Huxley's, and you realize its peculiarity. Behind the work of those others was a background of overflowing mental temptations. The men loom larger than all their publications, and leave an impression of unexpressed potentialities. Spencer tossed all his inexpressibilities into the Unknowable, and gladly turned his back on them forever. His books seem to have expressed all that there was to express in his character.

He is very frank about this himself. No *Sturm und Drang Periode*, no problematic stage of thought, where the burden of the much-to-be-straightened exceeds the powers of straightening.

When George Eliot uttered surprise at seeing no lines on his forehead, his reply was: —

"I suppose it is because I am never puzzled." — "It has never been my way," he continues, "to set before myself a problem and puzzle out an answer. The conclusions at which I have from time to time arrived, have not been arrived at as solutions of questions raised; but have been arrived at unawares — each as the ultimate outcome of a body of thought which slowly grew from a germ. Some direct observation, or some fact met with in reading, would dwell with me: apparently because I had a sense of its significance. . . . A week afterwards, possibly, the matter would be remembered; and with further thought about it, might occur a recognition of some wider application: new instances being aggregated with those already noted. Again, after an interval," etc., etc. "And thus, little by little, in unobtrusive ways, without conscious intention or appreciable effort, there would grow up a coherent and organized theory" (vol. i, page 464).

A sort of mill, this, wound up to grind in a certain way, and irresponsive otherwise.

"To apply day after day merely with the general idea of acquiring information, or of increasing ability, was not in me." "Anything like passive receptivity is foreign to my nature; and there results an unusually small tendency to be affected by other's thoughts. It seems as though the fabric of my conclusions had in all cases to be developed from within. Material which could be taken in and organized so as to form part of a coherent structure, there was always a readiness to receive. But ideas and sentiments of alien kinds, or unorganizable kinds, were, if not rejected, yet accepted with indifference, and soon dropped away." "It has always been out of the question for me to go on reading a book the fundamental principles of which I entirely dissent from. I take it for granted that if the fundamental principles are wrong the rest cannot be right; and thereupon cease reading — being, I suspect, rather glad of an excuse for doing so." "Systematic books of a political or ethical kind,

written from points of view quite unlike my own, were either not consulted at all, or else they were glanced at and thereafter disregarded" (vol. i, pages 215, 277, 289, 350).

There is pride rather than compunction in these confessions. Spencer's mind was so narrowly systematized, that he was at last almost incapable of believing in the reality of alien ways of feeling. The invariable arrogance of his replies to criticisms shows his absolute self-confidence. Every opinion in the world had to be articulately right or articulately wrong, — so proved by some principle or other of his infallible system.

He confesses freely his own inflexibility and censoriousness. His account of his father makes one believe in the fatality of heredity. Born of old nonconformist stock, the elder Spencer was a man of absolute punctuality. Always he would step out of his way to kick a stone off the pavement lest somebody should trip over it. If he saw boys quarreling he stopped to expostulate; and he never could pass a man who was ill-treating a horse without trying to make him behave better. He would never take off his hat to any one, no matter of what rank, nor could he be induced to address any one as "Esquire" or as "Reverend." He would never put on any sign of mourning, even for father and mother; and he adhered to one style of coat and hat throughout all changes of fashion. Improvement was his watchword always and everywhere. Whatever he wrote had to be endlessly corrected, and his love of detail led all his life to his neglecting large ends in his care for small ones. A good heart, but a pedantic conscience, and a sort of energetically mechanical intelligence.

Of himself Herbert Spencer says: "No one will deny that I am much given to criticism. Along with exposition of my own views there has always gone a pointing out of defects in those of others. And if this is a trait in my writing, still more is it a trait in my conversation. The tendency to fault-finding is dominant — dis-

agreeably dominant. The indicating of errors in thought and speech made by those around has all through life been an incurable habit — a habit for which I have often reproached myself, but to no purpose.”

The *Autobiography* abounds in illustrations of the habit. For instance: —

“Of late I have observed sundry cases in which, having found the right, people deliberately desert it for the wrong. . . . A generation ago salt-cellar were made of convenient shapes — either ellipses or elongated parallelograms: the advantage being that the salt-spoon, placed lengthwise, remained in its place. But for some time past, fashion has dictated circular salt-cellar, on the edges of which the salt-spoon will not remain without skilful balancing: it falls on the cloth. In my boyhood a jug was made of a form at once convenient and graceful. . . . Now, however, the almost universal form of jug in use is a frustum of a cone with a miniature spout. It combines all possible defects. When anything like full, it is impossible to pour out a small quantity without part of the liquid trickling down beneath the spout; and a larger quantity cannot be poured out without exceeding the limits of the spout and running over on each side of it. If the jug is half empty, the tilting must be continued a long time before any liquid comes; and then, when it does come, it comes with a rush; because its surface has now become so large that a small inclination delivers a great deal. To all which add that the shape is as ugly a one as can well be hit upon. Still more extraordinary is the folly of a change made in another utensil of daily use” — and Spencer goes on to find fault with the cylindrical form of candle extinguisher, proving by a description of its shape that “it squashes the wick into the melted composition, the result being that when, next day, the extinguisher is taken off, the wick, imbedded in the solidified composition, cannot be lighted without difficulty” (vol. ii, page 238).

The remorseless explicitness, the punc-

tuation, everything, make these specimens of public fault-finding with what probably was the equipment of Mr. Spencer’s latest boarding-house, sound like passages from *The Man versus the State*. Another example: —

“Playing billiards became ‘my custom always of the afternoon.’ Those who confess to billiard-playing commonly make some kind of an excuse. . . . It suffices to me that I like billiards, and the attainment of the pleasure given I regard as a sufficient motive. I have for a long time deliberately set my face against that asceticism which makes it an offence to do a thing for the pleasure of doing it; and have habitually contended that, so long as no injury is inflicted on others, nor any ulterior injury on self, and so long as the various duties of life have been discharged, the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake is perfectly legitimate and requires no apology. The opposite view is nothing else than a remote sequence of the old devil worship of the barbarian; who sought to please his god by inflicting pains upon himself, and believed his god would be angry if he made himself happy” (vol. ii, page 263).

The tone of pedantic rectitude in these passages is characteristic. Every smallest thing is either right or wrong, and if wrong, can be articulately proved so by reasoning. Life grows too dry and literal, and loses all aerial perspective at such a rate; and the effect is the more displeasing when the matters in dispute have a rich variety of aspects, and when the aspect from which Mr. Spencer deduces his conclusions is manifestly partial.

For instance, in his art-criticisms. Spencer in his youth did much drawing, both mechanical and artistic. Volume one contains a photo-print of a very creditable bust which he modeled of his uncle. He had a musical ear, and practiced singing. He paid attention to style, and was not wholly insensible to poetry. Yet in all his dealings with the art-products of mankind he manifests the same curious dryness and mechanical literality of judg-

ment, — a dryness increased by pride in his nonconformity. He would, for example, rather give a large sum than read to the end of Homer's *Iliad*, — the ceaseless repetition of battles, speeches, and epithets like well-greaved Greeks, horse-breaking Trojans; the tedious enumeration of details of dresses, arms, and chariots; such absurdities as giving the genealogy of a horse while in the midst of a battle; and the appeals to savage and brutal passions, having soon made the poem intolerable to him (vol. i, page 300). Turner's paintings he finds untrue, in that the earth-region is habitually as bright in tone as the air-region. Moreover, Turner scatters his detail too evenly. In Greek statues the hair is falsely treated. Renaissance painting, even the best, is spoiled by unreal illumination, and non-rendering of reflected light in the shadows. Venetian gothic sins by meaningless ornamentation. St. Mark's Church may be precious archæologically, but is not æsthetically precious. Of Wagner's music he admires nothing but the skillful specialization of the instruments in the orchestra.

The fault-finding in all these cases rests on observation, true as far as it goes; but the total absence of genial relations with the entirety of the phenomenon discussed, the clutching at some paltry mechanical aspect of it that lends itself to reasoned proof by *a* plus *b*, and the practical denial of everything that only appeals to vaguer sentiment, show a mind so oddly limited to ratiocinative and explicit processes, and so wedded to the superficial and flagrantly *insufficient*, that one begins to wonder whether in the philosophic and scientific spheres the same mind can have wrought out results of extraordinary value.

Both "yes" and "no" are here the answer. Every one who writes books or articles knows how he must flounder until he hits upon the proper opening. Once the right beginning found, everything follows easily and in due order. If a man, however narrow, strikes, even by accident,

into one of these fertile openings, and pertinaciously follows the lead, he is almost sure to meet truth on his path. Some thoughts act almost like mechanical centres of crystallization; facts cluster of themselves about them. Such a thought was that of the gradual growth of all things, by natural processes, out of natural antecedents. Until the middle of the nineteenth century no one had grasped it *wholesale*; and the thinker who did so earliest was bound to make discoveries just in proportion to the exclusiveness of his interest in the principle. He who had the keenest eye for instances and illustrations, and was least divertible by casual side-curiosity, would score the quickest triumph.

To Spencer is certainly due the immense credit of having been the first to see in evolution an absolutely universal principle. If any one else had grasped its universality, it failed at any rate to grasp him as it grasped Spencer. For Spencer it instantly became "the guiding conception running through and connecting all the concrete sciences" (vol. ii, page 196). Here at last was "an object at once large and distinct enough" to overcome his "constitutional idleness." "With an important and definite end to achieve, I could work" (vol. i, page 215). He became, in short, the victim of a vivid obsession, and for the first time in his life seems to have grown genuinely ambitious. Every item of his experience, small or great, every idea in his mental storehouse, had now to be considered with reference to its bearing on the new universal principle. On pages 194–199 of volume two he gives an interesting summary of the way in which all his previous and subsequent ideas moved into harmonious coördination and subordination, when once he had this universal key to insight. Applying it wholesale as he did, innumerable truths unobserved till then had to fall into his gamebag. And his peculiar trick, a priggish infirmity in daily intercourse, of treating every smallest thing by abstract law, was here a merit. Add his sleuth-

hound scent for what he was after, and his untiring pertinacity, to his priority in perceiving the one great truth, and you fully justify the popular estimate of him as one of the world's geniuses, in spite of the fact that the "temperament" of genius, so called, seems to have been so lacking in him.

In one sense, then, Spencer's personal narrowness and dryness were not hindering, but helping conditions of his achievement. Grant that a vast picture *quelconque* had to be made before the details could be made perfect, and a greater richness and receptivity of mind would have resulted in hesitation. The quality would have been better in spots, but the extensiveness would have suffered.

Spencer is thus the philosopher of vastness. Misprised by many specialists, who carp at his technical imperfections, he has nevertheless enlarged the imagination, and set free the speculative mind of countless doctors, engineers, and lawyers, of many physicists and chemists, and of thoughtful laymen generally. He is the philosopher whom those who have no other philosopher can appreciate. To be able to say this of any man is great praise, and gives the "yes" answer to my recent question.

Can the "no" answer be as unhesitatingly uttered? I think so, if one makes the qualitative aspect of Spencer's work undo its quantitative aspect. The lukewarm equable temperament, the narrowness of sympathy and passion, the fondness for mechanical forms of thought, the imperfect receptivity and lack of interest in facts as such, dis severed from their possible connection with a theory; nay, the very vividness itself, the keenness of scent and the pertinacity; these all are qualities which may easily make for second-rateness, and for contentment with a cheap and loosely woven achievement. As Mr. Spencer's *First Principles* is the book which more than any other has spread his popular reputation, I had perhaps better explain what I mean by criticising some of its peculiarities.

I read this book as a youth when it was still appearing in numbers, and was carried away with enthusiasm by the intellectual perspectives which it seemed to open. When a maturer companion, Mr. Charles S. Peirce, attacked it in my presence, I felt spiritually wounded, as by the defacement of a sacred image or picture, though I could not verbally defend it against his criticisms.

Later I have used it often as a textbook with students, and the total outcome of my dealings with it is an exceedingly unfavorable verdict. Apart from the great truth which it enforces, that everything has evolved somehow, and apart from the inevitable stimulating effect of any such universal picture, I regard its teachings as almost a museum of blundering reasoning. Let me try to indicate briefly my grounds for such an opinion.

I pass by the section on the Unknowable, because this part of Mr. Spencer's philosophy has won fewer friends than any other. It consists chiefly of a rehash of Mansel's rehash of Hamilton's *Philosophy of the Conditioned*, and has hardly raised its head since John Mill so effectively demolished it. If criticism of our human intellectual constitution is needed, it can be got out of Bradley to-day better than out of Spencer. The latter's way of reconciling science and religion is, moreover, too absurdly *naïf*. Find, he says, a fundamental abstract truth on which they can agree, and that will reconcile them. Such a truth, he thinks, is that *there is a mystery*. The trouble is that it is over just such common truths that quarrels begin. Did the fact that both believed in the existence of the Pope reconcile Luther and Ignatius Loyola? Did it reconcile the South and the North that both agreed that there were slaves? Religion claims that the "mystery" is interpretable by human reason; "Science," speaking through Spencer, insists that it is not. The admission of the mystery is the very signal for the quarrel. Moreover, for nine hundred and ninety-

nine men out of a thousand the sense of mystery is the sense of *more-to-be-known*, not the sense of a *More*, *not* to be known.

But pass the Unknowable by, and turn to Spencer's famous law of Evolution.

"Science" works with several types of "law." The most frequent and useful type is that of the "elementary law," — that of the composition of forces, that of gravitation, of refraction, and the like. Such laws declare no concrete facts to exist, and make no prophecy as to any actual future. They limit themselves to saying that *if* a certain character be found in any fact, another character will coexist with it or follow it. The usefulness of these laws is proportionate to the extent to which the characters they treat of pervade the world, and to the accuracy with which they are definable.

Statistical laws form another type, and positively declare something about the world of actuality. Although they tell us nothing of the elements of things, either abstract or concrete, they affirm that the resultant of their actions drifts preponderantly in a particular direction. Population tends toward cities; the working classes tend to grow discontented; the available energy of the universe is running down — such laws prophesy the real future *en gros*, but they never help us to predict any particular detail of it.

Spencer's law of Evolution is of the statistical variety. It defines what evolution means, and what dissolution means, and asserts that, although both processes are always going on together, there is in the present phase of the world a drift in favor of evolution. In the first edition of *First Principles* an evolutive change in anything was described as the passage of it from a state of indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity. The existence of a drift in this direction in everything Mr. Spencer proves, both by a survey of facts, and by deducing it from certain laws of the elementary type, which he severally names "the instability of the homogeneous,"

"the multiplication of effects," "segregation," and "equilibration." The two former insure the heterogeneity, while "segregation" brings about the definiteness and coherence, and "equilibration" arrests the process, and determines when dissolutive changes shall begin.

The whole panorama is resplendent for variety and inclusiveness, and has aroused an admiration for philosophy in minds that never admired philosophy before. Like Descartes in earlier days, Spencer aims at a purely mechanical explanation of Nature. The knowable universe is nothing but matter and motion, and its history is nothing but the "redistribution" of these entities. The value of such an explanation for scientific purposes depends altogether on how consistent and exact it is. Every "thing" must be interpreted as a "configuration," every "event" as a change of configuration, every predicate ascribed must be of a geometrical sort. Measured by these requirements of mechanics Spencer's attempt has lamentably failed. His terms are vagueness and ambiguity incarnate, and he seems incapable of keeping the mechanical point of view in mind for five pages consecutively.

"Definite," for example, is hardly a physical idea at all. Every motion and every arrangement of matter is definitely what it is, — a fog or an irregular scrawl, as much so as a billiard ball or a straight line. Spencer means by definiteness in a thing any character that makes it arrest our attention, and forces us to distinguish it from other things. The word with him has a human, not a physical connotation. Definite things, in his book, finally appear merely as *things that men have made separate names for*, so that there is hardly a pretense of the mechanical view being kept. Of course names increase as human history proceeds, so "definiteness" in things must necessarily more and more evolve.

"Coherent," again. This has the definite mechanical meaning of resisting separation, of sticking together; but Spen-

cer plays fast and loose with this meaning. Coherence with him sometimes means *permanence in time*, sometimes such *mutual dependence of parts* as is realized in a widely scattered system of no fixed material configuration; a commercial house, for example, with its "travelers" and ships and cars.

An honestly mechanical reader soon rubs his eyes with bewilderment at the orgy of ambiguity to which he is introduced. Every term in Spencer's fire-works shimmers through a whole spectrum of meanings in order to adapt itself to the successive spheres of evolution to which it must apply. "Integration," for instance. A definite coherence is an Integration; and examples given of integration are the contraction of the solar nebula, the formation of the earth's crust, the calcification of cartilage, the shortening of the body of crabs, the loss of his tail by man, the mutual dependence of plants and animals, the growth of powerful states, the tendency of human occupations to go to distinct localities, the dropping of terminal inflexions in English grammar, the formation of general concepts by the mind, the use of machinery instead of simple tools, the development of "composition" in the fine arts, etc., etc. It is obvious that no one form of the motion of matter characterizes all these facts. The human ones simply embody the more and more successful pursuit of certain ends.

In the second edition of his book, Mr. Spencer supplemented his first formula by a unifying addition, meant to be strictly mechanical. "Evolution," he now said, "is the progressive integration of matter and dissipation of motion," during which both the matter and the motion undergo the previously designated kinds of change. But this makes the formula worse instead of better. The "dissipation of motion" part of it is simple vagueness,—for what particular motion is "dissipated" when a man or state grows more highly evolved? And the integration of matter belongs only to stellar and

geologic evolution. Neither heightened specific gravity, nor greater massiveness, which are the only conceivable integrations of matter, is a mark of the more evolved vital, mental, or social things.

It is obvious that the facts of which Spencer here gives so clumsy an account could all have been set down more simply. First there is solar, and then there is geological evolution, processes accurately describable as integrations in the mechanical sense, namely, as decrease in bulk, or growth in hardness. Then Life appears; and after that neither integration of matter nor dissipation of motion plays any part whatever. The result of life, however, is to fill the world more and more with things displaying *organic unity*. By this is meant any arrangement of which one part helps to keep the other parts in existence. Some organic unities are material,—a sea urchin, for example, a department store, a civil service, or an ecclesiastical organization. Some are mental, as a "science," a code of laws, or an educational programme. But whether they be material or mental products, organic unities must *accumulate*; for every old one tends to conserve itself, and if successful new ones arise they also "come to stay." The human use of Spencer's adjectives "integrated," "definite," "coherent," here no longer shocks one. We are frankly on teleological ground, and metaphor and vagueness are permissible.

This tendency of organic unities to accumulate when once they are formed is absolutely all the truth I can distill from Spencer's unwieldy account of evolution. It makes a much less gaudy and chromatic picture, but what there is of it is exact.

Countless other criticisms swarm toward my pen, but I have no heart to express them,—it is too sorry an occupation. A word about Spencer's conception of "Force," however, insists on being added; for although it is one of his most essential, it is one of his vaguest ideas.

Over all his special laws of evolution there reigns an absolutely general law,

that of the "persistence of force." By this Spencer sometimes means the phenomenal law of conservation of energy, sometimes the metaphysical principle that the quantity of existence is unalterable, sometimes the logical principle that nothing can happen without a reason, sometimes the practical postulate that in the absence of any assignable difference you must call a thing the same. This law is one vast vagueness, of which I can give no clear account; but of his special vaguenesses "mental force" and "social force" are good examples. These manifestations of the universal force, he says, are due to vital force, and this latter is due to physical force, both being proportionate to the amount of physical force which is "transformed" into them. But what on earth is "social force"? Sometimes he identifies it with "social activity" (showing the latter to be proportionate to the amount of food eaten), sometimes with the work done by human beings and their steam-engines, and shows it to be due ultimately to the sun's heat. It would never occur to a reader of his pages that a social force proper might be anything that acted as a stimulus of social change, — a leader, for example, a discovery, a book, a new idea, or a national insult; and that the greatest of "forces" of this kind need embody no more "physical force" than the smallest. The measure of greatness here is the effect produced on the environment, not a quantity antecedently absorbed from physical nature. Mr. Spencer himself is a great social force; but he ate no more than an average man, and his body, if cremated, would disengage no more energy. The effects he exerts are of the nature of *releases*, — his words pull trigger in certain kinds of brain.

The fundamental distinction in mechanics between forces of push-and-pull and forces of release is one of which Mr. Spencer, in his earlier years, made no use whatever. Only in his sixth edition did he show that it had seriously arrested his attention. In biology, psychology, and so-

ciology the forces concerned are almost exclusively forces of release. Spencer's account of social forces is neither good sociology nor good mechanics. His feeble grasp of the conception of force vitiates, in fact, all his work.

But the task of a carper is repugnant. The *Essays*, *Biology*, *Psychology*, *Sociology*, and *Ethics* are all better than *First Principles*, and contain numerous and admirable bits of penetrating work of detail. My impression is that, of the systematic treatises, the *Psychology* will rank as the most original. Spencer broke new ground here in insisting that, since mind and its environment have evolved together, they must be studied together. He gave to the study of mind in isolation a definitive quietus, and that certainly is a great thing to have achieved. To be sure he overdid the matter, as usual, and left no room for any mental structure at all, except that which passively resulted from the storage of impressions received from the outer world in the order of their frequency by fathers and transmitted to their sons. The belief that whatever is acquired by sires is inherited by sons, and the ignoring of purely inner variations, are weak points; but to have brought in the environment as vital was a master stroke.

I may say that Spencer's controversy over use-inheritance with Weismann, entered into after he was sixty, seems to me in point of quality better than any other part of his work. It is genuine labor over a puzzle, genuine research.

Spencer's *Ethics* is a most vital and original piece of attitude-taking in the world of ideals. His politico-ethical activity in general breathes the purest English spirit of liberty, and his attacks on over-administration and criticisms on the inferiority of great centralized systems are worthy to be the textbooks of individualists the world over. I confess that it is with this part of his work, in spite of its hardness and inflexibility of tone, that I personally sympathize most.

Looking back on Mr. Spencer as a whole, as this admirably truth-telling

Autobiography reveals him, he is a figure unique for quaint consistency. He never varied from that inimitable blend of small and vast mindedness, of liberality and crabbedness, which was his personal note, and which defies our formulating power. If an abstract logical concept could come to life, its life would be like Spencer's, — the same definiteness of exclusion and inclusion, the same bloodlessness of temperament, the same narrowness of intent and vastness of extent, the same power of applying itself to numberless instances.

But he was no abstract idea; he was a man vigorously devoted to truth and justice as he saw them, who had deep insights, and who finished, under terrible frustrations from bad health, a piece of work that, taken for all in all, is extraordinary. A human life is greater than all its possible appraisers, assessors, and critics. In comparison with the fact of Spencer's actual living, such critical characterization of it as I have been at all these pains to produce seems a rather unimportant as well as a decidedly graceless thing.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY PARSON

BEING A RECORD OF FOURTHS OF JULY, FROM 1836 TO 1860

July 4, 1836. This is called the American Jubilee. Sixty years to-day since Independence was declared. A day of confusion. At home and worked hard.

July 4, 1837. Fine weather. The Whigs had a splendid celebration. The Jacksonites hid their faces for shame, and well they might, for they have been the means of a very great calamity the length and breadth of the land.

July 4, 1838. Up before four. Went to pasture with the cows, and returned at the rising of the sun, guns firing, cannon roaring, all noise and bustle. O how many to-day will be intoxicated, and altogether dependent upon others to take care of them. Very independent in the morning, very dependent in the evening. Seldom, if ever, were there so many people in the city as to-day. Two processions, more than a thousand in each, Whigs and Tories. The Whigs dined in a pavilion on the hill, the Tories in the City Hall.

July 4, 1839. The American Jubilee. The whole country in an uproar. Bells ringing, cannon roaring, guns firing, drums beating, fifes playing. Many lives

will be lost to-day through carelessness. There is no calculating the mischief that will be done.

July 4, 1840. Overcast this morning, but a fine pleasant day, called the birthday of America. This day, sixty-four years ago, we declared ourselves free and independent of our mother country, old England. We keep this day in remembrance by behaving very badly. Much disorderly conduct marks the proceedings of the Fourth of July. To-day I am told a great concourse of people assembled in Portland, a multitude of all ranks, colors, ages, and sexes. O what a time they must have had! I don't know the particulars; when I do, I shall take some notice of this celebration.

By a request of the committee of arrangements in Gorham I was invited to that place and officiated as a chaplain. Neal Dow delivered an address one hour and ten minutes long, very good and well spoken, good assembly, good dinner, saw no one drunk.

The democratic celebration in the city was a total failure. Between eleven and

twelve hundred in the procession, more than three hundred of them boys, dirty and ragged, and among them not over fifty of the citizens of Portland. It would appear that the Portland *mocrats* were rather ashamed to associate with their country rats, democrats, emocrats, mocrats, ocrats, crats, rats, thus the word may be analyzed. It may mean anything or nothing. A democratic government means the government of the people. The people should go freely to the polls unbiased by party, unbought by rum or money; they should be well informed and understand the principles of government, know their rights, and maintain them. But it is not so in this country. The great mass of the people go to the polls and cast in their suffrages as the leaders of the great political parties dictate. The party that can urge, buy, persuade, or threaten, and by these means obtain the most votes, is considered the most correct and the most worthy of confidence. The Lord have mercy upon a democratic nation who are in such a situation. Can a Government stand long when things have come to this pass? God grant that there may be a change for the better!

July 4, 1841. Sunday. Cool day. Preached at the usual place to the usual number, and I think I preached as well as usual.

July 5. Monday. This day is celebrated as the American Independence. It was observed at Saccarappa village in a very splendid manner, six thousand people present. An entertainment provided in the woods, an oration and prayer. No intoxicating liquors used, but pure cold water and lemonade. A somewhat similar celebration took place in Portland, conducted by reformed drunkards, two hundred or more, who had come to themselves like the prodigal.

July 4, 1842. Monday. This is the great national jubilee, to be kept in remembrance as long as the sun and moon shall endure. It has heretofore been celebrated by drunkenness, but the temperance movement has made quite a change.

July 4, 1843. In the morning I went into the city to see and hear what was going on, and I saw the most folly I ever did see on this anniversary, a procession of the worst looking objects the imagination can conceive, and thousands gazing at them as they passed through the streets. After this was over there was a procession of reformed drunkards, called the Washingtonians, and others, escorted by the "Blues" and a band of music, led on by truckmen and youths called the Cold Water Army and Sabbath School Children. They made a fine appearance.

July 4, 1844. A cool morning and day. Such a Fourth never before spent in the city of Portland. No drunkards about the streets, a wonderful display of temperance principles. A great mass meeting from the neighboring towns. Cold water men and boys and girls walking through the streets with their banners, the longest procession ever in the city, reaching from Oak Street to Washington, and marched on to the heights of Mount Joy, where were erected two stages for the speakers.

1845. [Volume of journal missing.]

July 4, 1846. Saturday. A great day and a proud day for the city of Portland. Up before four and aroused the family. Prepared to go to the city, which we found crowded with people. A little after ten a procession was formed of all classes from the noble to the ignoble, marched up Middle, Free, High, Danforth, State, then down Congress to a Pavilion erected on Mount Joy, sufficiently large to contain six thousand people. Here we took our stand, and partook of what was provided, such as cold beef, cold tongue, and all that was necessary, cold water to drink, and perfect order. Rev. Asa Cummings invoked the blessing. A procession was formed, and we walked down to Fort Burrows, where a new scene presented itself and another celebration commenced, the opening of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. After an address by Judge Preble and a solemn and appropriate prayer by Dr. Nichols, the work of the railroad was commenced by

Judge Preble throwing the first shovel of dirt, followed by the Governor of the state, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. All for a few minutes engaged in the work. I then looked up my company and horses and carriages and we returned home. So let it be remembered that on the fourth of July, 1846, a connection between the city of Portland and the city of Montreal was commenced by the consent of thousands assembled. The day is closed. We are under great obligations to Almighty God for his care of us, and it is a melancholy reflection that all this multitude must in a few years lie low in the dust, and what will be the final destiny of us all is wisely concealed from mortal conception.

July 4, 1847. Sabbath morning. Attended meeting in Westbrook. It was a communion occasion, and I assisted. This congregation appear very different from what they did seventeen years ago, when all was alive, all peace and good feeling. The congregation is low and languishing, and will become extinct, unless God take the professors in hand and give them a shaking over the bottomless pit. A shaking like this may wake them up and make them attend to their duty.

July 5. Monday morning. This is celebrated as the Fourth of July very improperly. Yesterday was the day, and ministers might have preached upon the subject of religious freedom; this would have been sufficient, and ought to have been satisfactory. But no, there must be a noise, the drum must beat, and the cannon roar, the children be dressed in their best and paraded, and "don't these children look nice"! O yes, very nice, but if their parents would teach them to respect their superiors and behave with propriety, it would be far better. Well, there has been a general turn out, rich and poor, young and old, all mixed up together. This is a free country, but not so; it is a country of slaveholders. We hold 3,000,000 of our fellow mortals as slaves. O how inconsistent!

July 4, 1848. Tuesday. Like to be a fine day. All are alive this morning. At sunrise the bells of the city notified the citizens as usual that the Fourth of July had arrived. Ten miles of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad were opened to-day. I rode to Yarmouth and back that it might be remembered I was present at this celebration, and was present two years ago when the first shovel of dirt was thrown at the commencement of this grand enterprise.

July 4, 1849. Wednesday morning. In my chamber at Westbrook. At the rising of the sun the bells of the city are ringing and the cannon roaring, calling upon those within hearing to awake from their slumbers, arise, and call upon their God, and give him thanks for this great blessing, our national Independence, which we this day commemorate by making all the noise we can, and by acting as well as we can and as bad as we can. I went into the city about nine o'clock. A multitude of people were assembled from all quarters to hear and to see and to say nothing, to eat and to drink and to pay nothing. This was literally true with regard to many. A great procession was formed and moved through the streets to Mount Joy, where the Declaration of Independence was read, and some short speeches made. Then, as many as could come to the tables were bidden welcome, without money and without price. Splendid fireworks in the evening.

The Fourth of July is now past and gone. The day ought to be remembered with gratitude to God by every American for the blessing of freedom, liberty, and equality, that is, if all these blessings were equal, and if all the inhabitants of the land did enjoy them, but not so, for nearly 3,000,000 are slaves. O America, where is thy shame! where is thy blush! Hast thou no feelings of tenderness or compassion?

July 2, 1850. Tuesday. A fine day. All seem to be talking about the Fourth. Crackers are already snapping under one's feet, the boys are trying their skill

to see who of them can do the most mischief and frighten the horses. Instead of parents governing children, children seem to take the lead. I ask the fathers, "Why do you give your boys money to buy crackers?" What is the answer? "Why, it is customary." It is done in other cities, the boys expect a good time, and must be gratified, no matter how much damage is done, how many horses take fright, how many chaises destroyed.

July 3. Wednesday. The nigher we approach to the Fourth, the more bustle and confusion; the little boys and girls, yes, and the great ones, too, are so thick we can hardly move up and down the sidewalk without running over some and against others. What would an inhabitant of the moon think, could his vision extend to the city of Portland! Would he not think that some great calamity had befallen it!

July 4. Thursday. At sunrise the bells ringing, the cannon roaring. Nine o'clock went into town to see the procession form and march. A number of fire companies, and other societies and citizens and bands of music made up the great whole, and they moved on under the escort of several marshals till about eleven o'clock, when they halted in front of High Street Meeting-House, and those who chose went in and attended to the delivery of an oration. Splendid fireworks in the evening.

1851. [Volume of journal missing.]

July 4, 1852. Sunday.

July 5. Monday. The community were not satisfied to have yesterday as being the Fourth of July, because they could not serve Satan so openly and boldly as to-day. My opinion is that when the Fourth of July comes on the Sabbath it ought to be remembered in a suitable and proper manner by assembling in the sanctuary and hearing the proclamation of peace announced from the pulpit, good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. Suitable prayers and suitable readings would be a suitable acknowledgment that our blessings are of God, but because this won't do we must have a

great noise and bustle, and much that is derogatory to the Christian character must be put in operation. Dined in town. Tea at home. Been preserved from evil. *Laus Deo. O tempora, O mores.*

July 4, 1853. Monday. Pleasant as respect to wind and weather. The morn was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the roaring of cannon, the parade of a company of ragger muffins, and the burning of crackers. At eleven o'clock an oration in the Third Parish Meeting-House by a Professor of Bowdoin College. Fireworks in the evening. To pay the expenses of the day the City Government voted five hundred dollars. Had some conversation with several individuals relative to the impropriety of celebrating the Fourth, and the conduct of this nation towards our mother country, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, all about a difficulty which happened more than fifty years ago, when it was settled, and friendship restored.

July 4, 1854. Tuesday. The first thing in the morning bang, bang, bang, ring, ring, crack, crack, crack. What is all this noise! It means what is not true, — that we are a nation of free people, independent of other nations. Now, is this so? We don't live without intercourse with other nations, we can't comfortably live without them, and can we say that we are a free people making our own laws? No, we can't say this, for there are more than 3,000,000 of immortals who have no voice in making the laws they are compelled to obey, who are bound in chains of iron and fetters of brass.

July 4, 1855.

When the clock struck four, I was on the floor

The bells began to ring and the cannon to roar.

The guns to fire and the crackers to snap.

This is the Fourth of July.

A caravan of a great variety of quadrupeds and bipeds were to be seen in the city. The different school children and Sabbath-school children were paraded and marched about attended with music.

No disorderly conduct as in former years; a quiet day comparatively. I saw no men as formerly, staggering by my house, three fourths over the bay, and acting Satan-like. What has made this change? I answer, the Maine Liquor Law.

July 4, 1856. Friday. Rainy this morning. At ten the sun made his appearance. A great parade in the city. The 4th day of the month, 1776, we declared ourselves free from our mother country, but after all of our boasted freedom we are slaves. O shame! Every American citizen should be ashamed every Fourth of July when so many of their fellow countrymen are groaning under the hands of their masters.

Men, women, and children set their faces towards the city to see confusion confounded. O what a bustle! "Here they come!" "Now they have just turned to go down Middle Street; now they are going up India Street." "If you want to see the whole length and breadth of the procession, go place yourself at the head of High Street." "Here they come. O how beautiful they look!" "O that company of horsemen, look at them!" "How handsomely they are dressed!" "They are worth seeing." "Where could they get so many pretty horses!" "The horses look full as well as the men who ride them." O folly!

July 4, 1857. Saturday morning. Up before sunrise, and the first thing which took up my attention was bang, bang, bang, at my corner, reminding the sleepers that it was Fourth of July. Nine o'clock went into the city, where a great multitude had collected to see and be seen in commemoration of the birthday of our American Independence. This is hailed with all kinds of noises and music, equal to the blowing of ram horns when the walls of Jericho fell, shows of all kinds, and boat rowings, and to close the scenes of the day a balloon ascended from Deering's pasture. Majestically she took her departure towards the east, and the multitude scattered. I made a call at General Varnum's, and was soon home,

with the cows on my way. Took some bread and milk, and then up to the meeting-house to attend a sacramental lecture. All told, at the meeting were the pastor and myself and four others.

July 5, 1858. Monday. Up at four. All manner of noises since midnight. I walked into the city, attended a morning prayer meeting in the Union Church. Dined at Mr. Eben Steel's and had green peas. Five o'clock went into a prayer meeting of business men. Fireworks in the evening in Deering's pasture.

July 4, 1859. Monday. A pleasant morning. At the rising of the sun we were told that it was the Fourth of July. We were reminded by the roaring of cannon and the ringing of bells, and the boys were not slow in discharging their crackers to the great annoyance of citizens and strangers. Eight o'clock the militia companies made their appearance in full dress, and the sidewalks were crowded with men, women, and children, all gazing with astonished looks and gaping mouths. This gaze being over, the multitude assembled in Deering's pasture to see the balloon being prepared to ascend at three o'clock P. M., all the while a band of music uttering her voice. Two P. M. the companies came down from Mount Joy hill, where they had spent the A. M. firing at a target. Parade in front of the Mayor's office, when the most successful company received the reward promised by the Mayor, one hundred dollars. The multitude then left for Deering's pasture to join the great throng already assembled, and waited patiently till six, when the balloon rose from her station with one man on board, and gently took her course southerly, landing in Cape Elizabeth all safe and sound. An exhibition of fireworks in the evening, said to be very splendid. I was at home and in bed.

July 4, 1860. Wednesday. The American Jubilee. The day has been remembered in the usual manner, handed down by the traditions of the elders. Now the question, is it right to keep an ungodly feeling, a grudge, an old quarrel, ill will

against the nation from whom we came. This may be considered our natural mother. We are her children. We have revolted from the family and set up for ourselves. Why should we every Fourth of July call the country together and talk over the transaction which transpired

with our grandfathers? The difficulty has long since been settled. Christianity says, forget and forgive. The whole of this Fourth of July business, that is, the *way and manner* in which it is conducted, is, I have no doubt, an abomination in the sight of God.

THE LIFT OF THE HEART

BY ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS

WHEN we stand with the woods around us
And the great boughs overhead;
When the wind blows cool on our foreheads,
And the breath of the pines is shed;
When the song of the thrush is ringing —
Wonderful, rich, apart —
Between the sound and the silence
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

When we gaze from a wintry summit
Over mountain-tops aglow
In the clear cold light of the sunset,
And on pools of dusk below;
When the frozen woods are so silent
That a dead leaf makes us start, —
Between the flush and the fading
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

When we seek with the clearer vision
That Grief the Revealer brings
For the threads that are shot together
In the close-wrought Web of Things;
And find that Pain is woven
Into Love and Joy and Art, —
Between the search and the solace
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

And when life's farthing candle
Gutters and flares and sinks;
When the eye no longer wanders,
And the brain no longer thinks;
When only the hand plucks idly
At the sheet till the spirit part, —
Does there come between living and dying
A sudden lift of the heart?

A DISSATISFIED SOUL

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

It was when Elder Lincoln was supplying the pulpit of the old Union Meeting-House in Franconia. He was a Congregationalist, but was always styled Elder, as was also any clergyman of any denomination; it was, and is now, considered there the fit and proper title for a minister. There were three places of worship in the village representing as many denominations, called colloquially by the residents the Congo, the Freewill, and the Second-Ad, these names being "short" for the Congregationalist, Freewill Baptist, and Second-Adventist churches.

The Congregationalists and plain Baptists held their services in the same house of worship, each taking its turn, yearly I think, in providing a clergyman. Elder Lincoln was the choice of the Congos at that time, a dear, simple-hearted old man whom we loved well.

We were sitting together, the good Elder and I, on the piazza of the little inn — it was when uncle Eben kept it — and talking quietly of many things. I do not recall just how it came about, but I know that our conversation at last veered around to the subject of the soul's immortality, its condition immediately after it left the body, possible probation, and the intermediate state, technically so called. In the midst of this talk I saw an odd look upon the face of the Elder, a sort of whimsical smile, as if he were thinking of something not so grave as the topic of which we talked, and when he spoke, his words seemed strangely irrelevant. "Do you know," he asked, "who has taken the old mill-house on the Landaff road, the one, you know, where Captain Noyes lived?" I did not know; I had heard that somebody had lately moved into the old house, but had not heard the name of the new occupant.

"Well," said the Elder, still with that

quaint smile upon his face, "before you form any definite opinions upon this subject of the intermediate state you should talk with the good woman who lives in that old house." He would not explain further, save to tell me that Mrs. Weaver of Bradford had taken the house, that she was an elderly woman, practically alone in the world, anxious to know her new neighbors and to make new friends.

It was largely owing to this hint that, soon after our Sunday evening talk, I came to know Mrs. Apollos Weaver, to gain her friendship and confidence, and to hear her strange story.

It was not told me all at one time, but intermittently as the summer days went by. Yet every word of the tale was spoken in the old mill-house, and I never pass that ancient brown dwelling, standing high above the road on its steep, grassy bank, with the two tall elms in front, the big lilac bush at the door, and the cinnamon rosebushes straggling down to the road, that I do not think of Mrs. Weaver and her story.

It was not in reply to any question of mine that she told it, for, notwithstanding Elder Lincoln's suggestion, I somehow shrank from asking her directly about her theological views and beliefs. I had received a telegram one day relating to a business matter, and as I sat with Mrs. Weaver at the open door of the mill-house, I spoke of it, and of the nervous dread the sight of one of those dull yellow envelopes always brought me.

"Yes," she said, "they're scary things, any way you take it; but sometimes the writing one is worse than getting one. I never shall forget, as long as I live, the time I tried and tried, till I thought I should go crazy trying, to put just the right words, and not more than ten of them, into a telegraph to John Nelson.

Over and over I went with it, saying the words to myself, and trying to pick out something that would sort of break the news easy, and yet have him sense it without any mistake: 'Maria has come back, don't be scared, all well here.' No, the first part of that was too dreadful sudden. 'Don't be surprised to hear Maria is with us now!' Oh no, how could he help being surprised, and how could I help making him so?

"For you see, Maria was dead and buried, and had been for three whole weeks!

"John Nelson had stood by her dying bed at the very end; he'd been at the funeral, one of the mourners, being her own half-brother and her highest relation. He was the last one of the family to view the remains, and had stayed behind with Mr. Weaver and one of the neighbors to see the grave filled up. So to hear she was staying with us now would be amazing enough to him, however I could break it or smooth it down. It was amazing to us, and is now to look back at, only we sort of got used to it after a spell, as you do to anything.

"Maria Bliven was n't a near relation of ours, being only my first husband's sister, — I was Mrs. Bliven when I married Mr. Weaver, you know, — but she had lived with us off and on for years, and she'd been buried from our house. Mr. Weaver'd been real good about having her there, though lots of men would n't have been, she belonging, as you might say, to another dispensation, my first husband's relations. The fact was, she did n't stay to our house long enough at a time for anybody to get tired of her, — never stayed anywhere long enough for that. She was the fittiest, restlessest, changeablest person I ever saw or heard of; and never, never quite satisfied. A week in one place was enough, and more than enough, for Maria. She'd fidget and fuss and walk up and down, and twitch her feet and wiggle her fingers, and make you too nervous for anything, if she had to stay in one spot twenty-four hours, I was

going to say. So always just as I was going to be afraid Mr. Weaver would get sick of seeing Maria around and having a distant relation like her at the table every meal, she'd come down some morning with her carpet-bag in her hand, and say she guessed she'd go over to Haverhill and spend a few days with Mrs. Deacon Colby, or she'd take the cars for Newbury or Fairlee to visit with the Bishops or Captain Sanborn's folks, and sometimes as far as Littleton to Jane Spooner's. Then Mr. Weaver and me, we'd have a nice quiet spell all to ourselves, and just when we were ready for a change and a mite of company and talk, Maria would come traipsing back. Something did n't suit her, and she was n't satisfied, but she'd always have lots of news to tell, and we were glad to see her.

"Off and on, off and on, that was Maria all over, and more off than on. Why, the time she got her last sickness — the last one, I mean, before the time I'm telling you about — it was her getting so restless after she'd been staying three or four days with aunt Ellen Bragg over to Piermont, and starting for home in a driving snowstorm. She got chilled through and through, took lung fever, and only lived about ten days.

"We did everything we could for her, had the best doctor in the neighborhood, and nursed her day and night. Mr. Weaver was real kind, she being only a distant relation, but nothing could raise her up, and she died. We had a real nice funeral, Elder Fuller attending it, and we buried her in our own lot next to Mr. Bliven. It seemed dreadful quiet, and so queer to think that this time she'd gone for good and all, and that she'd got to stay now where she was, and not keep coming back in her restless, changing kind of way whether she was satisfied or not. I really did miss her, and I believe Mr. Weaver did, too, though he would n't own it.

"And here she was, and here was I half crazy over making up a telegraph to tell John Nelson about it.

"She'd been gone just exactly three weeks to a day, she having died the 11th of March, and it being now the second day of April.

"I was sitting at the window about ten o'clock in the forenoon peeling potatoes for dinner. I'd brought them into the sitting-room because it had a better lookout and was lighter and pleasanter in the morning. It was an early spring that year, though it came out real wintry afterwards, and the grass was starting up, and the buds showing on the trees, and somehow I got thinking about Maria. She was always glad when it came round spring, and she could get about more and visit with folks, and I was thinking where she was, and how she could ever stand it with her changing ways, to stay put, as you might say. Just then I looked out from the window over towards the river and the bridge, and I saw a woman coming. The minute I saw her I says to myself, 'She walks something like Maria Bliven.' She was coming along pretty quick, though not exactly hurrying, and she had somehow a real Bliven way about her. She came straight on in the direction of our house, and the closer she came, the more she walked like Maria. I did n't think it was her, of course, but it gave me a queer feeling to see anybody that favored her so much. The window was open, and I got nearer and nearer to it, and at last stretched my head out and stared down the street, a potato in one hand and the knife in the other. The sun was warm when you were out in it, exercising, and I saw the woman untying her bonnet-strings and throwing them back. Dear me! that was a real Bliven trick. I'd seen Maria do it herself fifty times. She was getting pretty nigh now, and the first thing I knew she looked up at the house and nodded her head just as Maria used to when she came home from visiting. Then in a minute I saw her plain as day. It was Maria Bliven, sure enough; there was no mistaking her.

"I see by your face what you are thinking about; it's what strikes every soul I

ever tell this to. You're wondering why I take this so cool, as if it was n't anything so much out of the common. Well, first place, it all happened a good many years ago, and I've gone through a heap of things since then, good and bad both, enough to wear off some of the remembering. And again, somehow, I took it kind of cool even then. It appeared to come about so natural, just in the course of things, as you might say, and only what you might have expected from Maria with her fitty, unsatisfied ways. And then — well, you'll see it yourself as I go on — there was something about Maria and the way she took it, and seemed to expect us to take it, that kept us from getting excited or scared or so dreadful amazed.

"Why, what do you think was the first and only single remark I made as she came in at the door just as she had come in fifty times before after visiting a spell? I says, 'Why, good-morning, Maria, you've come back.' And she says, 'Good-morning, Lyddy; yes, I have.'

"That was all, outside, I mean, for I won't deny there was a swimmy feeling in my head and a choky feeling down my throat, and a sort of trembly feeling all over as I see Maria drop into a chair and push her bonnet-strings a mite further back. She sat there a few minutes, I don't recollect just how long, and I don't seem to remember what either one of us said. Appears to me Maria made some remark about its being warm weather for the beginning of April, and that I said 't was so. Then sometimes I seem to remember that I asked her if she'd walked all the way or got a lift any part of it. But it don't hardly appear as if I could have said such a foolish thing as that, and anyways, I don't recollect what she answered. But I know she got up pretty soon and said she guessed she'd go up and take off her things, and she went.

"There was one potato dished up that day for dinner with the skin on, and it must have been the one I was holding when I first caught sight of Maria down

the road. So that goes to show I was a good deal flustered and upset, after all. The first thing was to tell Mr. Weaver. He was in the barn, and out I went. I did n't stop to break the news then, but gave it to him whole, right out. 'Pollos,' I says, all out of breath, 'Maria Bliven's come back. She's in her bedroom this minute, taking off her things.' I never can bring back to my mind what he said first. He took it kind of calm and cool, as he always took everything that ever happened since I first knew him. And in a minute he told me to go and telegraph to John Nelson. You see, besides John's being Maria's nearest relation, he had charge of the little property she'd left, and so 't was pretty important he should know right off that she had n't left it for good.

"Now I've got back to where I begun about that telegraph. Well, I sent it, and John came over from Hanover next day. I can't go on in a very regular, straight-ahead way with this account now, but I'll tell what went on as things come into my head, or I'll answer any questions you want to ask, as you appear so interested. Everything went on natural and in the old way after the first. Of course, folks found out pretty quick. Bradford's a small place now, and 't was smaller then, and I don't suppose there was a man, woman, or child there that did n't know within twenty-four hours that Maria had come back. There was some talk naturally, but not as much as you'd think. Folks dropped in, and when they'd see her looking about as she did before she left, and we going on just the same, why, they got used to it themselves, and the talk most stopped.

"But though they thought she was the same as she used to be, I knew she was n't. It's hard to put it into words to make you understand, but Maria had n't been many hours in the house before I saw she was dreadful changed. First place, she did n't talk near so much. Before she left she was a great hand to tell about all her doings after she'd been on one of her vis-

its. She'd go all over it to Mr. Weaver and me, and it was real interesting. But she never said one single word now about anything that had happened since we saw her last, where she'd been, what she'd done, or anything. She and me, we were together by ourselves a great deal, more than ever before, in fact, for somehow the neighbors did n't come in as much as they used to. Maria was always pleasant to them, but though they said she was just the same as ever, with nothing queer or alarming about her, I saw they did n't feel quite at home with her now, and did n't drop in so often. But sit together, she and me, hours at a time as we might, never one word of what I could n't help hankering to know passed Maria's lips. Why did n't I ask her, you say? Well, I don't know. Seems to me now, as I think it all over, that I would do it if I could only have the chance again. You would n't hardly believe how I wish and wish now it's too late that I had asked her things I'm just longing to know about, now I'm growing old and need to look ahead a little, and particular now Mr. Weaver's gone, and I'm so hungry to know something about him, we having lived together most fifty years, you know. But there was something about Maria that kept me from asking. And sometimes I think there was something that kept her from telling. I feel sure she was on the point of making some statement sometimes, but she could n't; the words would n't come; there did n't seem to be any way of putting the information into words she knew, or that was used in our part of the country, anyway. Dear me, what lots of times I've heard her begin something this way, 'When I first got there, I' — 'Before I come back, I' — Oh, how I'd prick up my ears and most stop breathing to hear! But she'd just stop, seem to be a-thinking about something way, way off, and never, never finish her remarks. Yes, I know you wonder I did n't question her about things. As I said before, I can't hardly explain why I did n't. But there was something

about her looks and her ways, something that, spite of her being the old Maria Bliven I had lived in and out with so many years, somehow made her most like a stranger that I could n't take liberties with.

"Mr. Weaver and me, of course, we talked about it when we were all by ourselves, mostly at night, when it was still and dark. It did seem real strange and out of the common someways. Neither one of us had ever had anything like it happen before to anybody we knew or heard of. Folks who'd died, generally, — no, always, I guess, up to this time, — died for good, and stayed dead. We were brought up Methodists; we were both professors, and knew our Bibles and the doctrines of the church pretty well. We knew about two futures for the soul, — the joyful, happy one for the good and faithful, and the dreadful one for the wicked. And we'd always been learnt that to one of these localities the soul went the very minute, or second, it left the body. That there were folks that held different opinions, and thought there was a betwixt and between district where you stayed on the road, where even the good and faithful might rest and take breath before going into the wonderful glory prepared for them, and where the poor, mistaken, or ignorant, or careless souls would be allowed one more chance of choosing the right, we did n't know that. I never'd heard of that doctrine then, though a spell after that I hardly heard anything else.

"I don't know as I told you about Elder Janeway from down South somewhere coming to board with us one summer. He was writing a book called *Probation*, and he had a way of reading out loud what he was writing in a preaching kind of way, so that you could n't help hearing it all, even if you wanted to. And all day long, while I sat sewing or knitting, or went about my work, baking and ironing and all, I'd hear that solemn, rumbling voice of his going on about the 'place of departed spirits,' the Scripture proofs of there being such a place, what it was like, how

long folks stayed there, and I don't know what all. That was just before I came down with the fever that I most died with, as I was telling you the other day, and they say this talk of the Elder's appeared to run in my mind when I was light headed and wandering, and I'd get dreadful excited about it.

"But at the time I was telling about I had n't heard this, so Mr. Weaver and I would talk it over, and wonder and guess and suppose. 'Oh, Pollos,' I whispered one night, 'you don't presume Maria is a — ghost?' 'No more than you be,' says Mr. Weaver, trying to whisper, but not doing it very well, his voice naturally being a bass one. 'Ghosts,' he says, 'are all in white, and go about in a creepy way, allowing there are any such things, which I don't.' 'But what else can she be, Pollos,' I says, 'she having died and been buried, and now back again? Where's she, or her soul or spirit, been these three weeks, since that?'

"'Well, come to that, I don't know,' Mr. Weaver would say. And he did n't. No more did I.

"Where had she come from that morning when she appeared so unexpected as I sat peeling the potatoes? Not a single soul had seen her, as far as we could find out, before the very minute I caught sight of her at the turn of the road. Folks had been at their windows or doors, or in their yards all along that very road for miles back, and on the two different roads that come into the main one there were plenty of houses full of people, but nobody, not one of them, saw her go by. There was Almy Woolett, whose whole business in life was to know who passed her house, and what they did it for. She was at her front window every minute that forenoon, and it looked right out on the road, not fifteen foot back of where I first saw Maria, and she never saw her.

"Then, as to what clothes she came in, folks have asked me about that, and I can't give them a mite of satisfaction. For the life of me I can't remember what she had on before she went up to her room

and took off her things. I'm certain sure she was n't wearing what she went away in, for that was a shroud. In those days, you know, bodies was laid out in regular appropriate burying things, made for the occasion, instead of being dressed all up like living beings, as they do nowadays. And Maria did n't come back in that way, or I might have thought her a ghost sure enough. Sometimes I seem to recollect that she had on something sort of grayish, not black or white, but just about the color of those clouds out there, just over the mill, almost the color of nothing, you might say. But there, I ain't sure, it's so long ago. But I know she had on something I never'd seen her wear before, and she never wore again, for when she came downstairs she was dressed in her old blue gingham, with a white tie apron. I own up I did look about everywhere I could think of for the things she came in, but I could n't find them high nor low. Not a sign of them was there in her bedroom, in the closet or chest of drawers, or her little leather trunk, and I'm certain sure they was n't anywheres in the house when I ransacked for them, and that was n't two hours after Maria came back.

"It's only little specks of things I can tell you about that happened after this, anything, I mean, that had to do with her queer experience. I watched her close, and took notice of the least thing that seemed to bear on that. She complained a good deal of being lonesome, and when I recommended her going out more and visiting with the neighbors, she'd say so sorrowful and sad, 'There ain't anybody of my kind here, not a single one; I'm all alone in the world.' And, take it one way, she was.

"One day she and me were sitting together in the kitchen, and one of Billy Lane's boys came to the door to borrow some saleratus. After he'd gone, I says to Maria, 'I told you, did n't I, that Billy Lane died last month? He died of lock-jaw, and it came on so sudden and violent he was n't able to tell how he hurt himself. They found a wound on his foot, but

don't know how it came.' 'Oh,' say, Maria, as quiet and natural as you please, 'he told me he stepped on a rusty nail down by the new fence.' I was just going to speak up quick, and ask how in the world he could have told her that, when he did n't die till a week after she did, when she started, put on one of her queer looks, and says, 'There, I forgot to shut my blinds, and it's real sunny,' and went upstairs.

"The first death that we had in Bradford after her coming back was little Susan Garret. We'd heard she was sick, but did n't know she was dangerous, and were dreadful surprised when Mr. Weaver came in to supper and told us she was dead. I felt sorry for Mrs. Garret, a widow with only one other child, and that a sickly boy, but I must say I was surprised to see how Maria took it to heart. She turned real white, kept twisting her hands together, and sort of moaning out, 'Oh, I wish I'd knowed she was going, I wish I'd knowed. If she'd only wait just a minute for me,' and crazy, nervy things like that. I had to get her upstairs and give her some camphor and make her lay down, she was so excited like. She did n't calm down right away, and when I heard her say sort of to herself, 'Oh, if I could only a seen her!' I says, 'Why, Maria, you can see her. We'll run right over there now. I guess they've laid the poor child out by this time, and they'll let us see the body.' Such a look as Maria gave me, real scornful, as you might say, as she says, 'That! see that! What good would it do to see *that* I want to know.' Why, I tell you it made me feel for a minute as if a body was of no account at all, leastways in Maria's opinion. And yet she'd used hers to come back in anyways! 'T was quite a spell before she cooled down, and she never explained why it worked her up so, and I'm sure I don't know. Whether it was because she thought little Susan had gone to the place she herself had come away from, and wished she had known in time to go back along with her just for company, or again,

whether she felt bad because she had n't had a chance to give the child some advice or directions that would have helped her along on the road that Maria knew and nobody else probably in all that county did know, why, I have n't an idea.

"I believe I told you a ways back that after she got home Maria all the time had a kind of look and way as if she'd done something she had n't ought to done, or was somewhere she had n't any business to be, somehow as if she belonged somewhere else.

"In the old days she was n't ever satisfied long at a time in any place, but she was always pleased to get back, leastways for a spell. But from the minute she came this time she was troubled and worried. And that grew on her. She was always sort of listening and watching, as if she expected something to happen, starting at the least bit of noise, and jumping if anybody knocked or even came by the gate. She got dreadful white, and so poor she did n't weigh no more than a child, and such little trifling things worked her up. For instance, we had heard a spell before, Mr. Weaver and me, that Mr. Tewksbury over at South Newbury was dead, and we believed it, not knowing anything to the contrary. But one day Mr. Weaver came in and he says, 'Lyddy, you recollect we heard the other day that Silas Tewksbury was dead? Well, I met him just now coming over the bridge.' Maria was in the room, and first thing we knew she gave a kind of screech, and put her two hands together, and she says, 'Oh no, no, no, not another of us! I thought 't was only me. Oh, deary, deary me, that's what they meant. They said it would n't end with me; they begged me not to try; and now I've started it, and it won't never stop. They'll all come back, all, every single one of 'em,' and she cried and moaned till we were at our wits' ends what to do. It was n't till she found out that Mr. Tewksbury had n't ever died at all, but 't was his brother at White River Junction that was taken off, that she got quiet.

"So it went on, Maria sort of wearing out with worrying and grieving about something she could n't seem to tell us about except by little hintings and such, and Mr. Weaver and me, we wondering and surmising and talking all alone nights in whispers. We did n't understand it, of course, but we'd made up our minds on one or two points, and agreed on them. Maria had never been to heaven, we felt sure of that. There were lots of reasons for that belief, but one is enough. Nobody, even the most discontented and changeablest being ever made, would leave that place of perfect rest and peace for this lonesome, dying, changing world, now would they? And as for the other locality, why, I just know certain, certain sure she'd never been there. That would have showed in her face, and her talk, and her ways. If it is one little mite like what I've always been learnt it is, one minute, one second spent there would alter you so dreadfully you'd never be recognized again by your nighest and dearest. And Maria was a good woman, a Christian woman. Her biggest fault was only her fretting and finding fault, and wanting to change about and find something better. Oh no, no; wherever Maria Bliven had come from that morning in April it was n't from that place of punishment, we felt sure of that, Mr. Weaver and me. As I said once before, we had n't heard then that there was any other place for the dead to go to. But from things Maria let drop, and the way she behaved, and our own thinking and studying over it, we began to come to this, that maybe there was a stopping-place on the road before it forked, — to put it into this world's sort of talk, — where folks could rest and straighten out their beliefs and learn what to expect, how to look at things, and try and be tried. Last summer I heard a new word, and it struck me hard. Mrs. Deacon Spinner told me her son had gone off to learn new ways of farming and gardening and such. She said they had places nowadays where they learnt boys all that and they called

them 'Experiment Stations.' The minute I heard that I says to myself, 'That's the name! That's what the place where Maria came back from, and that Elder Janeway knew so much about, had ought to be called, an Experiment Station.' But at that time, in Maria's day, I'd never heard of this name no more than I had of Elder Janeway, and the place or state he was always writing and talking about. But, after all, I don't believe I care to go back on what ma and pa and all the good folks of old times held on those subjects. There was n't any mincing matters those days; 't was the very best or the very worst for everybody as soon as they departed this life, and no complaints made. I'm certain sure any of those ancestors of mine, particular on the Wells side — that was pa's, you know — would have taken the worst, and been cheerful about it, too, rather than have had the whole plan upset and a half-and-half place interduced. But then, if there ain't such a locality, where in the world did Maria come from that time? I tell you, it beats me.

"Now this very minute something comes into my head that I have n't told you about, that I don't believe I ever told anybody about; I don't know as I can tell it now. It is like a sound that comes to you from way, way off, that you think you catch, and then it's gone. It was just only a word Maria used two or three times after she came back, a dreadful, dreadful curious word. It was n't like any word I ever heard spoke or read in a book; 't was n't anything I can shape out in my mind to bring back now. First time I heard it she was sitting on the doorstep at night, all by herself. It was a nice night with no moon, but thousands of shining little stars, and the sky so sort of dark bluish and way, way off. Maria did n't know I was nigh, but I was, and I was peeking at her as she sat there. She looked up right overhead at the sky, and the shining and the blue, and then she spoke that word, that curious, singular word. I say she spoke it, and that I heard it, but somehow that don't make it plain

what I mean. Seem's if she only meant it, thought it, and I sort of caught it, felt it — Oh, that sounds like crazy talk, I know, but I can't do any better. Somehow I knew without using my ears that she was saying or thinking a word, the strangest, meaningest, oh, the curiousest word! And once she said it in her sleep when I went into her room in the night, and another time as she sat by her own grave in the little burying-ground, and I had followed her there unbeknownst. I tell you, that was n't any word they use in Vermont, or in the United States, or anywheres in this whole living world. It was a word Maria brought back, I'm certain sure from — well, wherever she'd been that time.

"Well, it was wearing to see Maria those days, growing poorer and poorer, and bleacheder and bleacheder, and failing up steady as the days went by. And one day just at dusk, when she and me were sitting by ourselves, I mustered up courage to speak out. 'Maria,' I says, 'you don't appear to be satisfied these times.'

"'Satisfied!' she says, 'course I ain't. Was I ever satisfied in all my born days? Was n't that the trouble with me from the beginning? Ain't it that got me into all this dreadful trouble? Deary, deary me, if I'd only a stayed where' — She shut up quick and sudden, looking so mournful and sorry and wore out that I could n't hold in another minute, and I burst out, 'Maria, if you feel that way about it, and I can see myself it's just killing you, why in the world don't you — go back again?' I was scared as soon as I'd said it, but Maria took it real quiet. 'Don't you suppose I've thought of that myself?' she says. 'I ain't thought of much else lately, I tell you. But as far's I know, and I know a lot more than you do about it, there ain't but just one way to go there, and that,' she says, speaking kind of low and solemn, 'that is — the way — I went before. And I own up, Lyddy,' says she, 'I'm scaret o' that way, and I scursely dast to do it again.' 'But,' I says, getting bolder when I saw she was n't

offended at my speaking, 'you say yourself you ain't sure. Maybe there is some other way of getting back; there's that way—well, that way you came from there, you know.'

"That's different," says Maria. But I saw she was thinking and studying over something all the evening, and after she went to her bedroom she was walking about, up and down, up and down, the biggest part of the night. In the morning when it got to be nigh on to seven o'clock, and she not come down, I felt something had happened, and went up to her room. She was n't there. The bed was made up, and everything fixed neat and nice, and she had gone away.

"Oh, dear," I says to Mr. Weaver, 'that poor thing has started off all alone, weak as she is, to find her way back.' 'Back where?' says Pollos. Just as if I knew.

"But we both agreed on one point. We could n't do anything. We felt to realize our own ignorance, and that this was a thing Maria must cipher out by herself, or with somebody that was way, way above us to help her. It was a dreadful long day, I tell you. I could n't go about my work as if nothing had happened, and I could n't get out of my head for one single minute that poor woman on her curious, lonesome travels. Would she find the road? I kept a-thinking to myself, and was it a hard, dark one like the one everybody else had to go on before they got to the afterwards-life, a valley full of shadows, according to Scripture, with a black, deep river to ford, a 'swelling flood,' as the hymn says?

"Well, the day went by somehow, — most days do, however slow they seem to drag along, — and the night came on. Though we did n't mean to meddle or interfere in this matter, Mr. Weaver and me, we had asked a few questions of folks who dropped in or went by that day. Maria had been seen by people all along the same road she had come home by that other time, and on both the roads that joined it. Two or three, seeing how beat

out and white she looked, had offered her a ride, but whichever direction they were going she had always answered the same thing, that she was n't going their way. It was nigh nine o'clock, and we were just shutting up the house for the night, when I heard steps outside and the gate screamed.

"I felt in a minute that it was Maria, and I opened the door as quick as I could. There she was trying to get up the steps, and looking just ready to drop and die right there and then. It took Pollos and me both to get her in and upstairs. It was n't any time for questions, but when Mr. Weaver had gone, and I was getting her to bed, I says, as I saw her white face with that dreadful look of disappointment, 'You poor thing, you're all beat out.' 'Yes,' she whispers, her voice most gone she was so wore out, 'and I could n't find the road. There ain't but one, — leastways to go there by, — and that's the way I went first-off. I'd oughter known it. I'd oughter known it.'

"I could n't bear to see her so sorrowful and troubled, and I said what I could to comfort her by using Scripture words and repeating the promises made there about that dark valley and the deep waters, and the help and company provided for the journey. But that mournful look never left her face, and she kept a-whispering, 'That's for *once*; not a word about the second time. Mebbe there ain't any provision for the second time.' And what could I say?

"I believe I have n't told you how much time the poor woman spent those days in the graveyard, sitting by her own grave. I can't get over that, even after all these years, that queer, uncommon sight of a person watching over their own burying place, weeding it and watering it as if their own highest friend lay there. I don't see why, either. I don't even know whether her body was there. Folks don't have two, and she'd brought one back, and was in it now. And, as far as we could see, it was the very same body she wore when she died, and that we'd buried next

to Mr. Bliven. Anyway, she appeared to like that place, and showed a lot of interest in taking care of it. There was n't any headstone. We had ordered one, but it had n't come home when she returned, and we had told Mr. Stevens to keep it a spell till we fixed what to do about it. I was glad it was n't up. I can't think of anything that would be more trying than to see your own gravestone with your name and age and day you died, with a consoling verse, all cut out plain on it. I know, one time, I saw her putting a bunch of sweet-williams on that grave. She looked sort of ashamed when she saw I was watching her, and she says, a mite bashful, 'You know they was always her favorite posies.' 'Whose?' I asked, just to see what she'd say. But she was so busy fixing the sweet-williams she did n't take any notice.

"Maria failed up after this right along, and pretty soon she was that weak she could n't get as far as the graveyard, hardly even down to the gate. And I says to Mr. Weaver that she need n't worry about finding the way back to where she belonged, for she'd just go as she went the other time if she did n't flesh up and get a little ruggeder. One day, when I went into her room, she says to me, 'Lyddy, I want help, and mebbe I can get it in the old way we used to try. You fetch me the big Bible and let me open it without looking, and put my finger on a verse and then you read it out. Mebbe they'll take that way of telling me what to do, just mebbe.'

"I never approved of that kind of getting help, it always seemed like tempting Providence, but I felt I must do most anything that would help satisfy that poor woman, and I got the Bible. She opened it, her lean hands shaking, and she laid one of her bony fingers on a passage. I must say it took my breath away when I saw how appropriate it was, how pat it came in. 'I was in Ezekiel, and it went this way: 'He shall not return by the gate whereby he came in.'

"Maria give a sort of cry and laid her

head back against the pillow on the big chair she was sitting in. 'There, there,' she says, all shaking and weak, 'I most knew it afore, and now I'm certain sure. I've got to go — the — old — way.'

"And so she did. After all, I was n't with her when she went, and it was n't from our house she started. I got run down and pindling from taking care of her and studying how to help her out of her troubles. So Mr. Weaver wrote to John Nelson, and after a spell it was fixed that he should take Maria over to his house in Hanover, and he did. It was a hard journey for her, so weak as she was, and she did n't stand it very well. But she had one more journey to take, the one she'd been dreading so long, and trying to put off.

"It was n't so dreadful hard, I guess, after all, for they said she fell asleep at the last like a baby. Just before she went, she says very quiet and calm, all the worry and fret gone out of her voice, she says to John and Harriet, who was standing by the bed, 'I'm dreadful tired, and I guess I'll drowse off a mite. And mebbe I'll be let to go in my sleep.' Then in a minute she says slow and sleepy, her eyes shut up, 'And if I do, wherever they carry me this time, I guess when I wake up I shall — be — satisfied,' and she dropped off.

"I guess she was, for she went for good that time and stayed. She was buried there in Hanover in John's lot. We all thought 't was best. It would have been awk'ard about the old grave, you know, whether to open it or not, and what to do about the coffin. So we thought 't was better to start all over again as if 't was the first time, with everything bran-new, and nothing second-handed, and we did. But Maria Bliven's the only person I know that's got two graves. There's only one headstone, though, for we took the one we'd ordered before from Mr. Stevens, he altering the reading on it a little to suit the occasion. You see, the first time we'd had on it a line that was used a good deal on gravestones then, 'Gone for-

ever.' That did n't turn out exactly appropriate, so we had it cut out, and this time we had on — Elder Fuller put it into our heads — that Scripture verse, a good deal like Maria's dying words, though I don't believe she knew she was quoting when she said it, 'I shall be satisfied.' "

"Well," said good Elder Lincoln one July day as we met on the Lisbon road, "have you heard Mrs. Weaver's account of Maria Bliven's unexpected return?"

The Elder had been at Streeter Pond fishing for pickerel, for he belonged to that class styled by dear old Jimmy Whitcher "fishin' ministers." He had not met with great success that day, but he had been all the morning in the open, and there was about him a breezy, woodsy, free look which seemed to dissipate shadows, doubts, and dreads. "Yes," I replied, "I have heard it all. What in the world do you make of it?"

"Well, I don't make anything of it,"

said the Elder. "There's no conspicuous moral to that story. Mrs. Weaver did not make the most of her opportunities, and we do not gain much new light from her account. Old Cephas Janeway, who wrote a ponderous work on *Probation* which nobody read, was largely responsible, I guess, for the feverish dream of the old woman. But to her it's all true, real, something that actually happened. And, do you know, somehow I almost believe it myself as I listen to the homely details, and it brings 'thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.' "

He was silent a minute, then taking up his fishing basket, very light in weight that day, he raised the lid, looked with unseeing eyes at its contents, and said absently, "I can't help wishing I had met Maria after she came back. There is just one thing" — He did not complete the sentence, and I saw that his thoughts were far away. With a good-by word which I know he did not hear, I turned aside, leaving him there in the dusty road.

MASSACHUSETTS AND WASHINGTON

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THE spirit of a country or a city is a thing about which it is easy to bandy words. It is, however, a thing which can be defined with clearness only in the terms of human lives. The student reads a treatise on national or local characteristics; but a race accepts John Bull and Brother Jonathan as personifications which answer essential questions of imagination and intelligence. The incessant demand of the mind is for the concrete. It is not upon deductions and theories that we insist, but upon examples, living

figures which in themselves shall sum up the truth we are seeking. It is fortunate, therefore, that the American citizen who wishes to know more about Massachusetts, especially in her relation to the national government, may turn at this time to two full-length biographical portraits of the first consequence. In Andrew ¹ he will find the figure of the man who in his chief magistracy preëminently typified the spirit of Massachusetts throughout the heroic period of civil war. Senator Hoar, ² who tells his own story, stands, on

¹ *The Life of John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, 1861-1865.* By HENRY GREENLEAF PEARSON. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

² *Autobiography of Seventy Years.* By GEORGE F. HOAR. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

the other hand, as the typical representative of his state, through thirty-five continuous years of service at the national capital, where he has been concerned with the legislation and the policies which in many instances had their origin in the war that Andrew helped to fight. In the lives of these two men much of the national history of Massachusetts during the past half century may be found.

John Albion Andrew was one of the Americans characteristically raised up for a great emergency. It has become a commonplace of our history that new occasions not only teach new duties, but produce the men to perform them. No doubt a few village Hampdens and guiltless Cromwells have been overlooked; yet, thanks to the flexibility of our institutions, enough of them have always been found for the work in hand. If Andrew could have foreseen the task he had to do in the world, and had set about his preparation for it by the most elective course of training, he could hardly have been better equipped. The inheritance and cultivation of the ethical tendencies of his New England nature, the simplicity of his country boyhood and of his training at Bowdoin College, the native gift of persuasive public speech, the religious spirit, the belief in prayer, that love of poetry, which in his busiest days made the *Golden Treasury* his constant traveling companion, that practical philanthropy which turned so much of his law practice into the unremunerative service of the friendless, above all, that zeal for human freedom which placed him squarely in the ranks of anti-slavery reformers. — these, with a supreme gift of “getting on” with men and women, were eminent qualifications for his office. Not all of them, to be sure, were immediately counted in his favor by the conservative element; but in the full record of his life, their value stands clearly forth.

The governorship of any important state at any time is a sufficiently complicated task. Nothing less than a statesman was needed to rule and direct Massa-

chusetts in a period when the chief command of her land and sea forces became a pressing military problem, when the relations between the state and the national officials were under constant strain, when public opinion itself was a thing of distracting uncertainty. The tests of Andrew’s statesmanship came thick and fast, and out of the abundance of his equipment he promptly met them. To enumerate either the tests or the successive actions by which he proved himself their equal would be to summarize the greater part of Mr. Pearson’s work. But there are certain points which separate themselves from the total story, and indicate that outline of Andrew’s personality and work which becomes the picture to be remembered. No one of these points is more striking than the utter independence of the man. It was an inherent part of his nature to see things in their moral bearing. The full development of such a nature involves the necessity of arriving at one’s own conclusions, and acting upon them in spite of opposition. At different periods Andrew was bound to displease the “hunker” portion of the community repeating its cry of peace, peace, when there was no peace, and — no less surely — to disappoint the radical friends of his unofficial days through what seemed to them a stultifying timidity and caution. The truth, in almost every instance, was that he knew the very heart of his people, and took the course which that heart finally approved. To this end — and here is another of the distinguishing points — he drew to himself, by his wisdom or rare good fortune, a group of friends and advisers who rendered him inestimable help. His very independence stood the stronger chance of bearing the genuine brand because at his side stood such men as John Murray Forbes, Henry Lee, Jr., and the members of that loyal staff which surrounds him in the photograph, doubly humanized by our knowledge that a chorus of *Johnny Schmoker* was needed to keep the exhausted governor awake through the taking of the pic-

ture. Indeed, the human qualities of the man, in both his public and his private relations, shine through the print of many pages. The "crazy optimism" of which Henry Lee, Jr., signing himself "Your old blackguard," accused him is not the least lovable of his attributes. Of course it led him into errors, one of the most disastrous of which was the original placing of power in the hands of "Ben" Butler. At the time of this mistake, however, there was some excuse for optimism regarding one whose shadow had not fallen in all its darkness on the pages of Massachusetts history; and there were considerations of expediency which must have made the appointment seem, at the time it was made, an entirely justifiable piece of "practical politics." In view of Andrew's impatience with red tape, his zeal for the abolition of slavery as the vital object of the war, his paternal — almost motherly — care and thought for the soldiers of Massachusetts, the wonder is that motives of expediency controlled him as often as they did. In his dealings with the War Department, perhaps more than in any other relation, his self-control was severely taxed, sometimes beyond the point prescribed by governmental etiquette. If he chafed inwardly against the deliberateness of some of Lincoln's policies, and for a considerable time failed to see in the President the greatness which history has awarded him, he found himself often in good company. In the political campaign of 1864 he could even write to Horace Greeley: "Mr. Lincoln *ought* to lead the country. But he is essentially lacking in the quality of leadership, which is a gift of God and not a device of man. Without this, his other qualities, as an able and devoted magistrate and most estimable citizen, leave it necessary for us to make a certain allowance for a measure of success which, under the more magnetic influence of a positive man, of clear purpose and more prophetic instinct, would surely be ours." Such words as these, from the most efficient of "war governors," fling us with a

certain rude emphasis into the position from which some shrewd eyes saw Lincoln forty years ago. Mr. Pearson makes a fair statement of the case when he says: "In order to understand Andrew's position, it is necessary to attempt to gain the contemporary and transient view of the President that men had in 1864, — as if, for example, we should undertake to make an estimate of Thackeray when *Esmond* was yet to be written." To the clearness of this contemporary view the present biography is a notable contribution.

Still another point which stands apart in the panorama of Andrew's life is the untimeliness of its end, — when he had lived but forty-nine years. In five of those years, to be sure, he had done a work which few men surpass in twenty. Yet there was much remaining to be done, in solving some of the national problems which were the legacy of war. For the special problem of reconstruction he stood ready to plead for "the maintenance of equality between free citizens concerning civil *rights*, and the distribution of *privileges* according to capacity and desert, and not according to the accidents of birth." It was his conviction, also, that the leaders of the conquered South should remain its leaders under the new dispensation. If these methods could have been attempted, — but *ifs* are fruitless. There were other words of Andrew, capable of the broadest application, written but a few weeks before his death, and worthy to be had in remembrance by every public servant: —

"In respect to *principles*, I am always *radical*. In respect to measures, I am always conservative. Principles are of God. They are founded in the Eternal fitness, harmony and reality of the Universe, over which he presides. Measures, on the other hand, are human devices by which men attempt to actualize in human affairs the principles they perceive and believe in. We can safely trust a principle, and go [to] its very roots, because it is — when true at all — radically true.

"But we do well to be conservative in our measures; carefully holding on to the best results of past experience, and seeking the combined wisdom both of ages and of many minds, instead of implicitly following the would-be leader of the hour."

All that has been said has to do with the substance of Mr. Pearson's work rather than with its spirit and manner. In them lay the difficulties; the very nature of the substance guaranteed the interest of most of the facts which cried for presentation. But the manner in which they are presented reveals an uncommon grasp of the big requisites for the task, and a commensurate discretion in handling its delicate phases. The spirit of Andrew and of the time in which he lived — a time in which it was possible for the mother of Colonel Shaw to write such a letter as that which the second volume contains — is a spirit with which one could hardly deal, and escape infection. Mr. Pearson has truly caught it and given it forth. Such chapters as "War," "The Regiments of 1861," and most of "The Negro Soldier" make the time and its qualities live again. In this achievement who shall say that the author has not had a positive advantage in writing of a generation before his own? Besides producing a memorable biography, Mr. Pearson has brought a new argument to the belief that the best records of the nineteenth century are to be produced in the twentieth, by men far enough removed from the scenes of which they write, and well enough endowed with a sense of proportion, to sift the essential from the unessential, and to preserve what future generations are likely to need.

In the nature of the case Senator Hoar's two generous volumes belong to that other class of books, — the *quorum pars magna fui* variety. He frankly recognizes the dangers besetting elderly gentlemen who relate their own experiences, and tells the story of the boy who addressed his reminiscent parent, "Papa, did anybody help you to put down the Rebellion?" Thus disarmed, one can venture little by

way of adverse criticism in the one direction in which it might most fairly be indulged. That little shall be comprised in the inquiry whether Mr. Hoar has not employed perhaps too facile a method in reproducing so many of his speeches, letters, and the letters of thanks from those to whom the speeches were sent. All these documents have a contemporary value of their own; yet there is ground for an honest belief that the essence of them would have served the autobiographer's purpose better than their entirety. The portrait drawn with the smallest number of lines is generally the most effective. One must hasten to say, however, that in spite of the fact that a single volume might almost have been made to do the work of two, the picture of himself which Mr. Hoar has produced is vivid and impressive.

Against the background of his boyhood and formative years, any standards but those of idealism would have been out of place. In point of time it is worth noting that Andrew was only eight years his senior. In respect of surroundings, there was the town of Concord. Its familiar figures are the accepted types of New England idealism. It was no mean part of an education to share the influences which they partook and created. Mr. Hoar has shown what he derived from these influences, if only by recording his appreciation of such figures, not widely known, as Charles Emerson and the learned teacher, Sarah Ripley. From Concord he carried to Harvard College a capacity for benefiting from contact both with the really remarkable men who instructed the Harvard youth of his day, and with a band of undergraduates destined to achieve true distinction in their several callings. We all know what a traveler needs to carry with him in order to bring back anything worth preserving. Through the early excursions in study and companionship Mr. Hoar was a traveler of the fortunate class.

Devoting himself to the practice of law at Worcester, he soon found himself forced

by circumstance rather than deliberate choice into the arena of politics. As a Free Soil member of the Massachusetts legislature, he naturally became an early and warm adherent of the Republican party, which to him was the embodiment of all the political ideals of his young manhood. For one endowed with just the nature which this autobiography reflects, allegiance to his chosen party through good and evil report has been precisely as natural as his first devotion to its cause. There is an expectation, expressed with frequency and a certain cynicism in Massachusetts, that Senator Hoar, after speaking against the policies of his party, will inevitably vote for them. For this expectation Senator Hoar's *apologia* for his political course gives sufficient warrant. But he is, indeed, a cynical critic who can read these volumes and dismiss their plea for consistent party allegiance as a plea which springs from anything but a thoughtful sincerity. One may be sure that the two paragraphs about to be quoted were written after grave consideration. It is only fair to repeat and remember them generously. They are: —

"1. I have never in my life cast a vote or done an act in legislation that I did not at the time believe to be right, and that I am not now willing to avow and to defend and debate with any champion, of sufficient importance, who desires to attack it at any time and in any presence.

"2. Whether I am right or wrong in my opinion as to the duty of acting with and adherence to party, it is the result, not of emotion or attachment or excitement, but of as cool, calculating, sober and deliberate reflection as I am able to give to any question of conduct or duty. Many of the things I have done in this world which have been approved by other men, or have tended to give me any place in the respect of my countrymen, have been done in opposition, at the time, to the party to which I belonged. But I have made that opposition without leaving the party. In every single instance, unless

the question of the Philippine Islands shall prove an exception, and that is not a settled question yet, the party has come round, in the end, to my way of thinking. I have been able by adhering to the Republican Party to accomplish, in my humble judgment, tenfold the good that has been accomplished by men who have ten times more ability and capacity for such service, who have left the party."

To these deliberate statements Senator Hoar adds a brief and striking catalogue of powerful men, and of good measures passed without their aid. These men, if called to account, would doubtless give excellent reasons for the faith that was in them, and separated them from the Republican party. Now who shall arbitrate? Perhaps, after all, the mere voter whose first concern is to "vote right" at successive elections is in the most enviable position. Certain it is that Senator Hoar, whose case deserves an unprejudiced hearing, is content with the argument his course has made for him at the bar of history. "I have no regret," he declares, "and no desire to blot out anything I have said or done, or to change any vote I have given."

The important episodes of recent American history with which the future historian will deal more intelligently by reason of this book are far too many to enumerate. They cover a wide range, and involve writer and reader in a mass of significant reminiscence, of men quite as much as of events. There is much that is entertaining, and all of it is set down with great good nature. Seriousness has its due place in such discussions — to name but two — as those of the Philippine question and of the problems of reconstruction. What Senator Hoar has written of the attitude of his party toward the conquered South strangely supplements the passage in the *Life of Andrew* dealing with the same subject. Andrew, as we have seen, had his positive views of what should be done. Senator Hoar records the failure of one of the chief purposes of those whose plan did not coin-

cide with Andrew's. The complete system of education at national expense, an essential part of the reconstruction policy of Sumner and Grant, was never effected. To something which may take its place perhaps the South is working its own way at last. In another important episode it is the *Life of Andrew* which provides the supplement to the fuller record of Senator Hoar. This is the story of Butler's career. In writing of it Mr. Hoar shows how easily his seriousness may pass into a righteous indignation which time does not cool. The political and the military records of Butler are handled with equal freedom. It is an unexpected achievement of these two biographical works, dealing with the best products of Massachusetts, that the figure of Butler is presented with such inexorable clearness.

But it is not in the power of one such figure to obscure the definite image of the holder of high official position in Massachusetts which these two works create.

In Governor Andrew and Senator Hoar alike the reader recognizes a characteristic local product. If the reader be a Massachusetts man he looks with a satisfaction, somewhat irritating to the rest of the world, upon what his state has produced, and tells himself he has a dozen friends in whom the native spirit might, under favoring circumstances, have been brought to issues no less admirable. If the reader be not of Massachusetts he may hold any one of a dozen opinions. But he will be unique amongst Americans if he deny the privilege of the floor to the senior senator from Massachusetts when he rises to say on behalf of her public men through nearly three centuries of history: "They have never been afraid to trust the people and they have never been afraid to withstand the people. They knew well the great secret of all statesmanship, that he that withstands the people on fit occasions is commonly the man who trusts them most, and always in the end the man they trust most."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD : AMERICAN FINANCE

BY WINTHROP MORE DANIELS

No adage of mediæval statecraft contains a stranger blend of shrewdness and fatuity than the *mot* attributed to Richelieu, that finances are the nerves of the state, and therefore should not be exposed to vulgar gaze. That finances are the nerves of the state, the guarantors of efficient administration in times of peace no less than the sinews of war, — to this there is to-day universal assent. But no modern governments would subscribe to Richelieu's wily depreciation of publicity. They have learned that there is little to be gained, and much to be lost, by veiling their finances in secrecy. Hence the fullness in modern states of their financial reports.

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So abundant in this country have our statistical data and historical materials become, that it is now possible, as never before, to attempt a critical evaluation of our fiscal methods, past and present. To this task in the past decade a number of our historians and economists have addressed themselves with marked success, and the four works under review are good examples of this line of historical inquiry.

It so happens that these four studies, between them, cover practically the entire period from the American Revolution to the present time. One is a biography of the Financier of the Revolution, Robert Morris; one a chronicle of the

monetary changes and monetary struggles of a century; one a two-volume history of the most persistent issue in our national politics, the tariff question; and the fourth an acute and comprehensive study of the finances of the civil war period as they focus themselves in the issue of the legal tenders. Curiously enough, though the point of view of each writer is determined by the subject matter of his own inquiry, there are a number of instances where two of them pronounce judgment on the same moot point. Thus, for example, both Mr. Mitchell, in his study of the greenbacks, and Mr. Hepburn, in recounting what he terms "the perennial contest for sound money," enter deliberate verdicts on the cause of the suspension of specie payments in 1861, and in another instance on the Supreme Court's momentous deliverances in the legal tender cases. This occasional cross-fire directed upon the same point is very stimulating in its effect upon the student of finance. It calls for an exercise of individual discrimination to extract the essential truth from the reports of witnesses of differing competency. For this very reason the synchronous perusal of financial studies which occasionally intersect is likely to result in a more robust power of judging the matters at issue, than if one entrusted one's self wholly to the leadership of a single guide, be he never so learned and judicious.

Mr. Mitchell's study of the greenbacks,¹ though delimited to the period of the civil war, bids fair to be the definitive deliverance of competent economic opinion upon the subject. Few of his deliberate verdicts seem likely to be reversed. That the resort to legal tender notes was inevitable because there was no alternative and no possibility of delay, he shows is open to very serious question. That they added enormously to the cost of the struggle, and so, "from the narrowly financial point of view of their sponsors," were singularly unfortunate in their con-

sequences, that they robbed the laborer of approximately a sixth of his real wages during the war, that they cheated the creditor whose loans had been made upon a specie basis, and that they contributed mainly to the gains of a single class, — the speculator and the profit-recipient, — of these facts Mr. Mitchell has given us an indefeasible demonstration. The real significance, however, of Mr. Mitchell's treatment is found not so much in his formulation of these propositions, but in his plain yet careful, exhaustive, and judicial sifting of evidence often statistical, and in the constructive skill with which he so frequently evolves order out of chaos. The reader who is to profit to the full from his study of the book must make up his mind to grapple bravely with the manipulation of statistics, but there are no sight drafts drawn on his credulity, and there are no payments deferred on claims that the reader may warrantably present.

While it is no part of Mr. Mitchell's plan to characterize the chief actors in the financial drama of the civil war, one cannot fail to be impressed very unfavorably by the light thrown by this study on Secretary Chase. It is true that the author exonerates Chase from the sole or even the chief responsibility for the suspension of specie payments in December, 1861, — in this showing more discrimination and justice than Mr. Hepburn, who continues to lay the charge at Chase's door, — but at the bar of financial history Chase's responsibility is heavy enough in all conscience. Chase was the McClellan of Federal finance. And while McClellan may have been excusable for delays in the field, of Chase in the Cabinet hardly as much can be said. McClellan, at all events, had a plan of campaign; while Chase, though enjoying the titular honors of financial command, left Spaulding and Stevens, in the critical months of January and February, 1862, to plan the financial operations of the government. With a

¹ *A History of the Greenbacks*, with special reference to the economic consequences of their

issue: 1862-65. By WESLEY CLAIR MITCHELL. The University of Chicago Press. 1903.

Congress craving leadership and "a people praying to be taxed," and confronted in December, 1862, with an impending deficit of hundreds of millions, Chase proposed to obtain practically all his resources by borrowing, though he did not find it consonant with his dignity to issue bonds of longer term than five years, nor to pay thereon more than six per cent interest. Contrast with this the rugged integrity of Robert Morris, the doughty old financier of the Revolution, who in 1783 said in his letter to Congress: "To increase our debts, while the prospect of paying them diminishes, does not consist with my idea of integrity."

Mr. Mitchell does not comment adversely on the decision subsequently rendered by Chase when on the bench of the Supreme Court, that "the making of these notes [the greenbacks] a legal tender was not a necessary or proper means to the carrying on war, or to the exercise of any express power of government." But the fact that this and the subsequent decisions of that tribunal reversing its first opinion in the case are treated at some length by Mr. Hepburn in his *Contest for Sound Money* allows a ready transition to the latter work, and affords an opportunity of assessing it at a critical point.

Of Mr. Hepburn's book ¹ it may be said at the outset that its title would seem to lead one to look for some sort of triumphal arch to commemorate the triumph of the gold standard over the advocates of the free coinage of silver. It might therefore be anticipated that, like other triumphal arches, it would serve a commemorative rather than a critical purpose. But our author takes his task rather more seriously to heart. Just as Curran believed that "the condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance," so Mr. Hepburn, from his study of our monetary and financial history, is impressed with the idea that sound money can be had by a nation only at the price of "perennial contest." It

seems a trifle discouraging to hear his conclusion (page 415) that "a general review of the monetary history of the entire period of our national existence shows that each generation had to learn for itself and at its own expense the evils of unsound money." But if he is right, there is justification for his task of widening the perspective of the friends of sound money, and of showing them by how great a cloud of witnesses around they are held in full survey.

The first fact that strikes one is that Mr. Hepburn has not allowed himself space enough to recount with anything like requisite fullness all the successive phases of our financial and monetary contests. His annals of the earlier eras run, for the most part, like a narrow stream of bald narrative whose monotonous banks are occasionally pranked with artificial flowers of edifying comment. But occasionally the stream, especially as it approaches the time with which the author is acquainted at first hand, widens into a broad sheet of criticism, and finally empties into an ocean of appendixes. As a history of the earlier eras of our national finance the work leaves much to be desired, but as an authentic, and what is much more remarkable, an impartial and unbiased record of the last great struggle, in which the author himself played no mean part, it is a praiseworthy and valuable achievement. As illustrative of our adverse judgment may be cited the treatment of the second Bank of the United States. Here the author, apparently oblivious of Catterall's monumental investigation into its character and administration, fails to discriminate sharply between Cheves's and Biddle's policies, and essentially misapprehends the rôles played by Biddle and Clay in forcing the issue for recharter. Mr. Hepburn (page 99) says that Biddle, "upon the advice of the leaders of that [the Whig] party," early in 1832 petitioned Congress for a renewal of the charter. Catterall has shown con-

¹ *History of Coinage and Currency in the United States and the Perennial Contest for*

Sound Money. By A. BARTON HEPBURN. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1903.

clusively that Biddle himself, and not Clay, "was the responsible actor" in this move. Other illustrations of Mr. Hepburn's adhesion to views which in point of correctness or adequacy have been severely shaken by the patient toil and criticism of financial historians are his attributing to Chase (page 181) the responsibility for the suspension of specie payments in December, 1861, his misapprehension of Chase's interpretation of selling bonds at the market price (page 193), his assertion (page 269) that "the war could not have been carried on and the Union saved without a United States note issue," and his declaration that "the framers of the Constitution intended to absolutely prohibit the issue of paper money as money with legal tender power" (page 268). It would be impossible to elucidate each of these points seriatim, but on the last one it is worthy of note that Professor Davis R. Dewey, in his recent *Financial History of the United States*, has, after a painstaking reëxamination of the evidence, been unable to attain Mr. Hepburn's feeling of certitude, and says conservatively that the "question was thus left in such a doubtful form that it is difficult now to decide whether the [constitutional] convention intended to deny absolutely to Congress the right to emit bills of credit under any circumstances whatever." On the other hand, one cannot sufficiently admire the acuteness and the dispassionate candor of Mr. Hepburn's account of the contest over silver. Unlike most writers, he shows the least bias and fullest knowledge when he recounts the issues of which he may justly say, —

... "quaque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui."

A double contrast to Mr. Hepburn's strong and weak points is found in Mr. Stanwood's two ample volumes on the history of the tariff.¹ In his eight hundred pages Mr. Stanwood allows himself plenty of space to follow the century-long controversy in all its windings. He has

¹ *American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century*. By EDWARD STANWOOD. In

laboriously dragged the ponds for every scrap of available material, and is equally at home in the earlier and later phases of the question. On the other hand, it would seem as though a slight trace of bias becomes more pronounced as he takes up the analysis of its latter phases. "The years that bring the philosophic mind," in Mr. Stanwood's case, are the years that separate him from the phenomena he describes, instead of the years in the midst of whose activity he has lived. But whatever the limitations discernible in the evenness of his treatment, it must be acknowledged at once that the substantial excellence of this work is beyond dispute. It will stand along with Professor Taussig's tariff history, to which it is an essential counterfoil, as one of the two absolutely indispensable works for the student who seeks an understanding of this momentous issue. Mr. Stanwood is avowedly a believer in protection, but he is candid, and in his researches, which at times must have been dreary to a degree, he has been indefatigable. He has, in consequence, laid under obligation both his supporters and his opponents. Perhaps this general verdict may gain a scruple or two in weight if the confession is here recorded that the reviewer is not personally of Mr. Stanwood's way of thinking in this matter.

Beginning with the earliest tariff legislation enacted by Congress, Mr. Stanwood takes up the long-disputed point of its conscious protective aim. Twice in his analysis he runs afoul of Professor Henry Carter Adams's *Taxation in the United States, 1789-1816*, and it must be conceded that Adams's contention that the analysis of Hamilton's *Report on Manufactures*, construed in its contemporary setting, evidences the "total subordination of the industrial to the political problem," gets a black eye, as does his contention that this version of the matter finds support in "the further development of the general financial policy of the government" volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

ment," especially from 1791 to 1795. The open-minded reader is likely to agree with Mr. Stanwood's verdict that "there is no way to divide the supporters of the act of 1789 into classes, and to distinguish those who chiefly wish to retaliate on England from those who thought the well-being of the country to be promoted by establishing manufactures. It is, therefore, pure assumption to assert that the first class outnumbered the second."

Another aspect of the tariff question is thrashed out with most exemplary thoroughness, and that is the constitutional aspect. Mr. Stanwood shows how late the objection to protection arose on the ground of its alleged unconstitutionality, and declares (vol. i, page 293) that "a diligent examination of all the debates upon the tariff reveals but a single suggestion prior to 1820" on this score. Curiously enough, the first elaboration of the idea of the unconstitutionality of protection is traceable to Webster's Faneuil Hall speech of October 20, 1820. The late historical emergence of the argument, as well as the close analysis to which the argument in its various forms is here subjected, will suffice to convince most readers that if protection is to be successfully assailed, it must be with some other weapon than the yardstick of the constitutional lawyer.

The mention of Webster's name in connection with the tariff will serve to indicate some of the phases of Mr. Stanwood's treatment of tariff history which seem to savor of a *parti pris*. By the time of the Compromise Tariff of 1833, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster had all completed their singular somersaults in the matter of the tariff. Jackson's *volte-face* is mentioned in terms of restrained asperity, but between the lines there lurks a suggestion of presumptive treachery. Webster's tergiversation is freely condoned, although, to his credit be it said, Mr. Stanwood rejects Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's jesuitical attempt to reconcile Webster's earlier and later utterances, while Clay's change of attitude is

belauded as evidence of "political sagacity." Another unconscious exhibition of bias is seen in Mr. Stanwood's contention that the South had no right to complain over the burdensomeness of the tariff of 1828. He admits that its protective features were wholly for the benefit of the North, but adds naively (vol. i, page 162), "that was only because the South preferred, by devoting itself exclusively to agriculture, to seek none of the benefits which were open to all." On the other hand, when the farmers in 1890 demanded that protective duties be laid to assist them, he finds "it was surely an act of justice so to do, if the farmers desired protective duties, and regarded them as necessary" (vol. ii, page 264). One would think that what was sauce for the goose in 1828 might well serve as sauce for the gander in 1890.

The analysis of Secretary Walker's famous report is not unfair, and the ungrudging admission of the success of the Walker low tariff as a revenue measure, and of the general prosperity of the country from 1846 to 1857 under that tariff, sufficiently attests Mr. Stanwood's determined purpose to be fair. Those who hold a different creed from Mr. Stanwood will be apt to protest against his not infrequent reference to certain weird "theorems" which "orthodox" economists are supposed to hold, such, for example, as that "a nation will not or cannot buy from another country which maintains a high tariff against its productions" (vol. ii, page 392). And even Mr. Stanwood himself, when he comes to print a later edition of his generally admirable history, will hardly want to put it on record as his final and deliberate judgment that the popular disapproval of the McKinley Act "was brought about by men who fancied themselves wronged because tinware was to be higher, by philanthropists who pitied the sewing-women condemned to poverty by an advance in the price of pearl buttons, by young men about town who resented an additional tax on cigars" (vol. ii, page 295).

It is in the last of these books, the life of Morris, that the distinctively human note is struck.¹ The justification for another life of the Financier of the Revolution, if justification were necessary, is to be found in the diaries and letter-books of Morris which the Library of Congress has recently acquired. Along with other material they have served in Mr. Oberholtzer's hand to produce a sympathetic portrayal of their author and his times. As a general proposition it may be laid down that a great financier is seldom a popular hero. To the man in the street he is like the great inventor,—something of a wizard rather than a fellow mortal of flesh and blood. Morris, however, proves an exception to this rule, but it may possibly be argued that it was because of the unique character of the financial task he essayed. He was not ordinarily to be found closeted with expert advisers, treasuring up his bright designs and planning audacious *coups* that would electrify the stock market. His was rather a commonplace task of buying and forwarding supplies, of standing off persistent creditors of the government, and of "preaching to the dead," as he phrased it, in speaking of his ceaseless appeals to the states to honor the requisitions of Congress. A man of nice scruple would have shrunk from the task that he faced. "I knew," so he writes the president of Congress, "that until some plain and rational system should be adopted . . . the business of this office would be a business of expedient and chicanery." But he faced the unpalatable task with equanimity. He realized, as he once wrote to a firm of foreign bankers, that "it is no uncommon thing for a government to find itself in situations where nothing is left but a choice of evils, and where the smallest of these evils will be a very great one." But though the situation was often unpalatable in the extreme, Morris faced it with resolution, and was buoyed up by a na-

tive humor which often stood him in good stead. When he was assailed by public creditors, he stood them off sometimes with a good-natured impudence that nothing but an exhausted treasury and a starving army would have justified. Young Thomas Edison, who persisted in pressing his picayune claim, was told "that he was too expensive for his circumstances, and that Congress did not mean to support extravagance." Baron de Frey, a soldier of fortune, desired Congress to give him the means of returning home. Morris regretted his inability to help the baron, but finally offered to refer the request to Congress, accompanied, however, with an opinion that Congress might properly dispense favors when Congress had first paid its just debts. The baron declined this proffer in high dudgeon, and the financier records the incident with a chuckle, adding, "and I hope that he may arrive safe in his own country."

Like so many others of those whom we revere as "the Fathers," Morris had a style of public utterance which was at once dignified, cogent, and eloquent. There is nothing in the *Federalist* much finer than Morris's utterance in his letter to Congress in 1784, — "The inhabitants of a little hamlet may feel pride in a sense of separate independence. But if there be not one government which can draw forth and direct the combined efforts of our united America, our independence is a name, our freedom a shadow, and our dignity a dream." The letter which Morris, when financier, sent to the governor of Connecticut dissipates the governor's exculpation of that colony's tardy tax payments, much as a mountain breeze blows away a fog: — "as to the complaint made by the people of a want of money to pay their taxes, it is nothing new to me, nor indeed to anybody. The complaint is, I believe, quite as old as taxation, and will last as long. That times are hard, that money is scarce, that taxes are heavy and the like, are constant themes of declamation in all countries, and will be so. But the very generality of

¹ *Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier.* By ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

the complaint shows it to be ill-founded. The fact is that men will always find use for all the money they can get hold of, and more. A tax-gatherer, therefore, will always be an unwelcome guest, because his demand must necessarily interfere with some pleasurable or profitable pursuit." Shades of Adam Smith! You would never have monopolized the title of being "the father of political economy" had Robert Morris taken to the cloister instead of to the counting-house.

Mr. Oberholtzer has well drawn the pathos of Morris's final career. After his priceless services to his country as Superintendent of Finance, after serving in the convention that drafted the Constitution, and after representing Pennsylvania in the Senate, Morris was ultimately ruined by land speculations, and the closing years of his life were spent behind prison walls, a prisoner for debt. The enormous figures of recent financial promotions do

not seem so stupendous, after all, when compared with the five or six millions of acres which Morris and his associates at one time controlled. There were alleviations even of his prison life, — the constancy of his wife and daughter, and his own imperturbable courage and good humor. No more pathetic or dramatic picture has come down to us from those times than that presented in 1798 when war threatened with France, and when Washington, who had quitted his retirement to organize the American forces, dined with Morris in the prison-house. Though Morris secured release from prison before his death, it was too late to think at his advanced age of retrieving his fortunes, and his last years might well be described in the very words with which Morris himself described the American army after the surrender at Yorktown, — "crowned with laurels, but distressed by want."

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF PETRARCH

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA

It is a long time since Lessing refuted the forgotten critic who maintained that good poetry must furnish good subjects for illustration; and the principle laid down in the *Laocöon*, to the effect that plastic art should not insist on expressing action, nor literature on describing form, is one of the few æsthetic principles that seem to have passed into axioms. The facts, however, remain imperfectly sifted, and the innate impulse which each art feels to transgress the sphere in which it has no rivals constantly leads to new attempts at fusion or substitution in artistic effects. After all, fable has always been a congenial subject for painting; the need of illustrating the Bible, for instance, hardly deprived Christian art of its inspiration. Yet for illustration to flourish

special conditions, apparently, have first to be fulfilled; and we may well ask ourselves afresh what these conditions are, and when plastic art and poetry profit by borrowing each other's themes.

Some hints toward answering this question may be drawn from the sumptuous work on the illustrators of Petrarch which the Prince d'Essling and M. Eugène Müntz have recently published.¹ The book itself propounds no thesis, and is rather a monument to the

¹ *Pétrarque: ses études d'art, son influence sur les artistes, ses portraits et ceux de Laure, l'illustration de ses écrits.* Par le PRINCE D'ESSLING ET EUGÈNE MÜNTZ. Ouvrage accompagné de vingt et une planches tirées à part et de cent quatre-vingt-onze gravures dans le texte. Paris: Gazette des Beaux-Arts. 1902.

personal taste and learning of its authors, who have sought to feast the eye at least as much as the mind; but a reviewer, leaving the volume to speak for itself in those particulars, may stop to reflect for a moment on the situation it unfolds, and on the character of those poems in which succeeding generations found subjects for so many miniatures, frescoes, tapestries, and other decorations.

The first fact to be noted is that almost all the illustrations to Petrarch reproduce his *Triumphs*. The rest of the *Canzoniere* and the Latin works seldom inspired any artist. The casual reader may be surprised at this preference shown for the *Triumphs*, which he may never have heard of; but surprise on this point, as on all others, will probably be dissipated by reflection. The *Triumphs* are not inferior to the *Sonnets* in what is Petrarch's greatest merit, — versification and diction; they do not lack, in appropriate places, as warm a breath of pathos and passion; and if the lists of names or the brief references to history and myth seem to us tedious, we must remember that antiquity was then a new world opening to human ken, a world whose weakest echo was full of poetry and power. Even now the rhythm of antique names is not without its magic, and I do not know whether it is pure music or *Sehnsucht* for ancient things that fills lines like these: —

Odi poi lamentar fra l' altre meste
Oenone di Pari, e Menelao
D' Elena, ed Ermion chiamato Oreste,
E Laodamia il suo Protesilao.¹

Doubtless the sonnets, since they sing of absolute love, touch a more universal chord, and can awake some response in minds no matter how empty; to the modern lover Laura is a more intelligible symbol of his own case than Cupid could be. Metaphors drawn from nature and

poetic virtuosity, such as the sonnets abound in, charm the reader of verse more than a moral allegory is long likely to do. The sonnets accordingly can aspire to a permanent popularity. It is true that they are somewhat lachrymose and monotonous, and that, for all their exquisite beauty, they do not always respond to literary impulse, and are already far from satisfying romantic feeling, so that a certain historical imagination and gift for reconstruction is needed to appreciate them fully; for fashion is no less variable in sentiment than in art, and even more contagious and irresistible. Nevertheless, a finished expression of love, like the *Canzoniere*, which is at the same time a landmark in Italian literature, has claims to perennial attention; and so we continue to regard Petrarch's sonnets as classic, and to remember him chiefly for their sake.

In his own age, however, religion was still the most prominent and expressible part of the mind; even rebellions against religion had to appear somehow in its service, if they were to go beyond mere pertness and personal whim. The love of beauty had to insinuate itself into a cultus, the avowed aim of which was to mortify the flesh and to quench the concupiscence of the eyes; the love of reasoning had to attach itself, with an insidious zeal, to the service of dogma. So the new pagan patriotism for Italy and the Empire, the new sense for all ancient glories, needed at first to subordinate itself to a Christian philosophy of history and life. The Renaissance could have enlisted on its side only minds consciously frivolous and heretical if it had not looked to a glorification of Christendom. Now Petrarch, like the other chief humanists, was a devout enough Christian. When he reviewed all classic virtue, and the whole march of things, to show its culmination in God and eternity, he thought he was paying homage to Christian truth. If the mundane pageant was wonderful and fascinating, the sad issue and final collapse of it were all the more edi-

¹ Compare Alfred de Musset: —
... Le bien Titarèse, et le golfe d'argent
Qui montre dans ses eaux, où le cygne se mire,
La blanche Oloossonne à la blanche Camyre.

fyng. It was accordingly into a work of edification, written in his old age, that he wove both his profane or modish enthusiasms, — his love for Laura and for antiquity. In that pious setting, overtopped by a majestic supernatural philosophy, a song of love and greatness could seem doubly brilliant, doubly touching, and, what is more, almost penitential. It was in the effort to confess their sins more eloquently that people began again to utter and to cultivate their passions.

To insinuate pagan values into Christian themes — and the whole Renaissance did nothing more — was what Petrarch accomplished in his *Triumphs*: a feat which made them a singularly fitting subject for ceremonial art. The form of a triumphant progress lent itself to pageantry; Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity, in their successive approach and victory, could each appear with a great retinue of historic and symbolic figures; whatever learning or imagination a man possessed he could exhibit in such a work. At the same time the subject was weighty and sacred enough to be depicted anywhere. The pious could not be offended at a Cupid, however lovely, that Chastity was about to disarm; an allegory which is indeed somewhat arbitrary, since in real life, as our authors observe, it is often the opposite that happens. Similarly the Triumph of Fame over Death could not seem too pagan when Time was already hastening to vanquish Fame; nor could this last idea savor of infidelity, when Eternity was seen glorified in the final picture. Into this unobjectionable fable, however, all sorts of images could be packed. The triumphs of Love and Fame especially lent themselves to every merry or high conceit, while the triumph of Death left room for the grotesque popular symbolism.

It is remarkable, however, that where the subject allowed so much freedom and so greatly stimulated invention, both episodes and treatment should immediately have become conventional. While

in Petrarch, for instance, only Cupid occupies a chariot, the designers have usually represented the other victors also enthroned on floats, such as religious and civic processions had made familiar. This circumstance shows how conservative the eye is, and how unwillingly it departs from what it has seen, in order to follow discourse and imagination. Indeed, much that our authors represent as illustrations to Petrarch is attached to his poem only remotely. There was an independent pictorial tradition more influential over artists than were the poet's far richer and more varied scenes. The idea of these successive triumphs had evidently become common property. It was a moral and allegorical theme which, like the great religious subjects, might recommend itself anew to any patron; like them, it was treated in a traditional fashion, which could vary only with that gradual change in schools or on the appearance of great masters.

In fine, Petrarch's *Triumphs* did not so much inspire plastic art as launch and make popular a striking allegory which the artists were led to employ and to recast in their own manner. If we care to generalize this result we may say that a poet, to influence the plastic arts and elevate their often trivial ideas, must work first on the popular mind. When the poet's images have become current the artists, too, may be infected by them, and may turn their technical gifts to illustrating those ideas, naturally transforming them somewhat in the process. It is hardly too much to say, for instance, that illustration of the Bible has reached distinction only when the person or scene to be portrayed has become legendary and native to the public mind; men do not picture the gospel till they have ceased to read it, and have remodeled it in their own thoughts, giving it that movement and accent which their own imagination requires. This observation should not be strained into an assertion that good literary subjects are unsuited to the arts. What happens is

merely that each art has its own procedure, its own models and habits, which cannot be thrown off without paralyzing it. If the Good Shepherd could at first be represented only as a sort of Orpheus, and never otherwise than in a classic guise, it was the visual imagination that by its inertia demanded that type. Such hereditary inertia gives life and character to art, as to every organic formation, furnishing the basis for all variation and progress. Literary creations can hardly be translated into pictures when no scheme for such pictures exists or can be furnished by visible objects. To illustrate Homer or Dante is difficult, not because the poems move too fast, but because traditional visual images are wanting, images already defined in their type and accessories, which the designer may adopt and refine upon.

The vogue of Petrarch's *Triumphs* among artists suggests a further observation, — that art is not really indifferent to its subject. Of all the images offered by Petrarch the *Triumphs* alone had enough significance to hold the field.

Any episode in any epic can suggest figures and attitudes in plenty, but an interesting picture needs, after all, to speak to the mind and to subordinate its technical and sensuous riches to some problem of composition and expression, to some given idea. Mediocre painters are never so tolerable as in a significant picture, and great painters are never so great. The occasion not only awakens but controls inspiration; it defines the problem and allows the critic to form a judgment which is not wholly personal and arbitrary. This last circumstance is of more consequence to art than the artist may sometimes think; for in a sense the public is composed entirely of critics, and unless a certain consensus of interest and comprehension is established in respect to a work of art, its existence is precarious, and its influence null. Petrarch's *Triumphs* could stimulate decorators so long as Petrarch's intellectual interests dominated the world; the pageantry of the scenes could avail nothing when their higher eloquence was gone.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A PLEA FOR THE TYPEWRITER

HAPPENING in at the Contributors' Club in March, I was beguiled for a time with what one Contributor had to say concerning "Typewriter vs. Pen," but as soon as I had come away I determined at no distant day to take up the matter from another point of view, and here I am. I hope that that other Contributor is where he will hear what I have to say.

He contended that as a literary instrument the value of a typewriter was commonly over-rated. Now it seems to me that a writer must write in the way that is easiest for him if he wishes to do his best, and it is impossible for one man to settle

the question as to the best medium for another.

For me, *if I have anything to say*, it demands rapid expression, and I know of no medium so easy as the typewriter. My use of the machine was gradual, a thing of years, but now it has become so much mine own — and not a poor thing by any means — that I am much hampered if at any time I find myself dependent upon a mere pen for the transcription of thought.

Your Contributor goes on to say that "being a machine, it is subject to all the ills that machinery is heir to." May I be allowed to differ again? A good typewriter is not likely to get out of order, —

hold, I must not say that; it is a generalization from which we should all pray to be delivered. *My* good typewriter seldom gets out of order, and as in my kind of writing the affair almost always cries haste, I find my machine the best answerer I ever had. It answers every requirement.

That Contributor has "serious doubts about the ingenious conceptions that have been lost to the world because the author's pen lagged behind his imagination."

Now I cannot claim as much for my imagination as I would be glad to have others claim for it, but this much I do know: it so far outleaps my pen that I would have had writer's cramp long ago if I had not found a speedway in the typewriter on which to exercise my Pegasus whenever I felt he needed exercise.

Not being an expert typewriter (in a commercial sense), I often find that even my machine will not keep pace with the flow of my thought, and a story or an essay that could be well delivered in half an hour must needs be written out less well in a good hour or more.

And now we come to another point made by the Contributor. He says that the real drawback in typewriting does not lie in the unnaturalness of the medium, but in the awkwardness of making corrections while writing. Oh, just Heaven, please listen to him! It's as easy as lying. You write a sentence or a phrase, and then a better form comes to your mind. Do you throw away time by erasing or rubbing out? Why, not at all. It is as if you were reading a piece of music for the first time, and desired not so much the letter as the spirit of it. You would not stop to correct at all if you struck a snag; you would leap over it or scramble through the bars, and finally reach the end after an invigorating rush. Perfection comes later — possibly.

So it is with writing. If your thought is incandescent, and you are not of the toiling, superconscientious, searching-for-the-only-right-word-in-the-English-language

kind, you can hit your space-board three or four times to indicate that you have discarded the old form, and then you make another try at the sentence and there you are, as Henry James would say. Or if you're not there, you type a little note to the effect that this is to be elaborated, and then you jump aboard your train of thought just as her tail lights are coming into view, and the machine is off at full speed again.

May I not wander off the main line for a moment to say something about that search for the right word, the only right word? The writer who goes in for that sort of thing always finds his word, even if it takes him the whole of a God-given day. And then the irony of it if some carping critic lights on that very word as not expressing quite the shade of meaning intended.

While men have hunted for the right word, there have been other big men hunting all day for — squirrels, and coming home with empty bag. And while our friend hunted for his inevitable word, others have been painting imperishable pictures or singing immortal songs.

I have read wonderful essays builded in that way, — a day to a word, maybe, — but while I am not to be counted in the class of these mosaic-builders, nor would any method set me there, I am free to admit that the more sane sort of writing seems to be the helter-skelter kind that, not finding the right word on the keyboard, drops in any word that comes handy, and rushes on with the tale or the poem, and, after the thing has been put through with enthusiasm, goes to work to remedy its defects in the cool spirit of the builder, the glow of creation having passed.

That is the only way to write — Pardon me, there I am at my dogmatism again. It is the easiest way for me to write, and I am surely to be pardoned for following the line of the least resistance. Certainly for the man who writes in that headlong fashion, the typewriter offers no impediments.

Of course this writing is all preliminary. That is understood. No man who loves his work will send it out without rewriting it. Hold on. There I am generalizing again. Some men *will* rest content with one writing, and mighty fine stuff they send out. It is so fine that one wonders how much finer it would have been had they rewritten it. But it is not given to me to write such stuff, — and I use stuff in a tenderly loving sense. I *can* write at white heat, and correct as I run, but after it has all been written, then comes the sober second writing, and now the sentence receives a cut here and a polish there as I read and rewrite, and when the thing is at last ready to go out no editor will think of rejecting it — on the score of illegibility. Candor compels me to state that there are other reasons for rejection at the beck and call of editors, — I could give half a score from my own personal experience, but the remembrance of them is grievous.

The typewriter is the best friend that a writer ever had vouchsafed to him (whether he recognizes it or not), and in course of time our grandchildren will go to school with neat little one-pound typewriters in their straps, and pens will be used only for the purpose of disguising signatures.

Why look here, dear Contributor! The typewriter has only been in use a matter of twenty-five years, but have we ever had such literature before? Were there "six best sellers" or ever there had been typewriters? No. Why, then, the typewriter is the father of real literature, and the time is at hand when no men can hope to be received into the ranks of the erstwhile "brothers of the pen" who are not typewriting-men. Only we'll have to invent a better word than that. Allow me to submit the portmanteau word, typors.

THE HAWTHORNE STATUE

The proposal that the memorial statue, to be erected to Nathaniel Hawthorne on the campus of Bowdoin College, shall represent the great romancer as he ap-

peared in his youth suggests an interesting point in regard to portrait-statues, and, indeed, to portraits in general. Whenever a figure is set up or a portrait painted its critics may be broadly divided into two classes, — those whose point of view is personal, and those who regard the work for its artistic merit. The former look, each, for the reproduction of that image, which, in their individual minds, is associated with the original of the portrait; and as what a man sees is as truly the product of what he himself is, as of what the person at whom he looks may be, it follows that complete approval of likeness is likely to be rather rare. The statue which closely approaches the idea in the mind of A is thereby less likely to approximate nearly the image in the mind of B. Artists are familiar with the fact that friends most closely connected with sitters are least likely to be satisfied with the likeness in a portrait; and they reason that this is, not because those friends know best how the original really looks, but because they are sure to have in mind some idealized phantom born of their feelings quite as much as of physical fact. Artist and photographer are aware how much easier it is to produce a picture which will satisfy strangers, even when compared with the sitter, yet which is by the family pronounced hopelessly unlike; and everybody knows how often strangers perceive a family likeness entirely unapparent to familiar friends. Close acquaintances, in other words, are poor judges of absolute likeness, and they are apt in requiring this likeness to be blind to the merit of a portrait as a work of art.

The second group, those who look at the work from the æsthetic point of view, have at least certain broad art principles upon which to agree, and although the personal equation must be allowed for here also, it is at least founded upon a taste wider than personal feeling. The point of view, moreover, is that which must be regarded as much more likely to be lasting than in the former case. The

coming generations can have no personal knowledge of the appearance of the sitter, but are likely to look upon the picture or statue purely as a work of art. From a historical point of view it is of interest that a portrait shall represent the sitter as exactly as possible, and it is generally probable that a real face will more adequately represent the essentials of character in the individual commemorated than could any invention of the artist. From an æsthetic side, however, these things do not much matter; and, indeed, were it not for the moral superstition in regard to fidelity of likeness, they might be called trivial details. In the case of the Hawthorne statue, materials for the likeness are abundant, but of those who see the memorial practically none will be able to remember the novelist as he looked when he graduated from Bowdoin in 1825. Fancy may see him arm in arm with his classmate Longfellow crossing the grassy spaces of the campus, over which his statue is to look, but those of the living who recall his appearance must have him in mind as he appeared in his later years. By their comments they may perhaps point unconsciously the moral to which I have been leading up. They will perhaps object that they cannot reconcile their memories with the image before them. The obvious answer will be that nobody can possibly care whether they can or not. To the younger generation, and especially to the undergraduates who will see the memorial most often, here will be a gracious image of the youth of genius, forever young, forever an inspiration, and, in a sense, forever a part of college life, with all its ardors of hope and aspiration. What more is to be asked? A work of art is not meant to be history, but beauty and inspiration. It is for to-morrow even more than for to-day; and the Boston woman was entirely right who said to a famous painter: "I don't in the least care whether my portrait looks exactly like me or not, if you will only make a picture that my great-grandchildren will be proud of."

THE SONG OF GASOLINE

I wonder how many persons were really moved by that curious motor-rhapsody with which the late W. E. Henley's poetic career closed? For my part, I felt that a liberty had been taken. I did not relish being snatched up from my comfortable footpath and whirled about the country in all this pother of haste. I had no regard for the puffing, whirring, tooting abomination under me, and I was not proud of the dismay of dust and flurry and stench I left behind me. Nor was my fancy touched by the adventure. I could understand that we were achieving transit by road at a rate for which the law prescribes rails; but I searched my consciousness in vain for the sense of speed.

The fact is, you can't thrill the imagination with mechanical contrivances or feats. You can excite the curiosity; you can, at best, thrill the nerves. When Kipling's McAndrew prays for "a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song of steam," he is asking too much of a good-natured Providence. Yet it remained for the man of our generation who was in many respects nearest Burns to make the first vigorous try at poetizing an apparatus.

Mr. Henley's motor-car is, he declares, a supreme product of human invention and skill:—

She can stop in a foot's length,
She steers as it were
With a hair you might pluck
From your Mistress's nape.

She is, above all, the symbol of speed. She at once domesticates and enfranchises a power which has hitherto been at the mercy of corporations and time-tables. You are no longer to undergo the humiliation of buying tickets and making connections; for she gives you

Speed as your chattel;
Speed in your daily
Account and economy;
One with your wines
And your books and your bath—
Speed!

She also affords, according to the poet, various sensations, the record of which is stirring enough; it tingles along the vaso-motor nerves, and troubles the roots of the hair. One feels the sweep of the wind, the tremulous rote of the wheels. . . . Piff, piff — toot, toot, —

With a thrust in the throat
And a rush in the nostrils —

Sit close, Leathery One! Do you know how many miles an hour we are putting in?

No, sir, I do not know, and I do not care. Be good enough to set me down at precisely this spot. I like traveling, and I like racing, but I do not care to be implicated in this disreputable debauch of hurry. Let me take a brisk walk home: that will restore me to the experience of a respectable human sensation. I, for one, cannot see that rational speed can exist at the expense of all other pleasures of the road.

This is an old-fashioned view, now that our love of haste has made real travel almost as rare as real correspondence. Our notion is to annihilate space and time. We exult in the promised privilege of "wiring" by "wireless;" and we mainly delight in the automobile, not as a horseless carriage, but as a railless locomotive.

One must believe nature had some design in providing man with members not only stable enough to prop him against gravity, but with springs and hinges enabling him for self-propulsion, and even for making creditable headway. But the flesh is weak: it may not have been Adam who discovered what an improvement a proxy of four legs was over the original arrangement of two. The horse, at all events, represented merely a development of the leg idea. Even the invention of the wheel did not provide a radically new method of getting over the ground. I think it was the Autocrat who said that a wheel is in principle nothing more than a series of legs. Until almost our own day it remained simply a recognized auxiliary of the perpendicular member. That was before the notion of sheer transit had

taken possession of us. No doubt a journey in a traveling-carriage entailed many discomforts; but it was a human experience, not merely a hiatus. Now it is not enough for us to progress; we do not care a rap for the pleasures of the road: the thing is to hurtle.

De Quincey certainly thought there was a limit of profitable speed, for the locomotive was already invented when he chose the English mail-coach as symbol of the "Glory of motion." Fifteen miles an hour! what a surprising rate of motion — of normal motion. Not so many years later Mrs. Carlyle recorded a journey by rail at the tremendous speed of thirty miles an hour. "It was not so much riding as flying," she says significantly. The sense of normal motion was lost. She had not enjoyed even vicariously a triumph of muscular exertion; she had simply passed with extreme and unintelligible rapidity overspace, between points, as a parcel is shot through a pneumatic tube. What is the imagination going to do with an experience like that? Landscape through a car-window is a shift of irritating glimpses, or a mere blur. One might as well try to enjoy a library at a smart walk along the shelves, or a picture gallery on the dead run.

Even as a racing event the exploit of a machine is a tame affair. We have a type of popular short story just now which deals with excessive speeds attained by locomotives. Not even the man behind the throttle succeeds in making his "record run," or his feat with a "wild engine," material for imaginative art. It is exciting, yes, but that is because we keep hoping against hope that somebody will be run over, telescoped, blown up, or at least ditched. Otherwise, increase of speed from thirty to a hundred miles an hour has no particular meaning for us. What does the racing of "ocean greyhounds" do except offer a chance for betting in the smoking-room? What is the moral of the great motor-race which devastated half Europe not long ago? I should say it would bear upon the utter ridiculousness

of the affair. It is not so bad to murder people, history teaches, if it is done in a respectable way. Few persons would fancy being assassinated by an automobile, even if it were breaking a record; it would not be a death which any man of gallantry could tolerate.

Who would n't take more satisfaction in seeing Joe Patchen do a mile in 1.58 (without a wind-shield) than in seeing an automobile make the same distance in, say, thirty seconds? One can but notice the shifts to which Mr. Henley was put in order to galvanize the sympathy of his readers:—

Hence the Mercedes!
Look at her. Shapeless?
Unhandsome? Unpaintable?
Yes: but the strength
Of some seventy-five horses:
Seventy-five puissant
Superb fellow-creatures
Is summed and contained
In her pipes and her cylinders.

How coolly and adroitly equine beauty, as well as equine strength, is appropriated to the uses of this infernal machine! Even so one might celebrate, poetically, the charms of a double-cylindrical steam-laundering apparatus, because it does the work of some seventy-five puissant superb ladies of the tub.

Sunt quos curricula
Pulverem Olympicum —

What sort of figure would Pheidippides have made, off for Sparta in a racing auto? How should we have looked, Dirck, Joris, and I, on the road from Ghent to Aix in a touring-car? Or Paul Revere tearing through Medford town on a motor-bicycle? Or De Quincey (the wires down) bearing the news of Waterloo through England by special engine? I do not believe there is any possible combination of wheels and valves and pistons, or any feat which may be accomplished by its aid, which is capable of permanently impressing the human imagination. If there is, we shall doubtless have, sooner or later, our epic of driving-rods, and our song of gasoline.

THE POCKETLESS SEX

There is a difference between truth and fact. Knowledge that lies dormant in the mind may be truth to us, but it becomes fact only when it comes into active consciousness. This has been exemplified to me lately in Jack's attitude toward the subject of women's pockets. He must long have known that there was no such thing (generally speaking), but it has just become fact to him. I suppose I may have been asking him oftener than usual to carry my purse for me, or perhaps, being without that "pineal gland of the body social," as Carlyle defines it, to furnish car fare on those occasions when he sees me home by putting me on the car (attaining the same destination himself — ultimately — via the Club). But however that may be, he has been going out of his way lately to make facetious remarks on Fate's partiality in the matter of pockets. He seems to regard it somewhat in the light of a joke, which is not at all the way in which it presents itself to me. As a factor in the progress of evolution, pockets should undoubtedly rank second to man's prehensile power. The latter, acquired first, enabled him to grasp objects; the former, to retain them. That a man's habiliments should now inclose and conceal twenty-five pockets is certainly an achievement in evolutionary advance not to be lightly regarded; but a dark side to this otherwise brilliant record is Destiny's singular discrimination against women. To some minds the fact that a man has twenty-five receptacles for his detachable accessories, while a woman has none at all, might seem a significant indication that she was intended to have no separate possessions of her own; to others, that man was designed to carry hers as well as his own, bearing to her the very useful relationship of portmanteau. These two views would naturally fall into place on opposite sides of the Woman Suffrage question, which we have ever with us, and it is a matter of some surprise to me that they have not already

been advanced. No less is it a matter of surprise that the gentlemen who from time to time furnish us with scientific proof of woman's inferiority, have not given her lack of pockets a foremost place in the line of argument. It undoubtedly handicaps her in the struggle for existence, particularly public existence. How, for instance, could she become a politician without putting her hands in her pockets? or a philanthropist? or even "one of our leading citizens"?

If there be those who regard women's pocketless estate as arbitrary and not irremediable, why have not the Women's Rights associations taken the case in hand, and turned their energies upon a wrong so fundamental and obvious? Great things from little things do spring, and there is every reason to suppose that if women were once endowed with pockets, all things would shortly be added unto them.

I once so regarded it myself, but experience led me to the opposite view. For a brief period I aspired to have a pocket — *one* pocket — of my own. I know a woman who has one. It is not her only claim to merit and distinction. She has won honors general and particular, given good service to public causes, and is entitled to initials after her name. How far the pocket is a cause and how far an effect, I have often pondered. To see her go forth in the conscious possession of both pocketbook and handkerchief, while her hands still remained free for whatever uses God intended them, was to me a deeply instructive and inspiring sight. I long wished to learn the secret of that pocket, by what stratagem, persuasion, or compulsion she broke through this most inexorable feminine law, and ac-

quired a convenience so simple and rational.

Made bold at length by consciousness of an impending new gown, I ventured to approach her on the subject.

"Yes, isn't it nice?" she said, patting it affectionately and with pardonable pride. "How do I get it? Why, I say to the person who takes the measurement, 'and we'll have the pocket *here*.' She, of course, returns an incredulous, sometimes contemptuous stare. 'About *so* far down,' I go on firmly, 'and please give instructions to have it good and deep.' Then I pass on to the other points, so as to avoid explanation or argument. At the first fitting it is much the same. At the second I remark to the fitter, — it's generally a different one, you know, — 'The place for the pocket was marked *here*. It is n't in yet, I see. Perhaps it had better be a shade higher up.' 'Pocket!' she gasps. 'A good deep one,' I add again with assurance, ignoring her evident consternation. Generally I see dismay creep into her face at this point, and I know the case is won. 'Oh, Mrs. Blank,' she laments, 'it will spoil the set. There can't be any style to a skirt with a pocket into it. I never heard of such a thing. It'll pull it all out of shape, and' — 'That is the place to smile upon her blandly, thank her, and take your departure.'"

I sighed after my friend had gone. I saw how far-reaching a matter that pocket was. Its origin lay in character, in the subtle power of suggestion, in the training and habit of years. I lacked the nerve, the smiling firmness, the invincible confidence that carries victory in its wake. Heredity and environment were both against me. I gave it up. Success and pockets are no accidental matter.